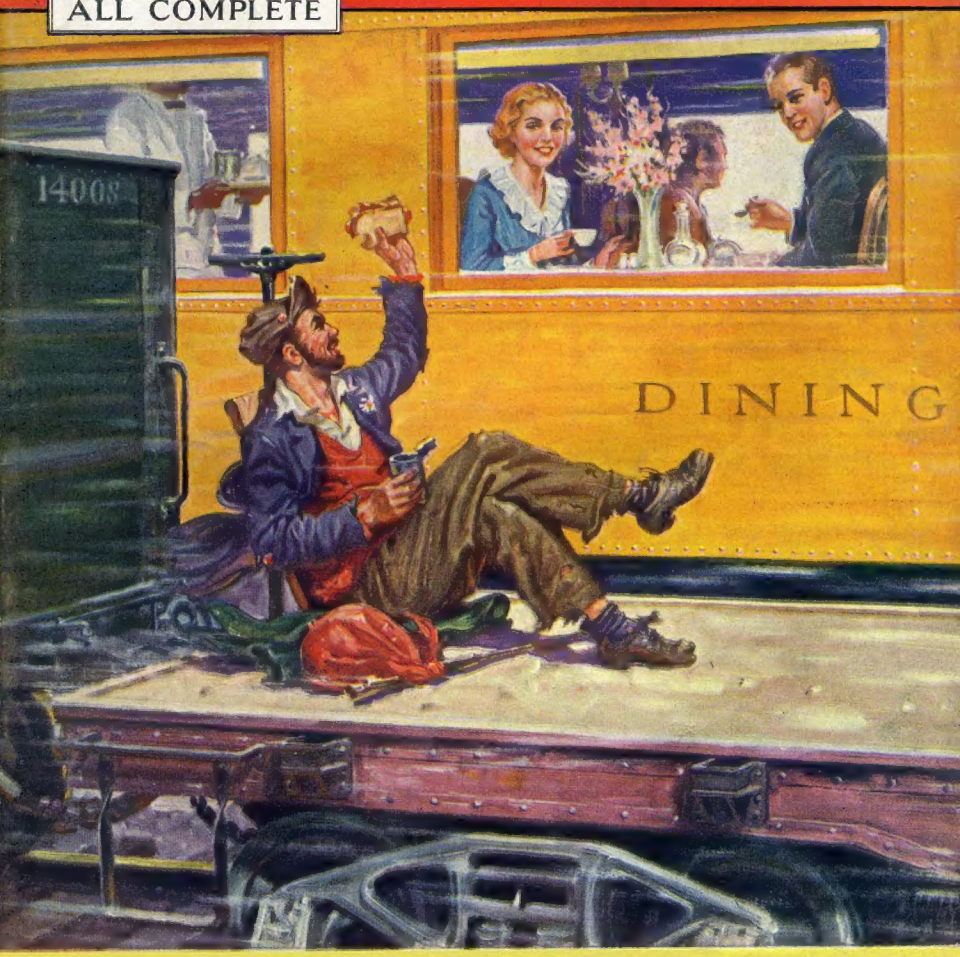
FICTION—FACTS—PICTURES

RAILROAD STORIES

APRIL 15¢

ALL COMPLETE



$25 Cash for Best Title to This Picture (See Page 143)

FICTION—FACTS—PICTURES

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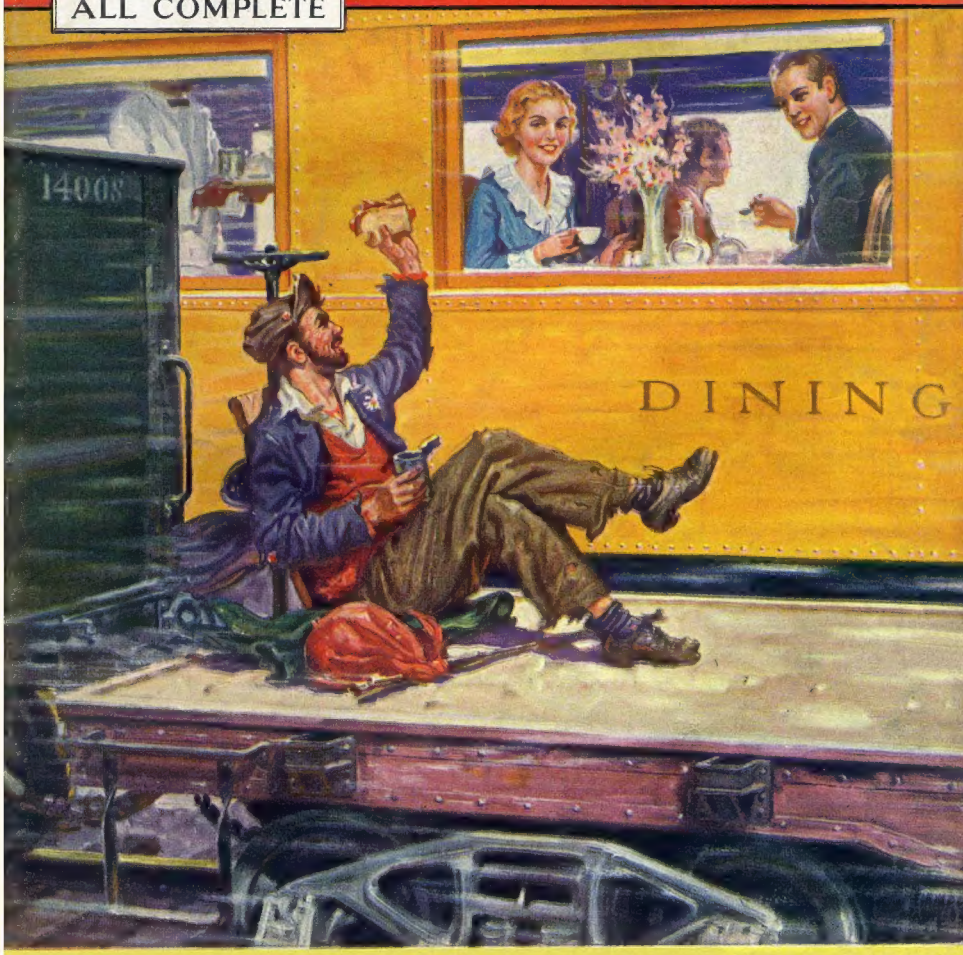

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APR. 1936 RAILROAD STORIES 15¢

He could afford $25 for his tooth paste ... *he pays 25¢*

"THERE'S a product . . . that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . I have never used a dentifrice that made my teeth feel and look so clean. And in my business that's important!"

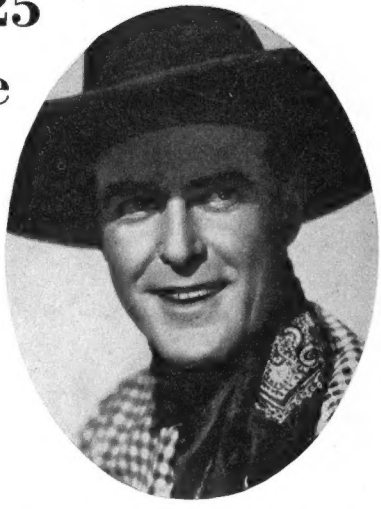
Ken Maynard

ONCE again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25¢.

Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine Tooth Paste.

What's the reason? Better results, nothing more. Millions of people have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior. If you haven't tried it, do so now.

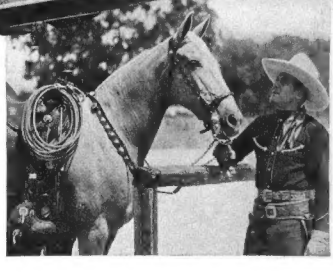
See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows its use. Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply you. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*



Few men are as dear to the hearts of American children as Ken Maynard, "the spokesman of the outdoors." His admirers are legion and his popularity continues from year to year.

In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards and Chevrolet are shown.

Ken Maynard's plane. It is the land type, completely equipped for camping and hunting. The star recently explored Central America and spent all but two nights aboard.



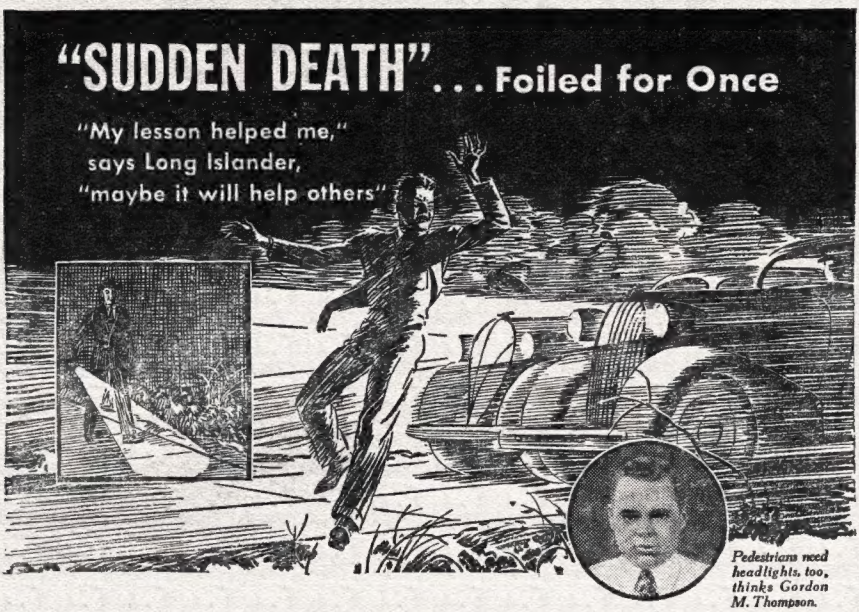
Ken Maynard and his famous horse, Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California.

Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"SUDDEN DEATH"... Foiled for Once

"My lesson helped me," says Long Islander, "maybe it will help others"



Pedestrians need headlights, too, thinks Gordon M. Thompson.

"SUDDEN DEATH walks by the roadside at night as well as riding the cushions . . . as I never fully realized until the night I came so near to playing the title role," says Gordon M. Thompson.

"Two cars racing neck and neck came up behind me. Walking on the left side of the road, as I should, I paid no attention . . . until I was about ten seconds from eternity. At this last instant I turned, looked into the jaws of death, and jumped practically out of them into the brambles in the ditch.

"I never walk at night any more without my Eveready flashlight . . . loaded with fresh, dependable Eveready batteries. You know, if you drive a car, that it's mighty hard to see people by the roadside even on a clear night. Maybe you've had a close call, too? All I can say is don't tempt Fate. You can walk the roads in safety if you carry a flashlight loaded with fresh Eveready batteries."

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ONE REASON WHY THEY LAST LONGER

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RAILROAD STORIES

APRIL, 1936

This Magazine is on Sale the First of Each Month Preceding Date of Issue

Vol. XIX No. 5

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW . . . for your health's sake . . . what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

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30x5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.80	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.25
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32x4	2.65	.85	30x5	3.30	1.35
33x4	2.65	.85	33x5	3.40	1.45
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36x6	9.00	3.95			

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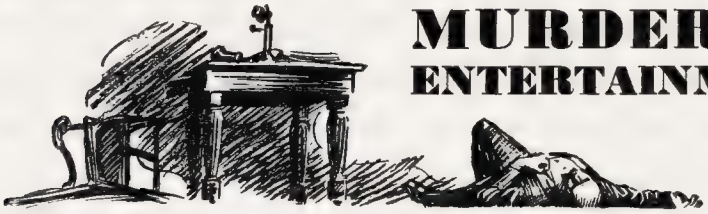

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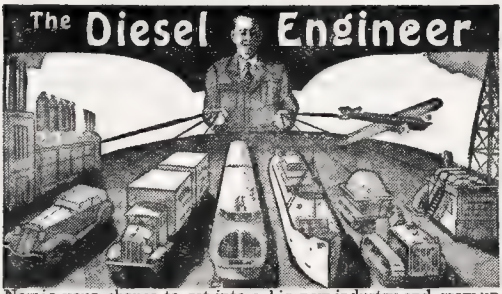

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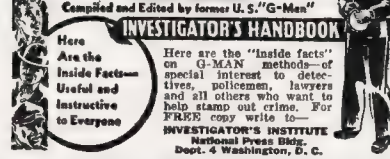

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ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by J. EASLEY

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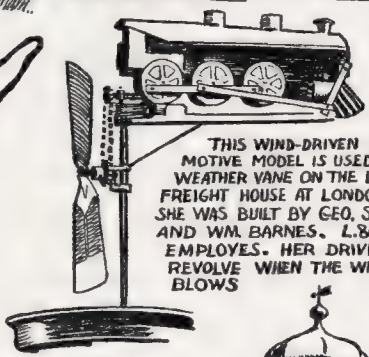
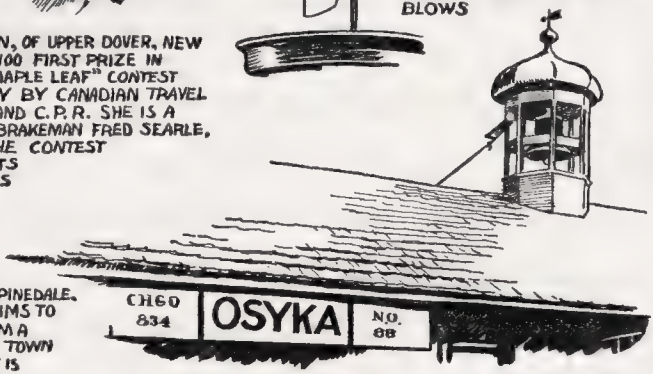
GLORIA ROBERTSON, OF UPPER DOVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, WON $100 FIRST PRIZE IN "MOST BEAUTIFUL MAPLE LEAF" CONTEST CONDUCTED JOINTLY BY CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU, C.N.R. AND C.P.R. SHE IS A NIECE OF C.P.R. BRAKEMAN FRED SEARLE, OF WINNIPEG. THE CONTEST STIMULATED VISITS TO MAPLE WOODS BY RAILWAY



THIS WIND-DRIVEN LOCOMOTIVE MODEL IS USED AS A WEATHER VANE ON THE L.&N. FREIGHT HOUSE AT LONDON, KY. SHE WAS BUILT BY GEO. SUTTON AND WM. BARNES, L.&N. EMPLOYES. HER DRIVERS REVOLVE WHEN THE WIND BLOWS



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The Big Hill

Whisky and Women around a Construction Camp Just Didn't Mix with Good Railroading

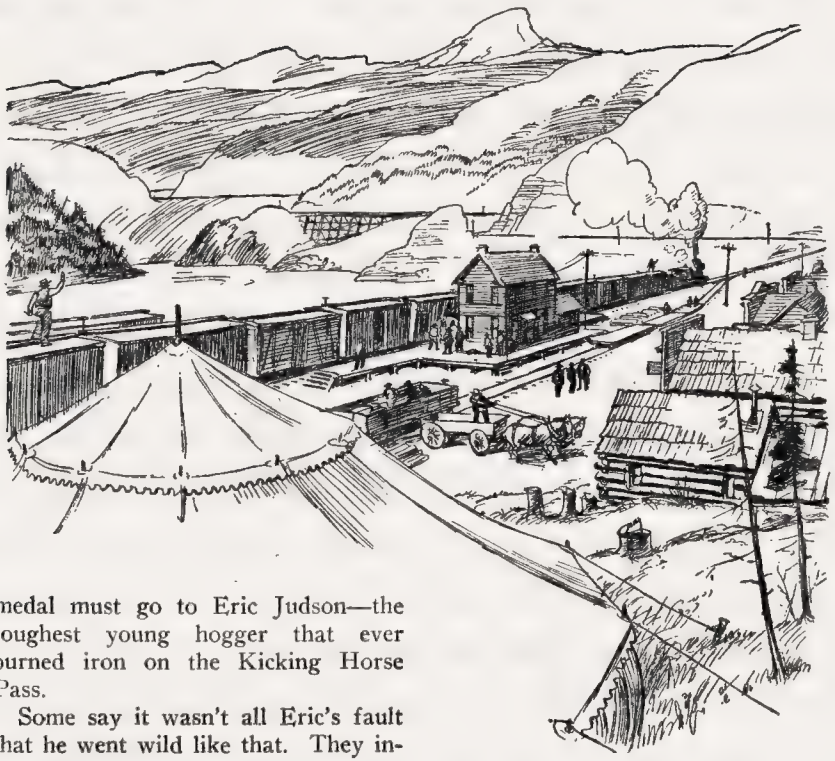
By EDMUND E. PUGSLEY
Freight Conductor, British Columbia Electric Railway

IT took men of hickory to work that fourteen miles of 4.5 grade on the Big Hill. Hickory clubs, hickory arms, hickory hearts.

If you had those three qualifications —and a sober engineer at the throttle— you stood an even chance of reaching the bottom, where the Kicking Horse Pass sweeps the base of Mount Stephen. With one or more of those missing—well, there was always some one like "Holy Hugh" Whiteley to chant "Thy Kingdom Come" at the little graveyard when Father Pat happened to be on other service across the Divide.

Reports differ on the number of men who went to Glory via the Big Hill route. And there's many others evaded the call by a tie width, or maybe by one of the set of switchbacks they had to install to hurl runaway trains up a side hill when they disdained speed limits.

For sheer fool's luck the buckskin



medal must go to Eric Judson—the toughest young hogger that ever burned iron on the Kicking Horse Pass.

Some say it wasn't all Eric's fault that he went wild like that. They insinuate that any other official but Whiteley wouldn't have been riding up and down the hill looking for trouble with a telescope. Any other official would have sized up the young giant for what he actually was—just a devil-may-care lad with a hickory physique. But from the moment Superintendent Whiteley knocked the flask of rye from Eric's hand one sub-zero night while he was holding it to the mouth of his trapped fireman, the two men were confirmed enemies.

"No liquor on this road, Judson!" Whiteley warned.

There was work to do if poor Lem Kingston was to be released before freezing to death. That fact alone saved Hugh Whiteley from all the beatings his parents had denied him wrapped in one. As it was, Eric seized the blustering official by the shoulder and whirled him around, his eyes glinting in the pale moonlight.

"Don't ever do a thing like that again, Mr. Whiteley!" Eric's words were pitched so low that only the helpless fireman heard them. But thereafter Whiteley "rode" the young engineer only from a safe distance.

In its crude way, the incident proved a blessing for Lem Kingston that bitterly cold night. For it seemed to stir a strength in the Judson frame formerly unknown—a strength that would not be denied. Eric strode around the overturned cab and set his strong legs astraddle the victim, calling hoarsely to the others:

"Two of you git hold of Lem! No, you fools, not that way! Now, when I heave, pull him clear!"

Then he burrowed his feet to solid bottom, gripped the cab frame of the little engine, and heaved. At first only the creaking of strained wood could be heard above the labored breathing of Eric Judson. Those watching saw the cords of his thick neck bulge, while a bead of sweat formed and froze on his forehead.

Then slowly the cab was seen to raise. One inch. Two.

Lem groaned anew and squirmed. Only a deep growl from the throat of the straining giant brought the two brakemen's eyes from Eric's face back to their task. Then they pulled on the victim, and at length freed him from the death trap.

Eric released his hold, and straightened his great back. Then he turned and brushed aside the brakemen. A moment later he had lifted the groaning fireman in his arms like a child and was striding with him through the snow to the warmth of the caboose.

It wasn't till they had bandaged Kingston's broken ribs and made him as easy as possible, that Eric asked to have his own right hand dressed. The hand he presented was like raw meat, burned from contact with the boiler when the broken rail turned them over.

Superintendent Whiteley stood watching, an odd light in his eyes. That might have sidetracked the feud before it started, if the other man hadn't been so impulsive.

But when the last crude knot was tied in his bandage, Eric turned to meet the official's stare. Then he strode to the little locker where refreshments were kept, lifted up a quart bottle of whisky, planted his feet wide and, with a devilish twinkle in his dark eyes, cried out: "Here's to our holy man, boys! To Holy Hugh Whiteley!"

For a minute there was silence in the caboose, except a gurgle and swish from the fiery liquor now disappearing behind the young giant's beard.

Then came a scuffle of feet as Whiteley jerked open the rear door and leaped from the car to fade into the night down the snow-strewn way, bound for help.

The strain relaxed. Loud guffaws escaped from the dumfounded trainmen. And from that moment the pious official who stood for Rule G even in emergency was known throughout the Kicking Horse as "Holy Hugh" Whiteley. Thus are nicknames born on the iron road.

LET it be said in Whiteley's favor that he took no advantage of that scene of deliberate insubordination. But within the week bulletins appeared from Gleichen on the prairies to the end of steel on the Kicking Horse, warning of summary discharge for the offense of drinking whisky while on the job of laying Van Horne's Canadian Pacific steel to the West Coast.

Moderate drinkers softly cursed Holy Hugh and Engineer Judson in turn for this encroachment on personal liberty. Others nodded their satisfaction and sided with Whiteley. Maybe some could take their liquor discreetly, they admitted, but the Big Hill was no respecter of persons. Who could tell when a pint of booze might be a pass to Glory, for innocent as well as guilty?

So most of them sipped their liquor cautiously, if at all, while on duty. But Eric drank recklessly. Yet always Dame Luck rode beside him, warding off disaster, eluding the sharp eyes of Holy Whiteley.

The winter of 1883 and '84 dragged through with only desultory movements of camp supplies. In early spring, however, the West came alive from the Lakes to the Pacific, with the sudden bedlam of a duck march at daybreak.

William Cornelius Van Horne had passed the word that the year 1885 should see the last spike driven on the main line. It must be the victorious spike that would bind the scattered provinces of Canada with a three-thousand-mile bond of steel. The British Columbians had set their hopes on this long-promised link with their kinfolks east of the Rockies, and Van Horne would not fail them.

Fail? There was no such word in the vocabulary of William Van Horne. He had contracted to build a railway to the Pacific. That contract must be fulfilled.

Back East in the financial markets Van Horne knew the fight that his promoters were waging. Pushed to the wall were George Stephen and Donald Smith, pushed by the subtle tactics of enemies and doubtful friends.

Already pay cars were arriving late, and rumors of rebellion in the Northwest were creeping around. There was only one way to spike these emissaries of death—drive on to meet Onderdonk in the Fraser and Thompson valleys. Hammer down that last spike. Finish the job!

Came orders from the Far West that sent cold shivers up and down the spine of the harried keeper of the exchequer, Thomas Shaughnessy. Men, five thousand of them. Horses, two or three thousand. Rails—ties—spikes—dynamite—food for men and feed for horses—trains of material and supplies! On with the job! Pacific or perish!

All of this meant money, as the three S's knew well: Shaughnessy, Stephen and Smith. Millions. Supplies must be paid for. Men must have wages.

And when they collect the wages and relax from their long hours of toil and danger, these same men desire entertainment. This has been the law of nature since the world began. It is not good for man to be alone.

The Canadian Pacific management was not concerned with problems of entertainment. These were left to private enterprise. Thus it came about that a group of dance-hall girls of uncertain age followed the steel trail with enticing silks and perfume and ravishing smiles, shepherded by one "Queen" Helen from Montreal.

Helen was uncommonly beautiful, with penetrating dark eyes and a cheery personality. Unlike the other girls, she did not wear gaudy attire.

With all of her charm, Helen was shrewd and efficient. Evidently she had a good reason for coming to a construction camp. Some of the men surmised she was drawn by love of money. Eric Judson guessed it was love of adventure. Maybe it was both. Maybe it was just plain love.

WHITELEY was out on the line to the west when the girls arrived on a mixed train. So by the time he returned two or three days later, Queen Helen had her flock well established in a big tent at the fringe of the camp.

Holy Hugh shot an interrogative glance toward the white canvas and inquired who the new citizens might be. When informed, he emitted a bull-like bellow and charged up along the dirt trail. Then he ordered out an engine with a couple of box cars to stand by for a quick trip eastward. Again he strode over to the big tent.

Reports of that brief interview between Holy Hugh Whiteley, big boss of the Kicking Horse, and Queen Helen of the dance-hall troupe, are conflicting. But this much is agreed:

The super returned almost immediately and annulled the order for the box-car extra. His face was a puzzled gray against sandy whiskers, while his eyes bore a haunted expression.

He had marched straight to the main tent flap and snatched it open, according to the story told by Eric Judson, roaring two words: "Get out!" Then the Queen had appeared. No words were spoken after that one peremptory order. Just two pairs of eyes fixed on each other. And after that the holy man was seen in full retreat.

Rumor was rife for several weeks, but nothing definite could be learned. The lady from Montreal evaded questions. She remained undisturbed in her newly appointed lair, boarding up the sides, arranging the interior, the dance floor, and the piano for the free-for-all singing.

Yes, and taking money—always taking money from the eager, lonely men. Yet none could say that Helen of Montreal was hard. For no man was denied admission to her big tent before pay day, nor turned away for lack of cash so long as he conducted himself in a reasonably sober manner.

AS was inevitable—with seething activity of hundreds of men tearing their way through rock and mud, through timber and tangled brush, hurdling gaping canyons and boiling rivers, gambling with death and danger—some were lost, either temporarily or permanently.

For the former a crude log building was fitted up as a hospital at the Kicking Horse Camp. And to this hospital came another girl from Montreal. Her name was Jane Gilmore.

Miss Gilmore was a nurse, small and slender, with blond hair and eyes of blue. Like the lady in the big tent, she was amazingly capable. But in other respects the two women were as different as the snow-capped mountain peak is unlike the soft, luscious, green-timbered valley.

Each, however, served a useful purpose and served it well. Miss Gilmore dealt in broken bodies, Queen Helen in hungry hearts. And each thrived in her own field.

The Big Hill had its attractions for the hickory men who rode it. True, it was the bottle neck to the Kicking Horse and the great West beyond, and as such it bore the burden of traffic. But always there were hours of entertainment in the big tent at the bottom of the hill to compensate for the hours they gambled with Glory, easing tonnage down with hand brakes, binding, loosing, and binding again against hot wheels—a continuous chain of walking the train top, dropping off to grab the rear and then walking ahead again.

Holy Hugh Whiteley knew of the attractions in the big tent, of course, and furrowed his brow day and night to frustrate them. He would not rest content till he had cleared out Queen Helen and her scarlet crew.

Meanwhile, whenever he could find equipment, the super doubled a down crew back up the hill again, ignoring the hours of service these men had already given.

No organization could say him nay. No overtime clause penalize his pay roll. What was a little cruelty to a man's body when the damnation of his soul was at stake?

Soon, if his recommendations to the general management were accepted,

these agents of Satan would be driven from the hills and his men could live the austere lives they ought.

So Eric Judson and the other railroaders turned their engines and started back up the long climb, cursing the fate that had placed a stern Puritan in charge of an iron pike.

TRAINS were becoming heavier each trip with the rapid increase in traffic. And repairs to brakes and equipment were but a desultory business at best. Protests often made to Mr. Whiteley got little satisfaction.

"I know you fellows," he said to Judson. "Anything to get a tie-up down here where you can spend your time and pay checks in that hell-hole! It costs money to hold a train down here while every little bolt and nut is inspected. Next thing you men will be wanting some of those new-fangled air brakes put on the cars so you won't have to bend your lazy backs!"

Eric came back at him: "That's just what we'll be after, boss—these air brakes—just as soon as we can get a conference with Mr. Van Horne."

"You'll never get them," Holy Hugh retorted. "Why, it would take a fortune to fit all our freight cars with such fool contraptions. Even then you couldn't depend on them. As for meeting Mr. Van Horne, if you fellows want to lose your jobs, just you go wasting his time asking for that."

Eric scratched a sulphur match and watched its blue flame slowly ignite the wood before applying it to his pipe.

"Did you ever try to figure out what it would cost if we had a real bad spill on that there Glory Hill?" he drawled between puffs.

"No, and I don't intend to," said Whiteley. "It just hadn't better happen, that's all."

Eric turned away in disgust.

"If it happens at all," he growled to himself, "I only hope it's when you're riding, boss. Then maybe you'll O.K. them switchbacks."

Soon after that the train pulled out and headed up the hill, three engines with a drag of empties. Sullen eyes of the superintendent followed them thoughtfully till they disappeared around the bend.

They were weary men when they reached the divide, hoping for a night's sleep before pinching another drag down the Glory Hill. But life was not like that for the crews on the end of steel that summer. There was work to do, plenty of it. Gaps of many miles still remained to be closed to the westward before frost and snow made Van Horne's plan impossible.

Instead of sleep, Eric Judson and "Ginger" O'Hagan, his conductor, were handed a solid train of steel rails —the heaviest they had yet handled down the Big Hill. The other two engines went on to meet more freight at Calgary.

It was a cool August evening, such as only high altitudes know after hot days. Tired though they were, the crew went about their work whistling short snatches of airs recently heard pounded out on the piano in Helen's big tent.

Eric got down to help examine the train thoroughly for defects, and Ginger met him coming back.

"I don't see what you want handbrakes back here for, anyway, Judson," the conductor bantered, "with all that brass on your new six-wheeler."

"You'll know, me bucko, before you get down to Glory tonight," said the hogger. "If you ask me, we've got just about twice the tonnage we need."

Ginger scowled. "That's what I told

the dispatcher, but he said it was Holy Hugh's orders."

THE stars were twinkling when they got started. And once around the bend from Summit, the hickory clubs came into steady action. One man started forward setting handbrakes on every other car. Soon the next man followed, releasing the set brake and binding another. When the first man reached the head end he dropped off, caught the van and started forward again with the same routine.

Ginger O'Hagan watched casually for a while from his crow's nest, waiting for the real grade when he would step down and take a turn himself.

Eric kept an eagle eye behind, too. He could see sparks wearing from the shoes as they pushed around the curves. They reminded him of a set of pinwheel fireworks like he used to play with on Dominion Day. It was all very pretty in the dark, so long as those wheels didn't get too hot.

At Half Way he called for all brakes set while they stopped to cool wheels. Three lanterns waved him ahead again long before he was convinced they should go. But at last he released his engine, and with a lunge the steel-weighted drag came down and boosted him around the first curve. Again the lanterns bobbed and the hickory clubs jammed brakes against screaming wheels.

They were heading into the big bend now. In a mile or so they'd make Yoho and the worst would be over.

Eric peered at the track ahead, a song on his lips. His fireman, Len Kingston, now fully recovered from injuries inflicted by the overturned engine, got down to heave in some cordwood.

They dodged through a rock cut. Eric thrust out his head. They seemed to be gaining speed rapidly, and the real grade was still ahead. He peered back to see Ginger O'Hagan's lantern coming out from the caboose and across the arches of steel-loaded flat cars.

He saw a brakeman fumble for a sill step on the second car back and finally drop off into the night. The brakeman's lantern seemed to sail through the air and disappear. Apparently they were short one man now, just when they needed all hands!

Eric stood up and yanked the whistle one long, sharp warning. Then he yelled across at his fireman:

"Grab your hickory, Lem! We're rolling to Glory any time now!"

Lem needed no urging. He leaped for his club and scrambled back over the cordwood tender.

No more time was spent in releasing brakes. It was set them hard—all of them—as tight as hickory muscle and hickory club could set them against rolling iron—and leave them set, hot wheels or no hot wheels.

There was no choice now. The Grim Reaper was waiting for them down around the bend, waiting with that terrible grin which so many railroaders have seen for a brief memorable moment.

According to Ginger O'Hagan's version of it, the Devil himself had slipped aboard that night at Half Way with a whole flock of little red imps, "for iviry blissed brake beam in the infernal drag!" So what could mere man do with a load like that? "Every wheel was a whirlin' hoop of red-hot hell when we hit that Yoho bend," he testified.

The valley of the Kicking Horse roared with the din of a million demons during those few minutes till half

a thousand tons of steel plunged over into the gulch below Yoho, pulling Eric's new brass-trimmed engine over with it.

Neither Eric nor his fireman were aboard at the time. For they, like Ginger O'Hagan, had elected to desert the narrow confines of the rail for the wide open spaces up there where a gravel fill gave them a gambler's chance against old Glory.

The brakeman missed the gravel.

DOWN in the camp at Kicking Horse they heard the din. The chatter and music at Helen's Place was hushed. Talk in lone cabins ceased as if by magic. Men and women stepped out into the cool summer night to listen, staring at each other, while strong faces blanched and scalps crinkled.

Holy Hugh heard it also. When finally the awful crash climaxed the thunder of wheels and the night was hushed again, he shook himself and roared hoarsely for a crew.

Up the hill they went, the little relief train with only a freight caboose and two cars of general outfit for help.

The camp doctor was down the river attending a call beyond the end of steel where a powder man had permitted his discretion to relax. Father Pat had gone along with him. But Nurse Gilmore, prim and capable, came from the tiny hospital, hugging an armful of first-aid equipment.

Just as the mercy train was about to start there appeared another woman, Queen Helen. She, too, carried a bundle, and moved toward the caboose step with an appealing gesture. Holy Hugh, standing fretfully while waiting for a reply from the dispatcher at Summit, saw the newcomer and waved her coldly back.

"No!" he barked.

"But I can help the poor boys," Helen pleaded, "if they're still alive."

"No, I said!" the superintendent repeated sternly. "We have a nurse. Go back—to your den of iniquity!"

He swung up the step and reached down for a message the operator was passing. Helen ran to the front end of the caboose and tossed up her bundle to the platform.

Whiteley was waving a signal to go ahead. The engine snorted loudly and moved away, but those remaining on the platform distinctly heard the voice of Queen Helen raised in prophetic tone:

"Some day, Hugh Whiteley, you'll be glad of my help!"

Neither the Queen nor Holy Hugh knew just how soon that prophesy was to be fulfilled.

BY the flicker of lanterns they gathered the crew of the steel train up along the line—one here, another there, a third yet farther along. It was slow work and painful, with only the oil headlight to show the rails and nothing beyond.

More so was it slow in the case of finding the brakeman—whose light had gone out in more ways than one. The brakeman made no sound to call them to him. Over his mangled body they spread one of the sheets from the bundle which Helen had tossed aboard, and then bent their energies to relieve the suffering of those still alive.

When they found Eric Judson, leg shattered, ribs fractured and body a mass of bruises, Holy Hugh bent close to his face and sniffed keenly of Eric's labored breathing.

The engineer stifled a groan and muttered: "Too bad, boss! You can't charge it up to whisky this time. How about those switchbacks now?"

Holy Hugh stood up and signalled for a stretcher. Without waiting to help, he went on to the others. Lem Kingston got off with a broken arm, while Ginger O'Hagan escaped fractures but exposed a tattered shirt and a body of torn skin and bruises.

The super, pious and energetic, was not interested in bruises just now. Once within range of Ginger's cursing breath, he jerked out his notebook and made grim notations. He had found what he wanted.

Conductor O'Hagan's services were summarily dispensed with the following day, and another accident was charged up to the demon Alcohol.

Meanwhile, in the caboose the deft hands of Jane Gilmore had set and bandaged Eric's injuries. Suddenly he caught a glance from the nurse's eyes. And there he kept his gaze until *she* felt it and flushed. From that moment the soul of Eric Judson was entirely at the feet of the blonde from Montreal.

Eric was like that. Women had never meant much in his impulsive, strenuous life. He had met but few of them, and most of these in Queen Helen's place. But their type didn't appeal to his nature. They treated all men alike so long as the price was forthcoming. And they drank liquor. Eric didn't like women who drank.

But this other girl, this nurse, was quite different. So down at the camp hospital, with little else to do but look about him while his wounds were healing, Eric fixed his attention on the graceful form and sweet face of Jane Gilmore.

By the time he could leave his bed, the hogger knew from her lips that Superintendent Whiteley rated him a hard drinker, and that she, Jane Gilmore, disapproved of whisky. That, the patient assured her, was soon remedied. He'd climb aboard the water wagon. It was a promise.

Jane smiled at his impulsiveness, then blushed at the reason. Thereafter Eric Judson lay dreaming of a cabin in the Rockies which he would build, perhaps here in the Kicking Horse, perhaps further on next year when steel stretched through to the Fraser. And always in that cabin waiting for him when he slid down from his engine at the end of his run, was the golden-haired Jane.

The days passed swiftly for Eric after that. The boys came to see him and to talk of the progress of steel to the West. They spoke of Van Horne storming up and down the line, demanding more and more action. Of Holy Hugh and his apparent determination to take revenge on all men involved in the steel-train runaway, and on all men discovered drinking on duty. Of the delayed pay car and gossip about the road going broke.

The visitors surreptitiously brought red-eye for the patient and stared in amazement at his refusal.

"Never again, boys!" Eric declared, and he seemed to mean it.

"So Holy Hugh has got you buffaloed, Eric?" they laughed.

The hogger's eyes softened as they swept across the wide room to fasten on the white-capped nurse.

"No," he drawled quietly. "Holy Jane Gilmore."

They left him soon after that, staring oddly at each other. Judson, they decided, had been injured elsewhere than in his leg. Too bad a man like Eric!

THE frosts came early that year. Snow powdered the high ground in late September. The Pass grew

steadily busier until it seemed they could never handle all the traffic.

Holy Hugh's worries, too, grew with the increasing freight moving toward end of steel. The little camp at the base of Mount Stephen was a young city of seething activity, a railway yard as well as a clearing house for graders of all nationalities. Queen Helen's canvas palace thrived as only such places can thrive in a construction boom.

Eric was walking with a cane now and hoping to get back on his engine soon. Runners were scarce. Besides, he needed the money if his plans worked out.

The patient was limbering his leg with a brisk walk one evening at dark when he met the call boy.

"Seen anything of Kingston?" the lad inquired.

Eric hadn't, but he knew where Lem would be so long as he had a dime. The caller was new or he'd have known, too. So he sent him up the trail to the big top where all the music was.

Five minutes later Eric met the boy hurrying back alone, and asked, "Get him?"

"No! Kingston won't come."

"What did he say?"

"Say?" retorted the youth. "Just about everything there was to say, I reckon."

Eric grinned. That would be Lem, all right. "What are you going to do about it—call another man?"

"Nope! There ain't no more. I gotta go tell Mr. Whiteley."

The hoghead checked the caller with the crook of his cane. "Don't do that. Listen! Come on back with me. I know him better than you do."

At Helen's Place, Lem greeted his comrade boisterously and proffered a drink. "No Glory Hill for me tonight, Eric! Have a drink—and to hell with Holy Hugh."

Eric waved the glass aside. "Don't be a damn fool, Lem. You're going out tonight. They need you. There's no one to take your place."

"No," said the fireman. "Gonna stay right here at Queen Helen's. Can't be beat, Eric. Have a drink?"

"You'll get fired if you don't come along," his friend warned.

The Queen came to add her argument to Eric's. "Better go to work tonight, Lem. Come back again later. No work, no pay, you know." She smiled. Her pretty teeth sparkled and the black eyes flashed alluringly. "Come on, be a good boy!"

Lem stared until this seeped through. Then he nodded. "Thass right, Queenie! You're always right. Bring another bottle."

"Not now," Eric protested. "You've had enough for tonight. Let's go!"

"No, you take a drink," Lem urged.

"I'm not drinking," the hogger said crisply, "and you know it."

"You're what?" cackled the fireman. "Yuh won't drink with me since you sit with that nurse gal. Helen's gals ain't good enough for you any more, heh?"

The Queen ignored this insult. Eric scowled but held his temper. At length he ventured:

"Listen, Lem, I'll have one drink if you promise to come along to work. What say?"

"Sure, Eric, sure! Get him a glass, Helen. Great old boy Eric is, none better!"

The drinks came. Eric swallowed one as he had promised. Then he took the fireman by an arm and led him out of the tent. The call boy joined them outside.

They were a strange trio as they

lurched down the trail, Eric shuffling stiffly, one hand on his cane. And then, at the bend in the trail, it happened. They met head-on, Jane Gilmore, out for an evening stroll. The nurse sprang back with a gasp of surprise and disappointment.

"Oh, Eric!" she exclaimed. Then she did a queer, unladylike thing. She turned and ran.

In a weird daze the big hoghead got Lem to his engine and waited till he was safely at work. Then he headed back to the hospital. Jane was there, busy, and met him coldly. He told her the truth of his visit to Helen's, withholding only the drink he took.

She turned, uncertainty in her glance, to study him. He pressed closer. Then she caught the fumes of his breath, that lone drink at the big tent. Fury and scorn swept across the girl's face.

"So you lied to me, Mr. Judson!" she accused. "You've been drinking again. I might have known it."

"But I—" Eric began.

"Well, I don't mind," she cut in. "I don't care if I never see you again."

Once more Jane Gilmore ran from him and slammed the door of her room behind her.

Eric went out then, striding savagely along toward the station. There he met Holy Hugh.

"How long do you expect to lay around, Judson?" the super asked pointedly. "You look all right to me."

Eric said: "Is my engine ready?"

Holy Hugh gulped. "No, not exactly tonight, but I like your spirit. You can go west to end of steel in the morning."

"I'll go!" Eric snapped.

He wheeled around to limp away. But he didn't return to the hospital. Nor to his bunkhouse. For bitter words were still ringing in his ears: "I don't care if I never see you again."

ERIC didn't show up for his engine west that next morning. Nor did he the following morning. Finally on the third afternoon, he came roaring drunken defiance at Holy Hugh. And the superintendent, a light of unholy glee in his eyes, delivered the verdict:

"You're fired, Judson! I've been waiting for this chance these many days. Get off the railroad!"

Eric glared at the somber-faced official. A small group of trainmen gathered to listen in.

"Go on, you whisky soak, do you hear me?" Holy Hugh thundered. "Get off the railroad! Go back to your Jezebel and her den!"

Eric stalked forward to thrust a fist under the Puritan's nose. "You talking about Miss Gilmore, mister?"

Whiteley backed off. "No, you fool! I'm talking about that—that person over there!" He pointed a shaking hand toward the tent which flaunted its white canvas to the skies. "That's where you belong. Go back there, I say, and tell the woman of sin that I sent you!"

Eric dropped his fist uncertainly and lurched away. Holy Hugh watched a moment, then flung after him:

"And as for that nurse—you keep your drunken self away from her entirely! Understand, Judson?"

Eric's stupor seemed to leave him cold. He whirled about and stamped back, again shaking his huge fist under the nose of the superintendent.

"That goes for both of us, Whiteley!" he threatened. "If I ever hear of you touching a hair of that girl's head I'll come back to camp and tear you apart. Do you get that?"

Holy Hugh did not reply. He didn't

need to. His face betrayed quite clearly that he understood.

WHEN the mixed train started up the big hill next morning for points east, it had two passengers, a man and a woman. They were Eric Judson and Queen Helen.

The woman had been informed of a new tariff on liquor that would spell finis to her place. She knew where to lay the blame for this. And now she was heading east to have it countermanded. In a satchel at her feet Helen carried a large sum of money for deposit in the bank at Calgary.

Idly Eric noted men scattered about the station and yards as he waited for the train to start. More men than he had ever seen before. And they were still coming.

He caught snatches of talk about the pay car. He noticed a sign calling for a meeting that morning. Here and there groups of men talked loudly and profanely, berating Mr. Van Horne and George Stephen. Also Donald Smith and Holy Hugh Whiteley. Whenever Whiteley's name was mentioned they glared across the tracks to the window marked "Superintendent."

But Eric was too melancholy to bother with such things. He had called at the hospital for his clothes, had secured them, laundered and wrapped, without so much as a glimpse at his former nurse.

He had come away with heavy feet and sad heart, not noticing a shadow behind the curtain, nor hearing the little sob as his train gathered speed—the train carrying Helen of Montreal and Eric Judson.

It was at Banff, fifty-five miles to the east, that rumors of a riot stirred Eric's interest. An excited group was huddled about the station door as the train arrived at dusk. Lem Kingston was there, firing now for "Red" Bisbee. Eric plucked Lem's arm to ask the cause.

"It's that mob of graders at the camp," said Lem. "They're wild because the pay car don't come. An' Barney just wired through for the Mounties, for they're fixin' to take it out on Holy Hugh."

Eric snorted. "Might be a good thing for the railroad if they did," he answered. "But that won't bring the pay car. Where's it at now, anyway?"

"Don't rightly know." The fireman shook his head. "Some say it ain't started yet. An' there's a lot o' talk about the road goin' broke again. I can't believe it myself, but—well, what's the delay if they got the money?"

Eric shrugged. "Search me! Maybe it's the Grand Trunk pulling political strings or something. A lot those fat boys care about us out here, or about this country, either. Still, it don't affect me any more, Lem."

"Too bad, Eric. An' too bad if they shut the pike down, too. So many people dependin' on her now."

"You don't think it's as bad as that?" Eric wanted to know.

Just then a shout came from the station door. The two comrades crowded to hear the news.

"Barney says they smashed in Holy Hugh's office but they missed him," someone was announcing excitedly. "He slipped over to hide in the hospital. They've found a keg of Helen's booze in the freight shed an' busted it open. There'll be murder done down there before they quit. An' the pay car out of Winnipeg, too. Just too late!"

A hand was pinching Eric's arm. He turned, but seemed not to see the girl at his elbow.

"Just like the white-livered coyote to sneak into the hospital!" muttered the big engineer. "Hiding behind a lady's skirts! Poor little Jane!"

"Eric!" the woman was begging at his arm. "What is it? What's happening at camp?"

He stared at her and gave a rasping laugh that made other men turn—men who had heard that laugh before, when things were happening.

"It's my old friend, Holy Hugh," the hogger drawled. "He's meeting his Maker tonight. But the skunk's trying to drag Jane along with him—do you hear that, Helen?"

He squeezed her arm till she squealed with pain.

"What do you mean?" demanded the Queen. "Tell me, quick!"

He told her while she clung to him, clutching at his sleeve for support. Then suddenly she jerked alive again.

"Eric! We must go back and save Hugh—and Jane Gilmore. Do you hear me, Eric?"

He chuckled insanely. "You and me against a hundred and fifty men, Helen! All drunk with your whisky. A hundred and fifty savages after Holy Hugh Whiteley. Hooray!"

His face was hard and set. The Queen eyed him curiously.

"We can do it, Eric," she said. "Listen! They're after money—their pay, ain't they? Well, we'll go down and pay them!"

"Sure!" he cried, pulling a ragged dollar bill from his pocket. "With this. How much you got to go with it, sweetie?"

"I've got just fifteen thousand in that satchel," she responded seriously. "That's a hundred dollars each. It ought to satisfy them till the pay car comes, don't you think?"

"You—you've what?"

"Fifteen thousand," Helen repeated tensely. "I was taking it to the bank at Calgary."

"And you'd do that—hand out all that money to save the worthless skin of a man like Whiteley. Why, he wouldn't even pay you back."

She nodded, avoiding his eyes. "I'll take that chance, Eric—if you'll help me."

There came a shout from the office then, and the hogger replied: "The wire's down west of Summit. The mob's started their dirty work, sure as shootin'!"

"Eric!" The boss of the big tent was pounding his chest now. "You've *got* to help. Think of that girl with him in the hospital! Jane Gilmore. Why, she and I used to go to school together, back home in Montreal. Think of all my poor girls, too! There's no telling what that gang will do when they're drunk! Please, Eric . . ."

He nodded vigorously at last, pushed her roughly from him and lunged for the station office.

To the agent there he commanded: "Get me the road, Boyle! I'm going down to camp!"

He was gone again, striding along the platform for the 344, the only locomotive within fifty miles—the one coupled to the head end of the mixed train.

He snatched up the pin behind the tender and leaped to the deck. A moment later the started engine was barking up to the passing track switch.

Queen Helen was there waiting with her satchel. Eric checked speed and leaned down the ladder to sweep her from her feet as he passed.

Men gaped at the tableau, not realizing its import till the engine had again passed out to the main line and was

roaring away backward toward Summit with a third person climbing up over the pilot, Lem Kingston.

Only then did the agent come alive and wire his dispatcher the news that a crazy crew had captured the 344, and was heading west under full steam, running backward.

"They're hell bent for Glory Hill and camp right now, and they've got that Helen woman in the cab, so you'd better give them a clear board, for you know Eric Judson."

CRAWLING into the cab, Lem Kingston swayed to the engineer's side. "You're crazier'n a loon, but I had to come," he yelled. "What about wood?"

"You're the tallowpot now!" Eric barked. "Give us steam. Never mind the wood!"

He snapped open the last notch of the throttle and sent the sturdy little 4-4-0 thundering up the long easy grade. Then he left the window long enough to guide his female passenger to the seat behind him at the window, stowing her satchel beneath.

It was forty miles and a seven-hundred-foot climb to Summit. Lem tossed fuel sparingly into the firebox. Once he pulled a flask from his pocket and passed it to Eric. The engineer took it and snapped out the cork. But before it reached his mouth a soft hand had pulled it away.

He turned around to face Helen. The woman had her arm out the window, pointing ahead. She made no attempt to speak, but something in her dark eyes told him what she meant. Men were running amuck down at the foot of the Big Hill tonight—all with whisky-clogged brains.

Eric snatched the flask from her other hand and flipped it away.

Lem stared in bewilderment, then went back to his wood pile. And presently, as he was tossing the last stick of cordwood into the firebox, Eric whistled shortly but sharply for Summit—and whistled through!

The fireman peered out the window in time to catch a little blur of lights. Then Summit dropped behind. There was nothing ahead but the Big Hill and maybe the camp at its base. Or maybe—Glory.

Lem staggered to the other side. He shouted: "Now I *know* you're crazy! We're all outa wood an' water, too!"

Eric drew in his head from the rushing black wind. He flung back: "Whatcha want that stuff for, now? Never yet knew an engine to stall running down hill!"

"But the air pump, idiot!" groaned the fireman. "How yah gonna work that without steam? How yuh gonna stop when yuh get there?"

Jack waved a huge hand to the other side. "Go sit and rest! We'll stop all right—some place. Never knew it to fail!"

With lips that muttered unheard words, Lem finally obeyed. What else could he do—except, perhaps, leap into the cold night? Well, it was too late now to do even that, with safety.

Eric's head went out again. The 344 rolled on, rocking and lurching madly. Once he turned to the woman at his back.

"You all right?" he yelled.

Again he got his answer. It was a hand out the window pointing ahead and down—down into the dark where they were going, where anything might be happening.

"Some dame!" he muttered. "And that coyote called her a—a Jessie Bell, whatever that is. If he's still alive, I'll make him eat those words. And by

God, if Jane is hurt, I'll finish the job for those savages with my own hands!"

The cab lurched around a curve and straightened out again, leaping ahead with bullet speed. Lem gripped his window desperately.

"Roll on, chariot!" sang Eric Judson, "Roll on!"

THERE are many stories told of the Big Hill. Of men who merely glimpsed its shores to come back and relate the experience. But Eric made the ride that set a record for all time—a ride into the very gates of Kingdom Come and out again, with a woman, Jezebel, aboard.

A whisky-crazed mob heard him down there, even above the tumult. They paused from the business of battering in the stout door of the log hospital, and listened. They waited for the crash as they might wait for an hourly charge of dynamite up in the pass.

But the crash was not heard as they expected. The thing, whatever it was, came on and on. So they waited, and listened, and wondered.

Eric Judson, straining eyes out across the tender, put his hand at last to the air-brake valve to check their speed. He had watched and nursed that air, holding it for the last supreme effort. Not a pound could be wasted. Very soon the time would come.

It came almost too suddenly. The speeding comet straightened out on that last long stretch while Eric was still seeking a landmark in the blur of darkness and leaping black objects. He snapped on the brake with all he had, and gripped it hard to wait results. They came, swifter than he desired.

A drunken grader had flopped a stub switch leading back into a gravel spur. The tender struck it and sailed through the air. The drivers followed. And all in a moment the sturdy 344 had buckled on her side.

Eric, at first sign of going, threw back his arm for Helen of Montreal. They went over together. He gathered himself up, dazed and bleeding from a gash in his cheek, to find that the Queen's foot was caught beneath the cab frame. He tried to free her. She screamed a little, and called out:

"The satchel, Eric! Get it and run! You may be in time yet!"

He looked down at her there. He saw the unnatural twist to her foot, knew it was broken. But she only called: "Run! Save Whiteley!"

Lem came then, from where he had doubled himself into a ball and rolled down the bank.

"Get help and lift her out!" Eric ordered, and instantly he was off with the satchel dangling at the end of one of his long arms. In the satchel was salvation money for Holy Hugh—from his Jezebel.

The hospital door went down as Eric's pile-driver blows cleared a way to the front of the mob. Torches lighted the weird scene. The engineer ripped open the satchel and raised a bundle of bank notes, to wave it before their bleary eyes.

"Money, men! Money!" he screamed. "Do you see it! Money! The pay car!"

Those in front saw it and paused in sudden fascination.

"Money!" Eric yelled again. "The pay car, I tell you!"

They passed the word back, and again pushed forward. "Pay! Pay!"

Eric thrust the money back into the satchel and tossed it through the broken door.

"Stand back if you want it!" he commanded. "Go get your pay checks. Line up at the station!"

MOBS are queer that way. They had come to smash and to take a human victim as sacrifice to a fancied injustice. But here was something else again. Here was money. And wasn't that what they wanted after all? Sure it was! Their pay.

So they cheered and jostled and wormed their way back toward the station, fumbling in their pockets for mislaid time checks.

As Eric watched them melt away, a hoarse voice intoned: "In the name of our Redeemer, Judson, where did you drop from with all that money? Did the pay car really come?"

Eric turned a cold face to pale Hugh Whiteley.

"Yes," he said. "It came—for you. Take it, get over there and pay your men before they start again. For, by heaven I won't stop them again!"

"But who sent it, Judson?"

"Who?" thundered the engineer. "You ask that? I'll tell you who! It was your—your Jessie Bell, or whatever you called her! That's who it was."

"What! What's that!" gasped the super. "You don't mean—Helen?"

"I do. I mean just that."

Holy Hugh was taken aback. "She—she did that for me?"

"For you, yes," sneered Eric. "I don't know why."

The official, haggard of face, gripped Eric's arm. "*Helen is my wife,* Judson," he confessed. "I turned her out because—I thought she did me wrong. But *I* was wrong—and then I found her here—"

Eric twisted the groveling, pitiful man around with a hickory grip. "Go tell her that! She's yonder, under the engine—and all because of you. If you want your woman, go get her, *now!*"

Holy Hugh was gone then with a staggering lope, moaning queer words as he ran toward the railway yard, in the wake of the mob.

The hoghead was still staring after him when another voice—a soft, gentle voice—spoke at his elbow:

"That was good advice, Eric."

He whirled to look down at Jane Gilmore. Crazy thoughts were tumbling about in his crazy young brain.

"Which advice?" he murmured.

"The advice you gave Mr. Whiteley," said the blonde from Montreal. "If you want your woman—"

Eric seized her hands, both of them, and looked into a pair of blue eyes which suddenly reflected for him all the mystery of life—the thrills of railroading—and the glory of the Big Hill.

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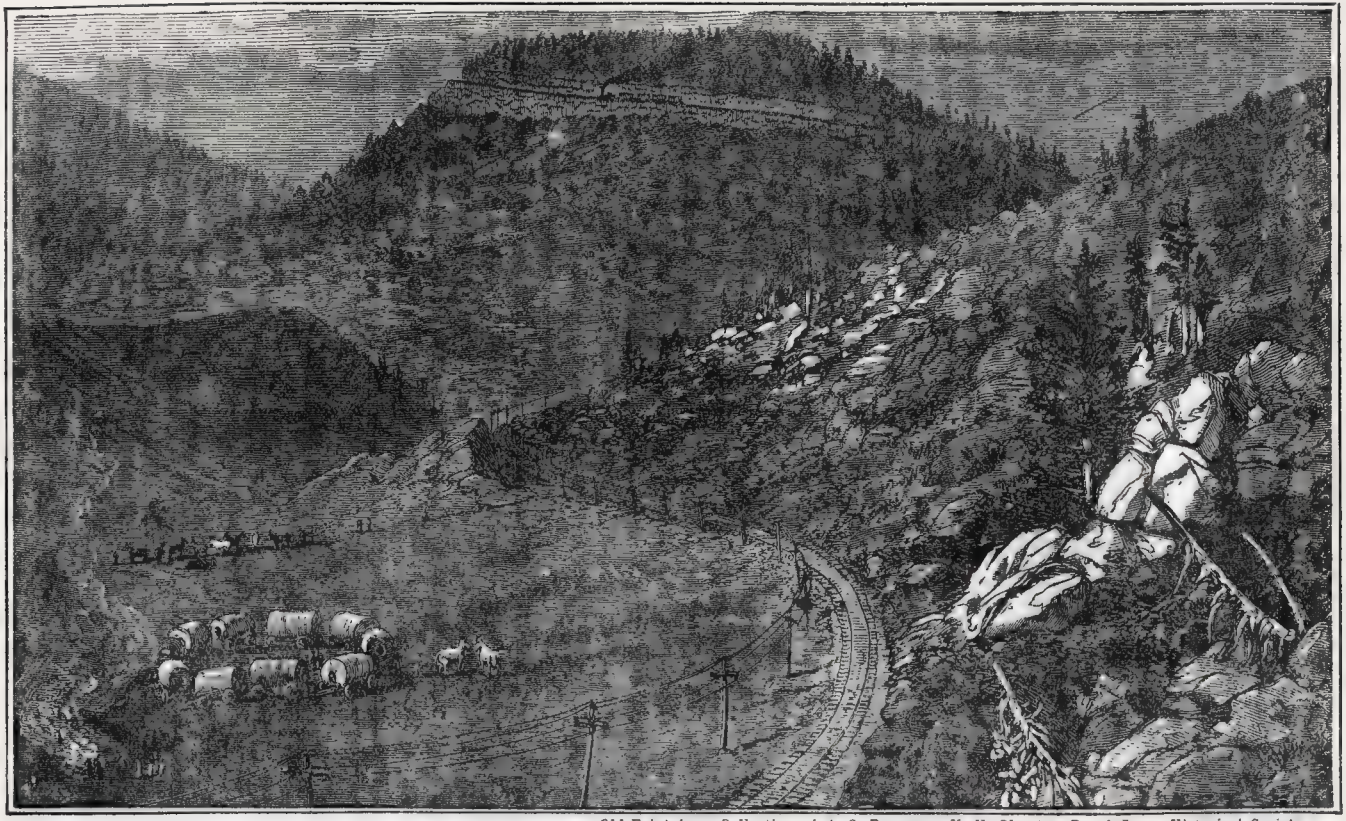


Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer. N Y. Chapter, Rv. & Loco. Historical Society

La Veta Pass, Colorado, on the Old Narrow-Gage Denver & Rio Grande, as It Looked Sixty Years Ago

Railway Express Messenger No. 1

By H. R. EDWARDS

Author of "The Great Strike of 1877," etc.

MARCH 4th, 1939, will mark the hundredth anniversary of the express service of America. On that date honor will be paid to the memory of William Frederick Harnden, who is sometimes called the patron saint of the Railway Express Agency.

Bill Harnden began his career as passenger brakeman and then conductor on the Boston & Worcester Railroad, just about the time that road was opened, and later became a ticket agent for the B. & W. in Boston. He held the Boston job for about three years, and then he grew restless. That was in 1839, when Bill was twenty-seven years old. He yearned to do big things before he was too old.

"I want to make my mark in the world," he confided to his friend, James W. Hale, a newsdealer and a steamboat agent.

Hale had a bright idea. "Why don't you run errands between New York and Boston?" he replied. "Carry small pieces of valuable freight that people don't like to trust to steamboat baggage men."

The idea appealed to Bill instantly. Equipping himself with a modest carpet bag, he approached bankers, brokers, business men of all kinds, and volunteered to undertake confidential missions, particularly the carrying of valuable letters, packages of greenbacks, jewelry, heirlooms that hitherto had been entrusted to Hale and other steamboat agents. There was urgent need for such service in those days.

Bill's record with the Boston & Worcester Railroad had been good. He pointed out that for years he had been handling the company's money, first in the capacity of trainman, then as ticket agent. His record and his personal appearance inspired confidence. Gradually Bill found himself building up a new business.

On the 23rd of February, 1839, the Boston newspapers carried an advertisement stating that W. F. Harnden had made arrangements with the Providence Railroad and the New York steamboat companies "to run a car through from Boston to New York and *vice versa* four times a week." It stated, furthermore, that Mr. Harnden himself would accompany that car "for the purpose of purchasing goods, collecting draughts, notes, and bills."

This service was inaugurated on the 4th of March. It was very well received. Even the conservative *Boston Transcript* announced, on March 17th, 1839, that Mr. Harnden's express was "highly convenient to those who wish to send small packages from one city to the other. It affords us much pleasure to recommend the express to the notice of our readers."

The word "express" in those days had a somewhat different meaning from what it has now. It meant a man carrying letters or packages; nowadays he would be called a messenger.

This notice in the *Transcript* gave Bill some conception of the value of getting on the right side of the newspapers. He contacted with the editors of the daily papers in New York and Boston to carry the latest news between those two cities. The *Transcript* duly announced, on May 14th: "We are indebted to our friend Harnden, of the Package Express, for the *United States Gazette* (Philadelphia) of yesterday."

Thus Bill Harnden gradually acquired more business than his modest carpet bag could possibly hold, and he branched out, hiring several helpers, including his brother Adolphus.

The following year—on the 13th of February—Adolphus perished in the loss of the steamboat Lexington, together with 145 other passengers and members of the crew, when that vessel was burned to the water's edge off the coast of Long Island. Only

ADOLPHUS HARNDEN DIED IN THE LEXINGTON STEAMBOAT FIRE, FEB. 13, 1840

SCENE IN HARNDEN EXPRESS OFFICE, 74 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY

four persons were saved. The loss included fifty thousand dollars in currency, as well as other valuables, which Adolphus was transporting for some of his brother's customers.

It was a terrible blow for Bill Harnden. But he continued to carry on the business, with very little success, and finally died at the early age of thirty-one, on Jan. 14th, 1843. He was a worn-out man, but one who had, unknown to himself, sown the seeds for the mighty Railway Express Agency of today.

IN 1840, the year of the steamboat Lexington disaster, a young man named Alvin Adams, after failing in the grocery business, followed in the footsteps of Bill Harnden by starting an express company in partnership with one P. B. Burke. Burke soon dropped out, but Adams persisted and in 1843 he was the proud possessor of a horse. Thus originated the famous Adams Express Company.

Meanwhile, in 1841, the American Express Company was launched when Henry Wells, who had been Bill Harnden's agent at Albany, N. Y., and George Pomeroy formed a business partnership for express service between Buffalo and Albany—a journey of four days and three nights by railroad, steamboat and stage coach.

Pomeroy soon lost interest in this enterprise—the journeys were long and rigorous, while the pay was small—but Wells kept at it, and in 1851 he organized with William G. Fargo and others a concern that was to become famous under the name of Wells, Fargo & Company. Among the others may be mentioned D. N. Barney, who later became president of the company and who was at one time president of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Wells, Fargo & Company immediately began to cut rates. In 1850 it cost seventy-five cents a pound to ship freight from New York to the West Coast; the new company promptly cut it to forty cents. Business boomed; the company prospered. Other companies arose and most of them did pretty well. Then came the Merchants' Union Express Company, capitalized at

$20,000,000, which set out to monopolize the industry. After going into the red to the tune of $7,000,000 in the short space of two years, the Merchants' Union was thrown into bankruptcy and was taken over by the American Express Company, with William G. Fargo as president.

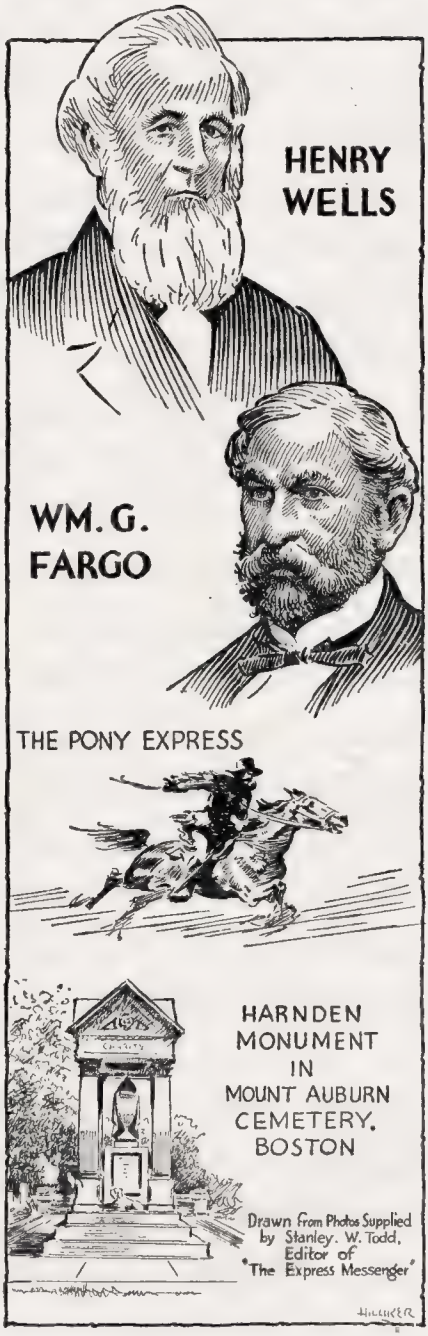
Wells, Fargo & Company, in the first five years of its existence, carried fifty-eight million dollars worth of gold dust into San Francisco, in the days when the West was wild and lawless and highway men knew where to get the big money. The express company, which also carried on a banking business and ran stage coach lines, picked its men well—the kind of men who are glorified today in song and story—and armed them with revolvers and shotguns to fight off the bandits.

Many a Wells, Fargo & Company agent was shot to death out on "the lone prair-ee" or in the treacherous mountain canyons or in a baggage car on the railroad, and many a road man took the long trail where all the pony tracks point one way; but the great express business went on.

In 1860 Wells, Fargo & Company absorbed the glamorous pony express service of William H. Russell and B. F. Ficklin, but soon relinquished it, due to the completion of the first transcontinental telegraph.

Finally, after numerous amalgamations, the express companies founded by the pioneers of yesterday were welded into the great Railway Express Agency of today, which has national headquarters at 230 Park Avenue, New York City, and its own monthly magazine, *The Express Messenger*.

The humble carpet bag with which Bill Harnden started this vast industry ninety-seven years ago has been preserved to this day, and a costly monument has been erected over Bill's grave in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston. But Bill Harnden doesn't need a stone monument. His lasting glory is the roar of countless thousands of wheels and the whir of airplane wings which carry a nation's freight over land and sea at a speed far beyond the wildest dreams of the former passenger conductor on the Boston & Worcester Railroad.


HENRY WELLS
WM. G. FARGO
THE PONY EXPRESS
HARNDEN MONUMENT IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, BOSTON
Drawn From Photos Supplied by Stanley. W. Todd, Editor of "The Express Messenger"

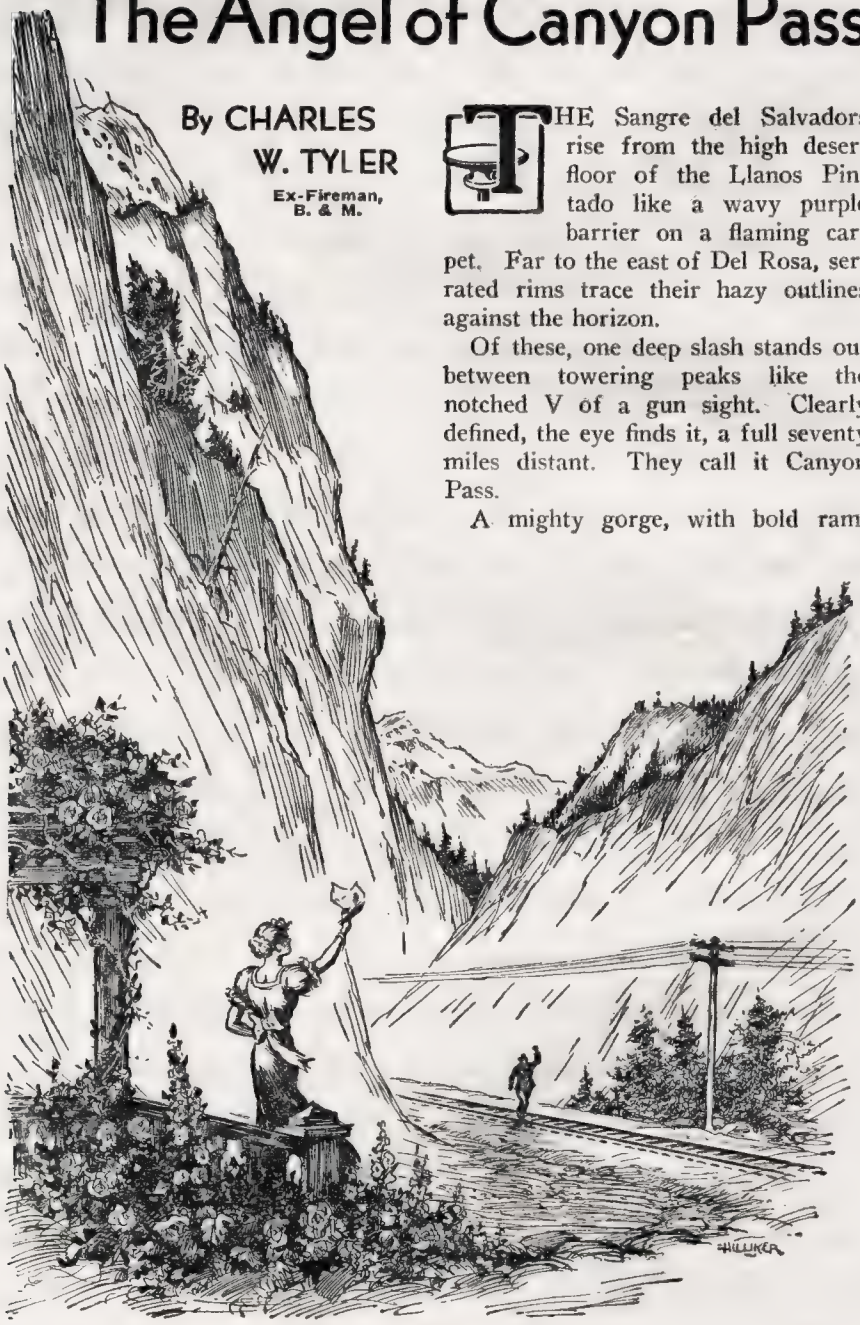
The Angel of Canyon Pass

By CHARLES W. TYLER
Ex-Fireman, B. & M.

THE Sangre del Salvadors rise from the high desert floor of the Llanos Pintado like a wavy purple barrier on a flaming carpet. Far to the east of Del Rosa, serrated rims trace their hazy outlines against the horizon.

Of these, one deep slash stands out between towering peaks like the notched V of a gun sight. Clearly defined, the eye finds it, a full seventy miles distant. They call it Canyon Pass.

A mighty gorge, with bold ram-



parts hewn when the world was in the making, Canyon Pass has been shackled by steel but never fully conquered. Ceaseless warfare is forever waged there. Many pages in the history of the Pacific Coast & Transcontinental's Canyon Division are today written in red, grim entries in the ledger of life.

Stories of Canyon Pass have been told and retold wherever railroad men gather. In sandhouse and switch shanty and dispatcher's office; in engine cab and caboose, even in those stiff sanctuaries where heavy-jowled brass hats sit on their mahogany thrones.

Of these tales one has become legend. It concerns Bill Carnegan and "the Angel of Canyon Pass."

Just over the hump, in the Sangre del Salvadors, are six miles of track that railroad men consider the most dangerous on the division. Long ago the P. C. & T. built a shanty at Milepost 104, on a little flat an eighth of a mile east of the trestle over Big Stormy Canyon, and stationed a trackwalker there.

A tiny hut, far from the nearest habitation and surrounded by jagged peaks. It was almost a place of exile. Men called that job "the sheepherder's trick."

Now and then the section boss and his Mexican crew from Paraje had work to do in the vicinity. At intervals a freight stopped to leave supplies. Occasionally wandering Indians broke the monotony. Sometimes folks waved from observation platforms of speeding trains, or there was a shout and a hand raised in salute from cab or caboose. Perhaps a late paper came fluttering off, or a magazine.

Always there were Frowsy Head and Thunder Mountain, scowling down from their lofty heights, as though debating what particular kind of hell they would hurl next at Canyon Pass.

BILL CARNEGAN was big, clean-cut and fine-looking. Superintendent McCuen eyed the man speculatively. Something stamped him as a railroader. McCuen judged him to be about thirty-two.

"Well? What is it?" There was scant encouragement in the flat, hard tone.

Bill said, a hint of desperation in his voice: "I'm looking for a job"—he hesitated—"any kind."

"Jobs are scarce," McCuen announced briefly. "What can you do?"

"I—I was an engineer."

The super shook his head. "We got a list as long as your arm of men set back firing."

"I know," said Bill despondently. "I've tried every roundhouse between here and Trinidad. But I've *got* to get something. Can't you fit me in anywhere? Wages don't matter, just as long as there is enough for my wife and me to get by on."

"So you're married, eh?"

Bill nodded. "We had to come West for her health. I had rights on the Central Valley, back in New England. She had a bad attack of flu and her lungs are affected."

"Kind of tough, wasn't it — quitting back there when you had seniority?"

The other smiled, his eyes lighting. "Not for me," he said. "Anything I could do for her wouldn't be half enough. Ann's the finest woman in the world. It was mighty hard for her to leave friends and relatives and the home we fixed up."

"Humph!" McCuen stared out of the window and far away toward that

purple line of the Sangre del Salvadors and the V-shaped cleft of Canyon Pass. At length he asked:

"What's your name?"

"Carnegan. Bill Carnegan."

"Well, Carnegan, there's just one job I know of." The super drummed on his desk. "I doubt if that job would interest you. A Mex had it last, and he went cuckoo."

"What is it?" the hogger inquired with instant hope. So often he had carried back to Ann a discouraging, "Nothing doing today, sweetheart. But tomorrow I'll find something." There had been a lot of tomorrows.

"Track-walker," McCuen said gruffly, "out on the hump." After a pause he added: "Men don't stay in Canyon Pass long. The solitude gets inside of their skulls and they do queer tricks."

"But I wouldn't be alone," Bill hastened to point out.

"You mean you'd take your wife?"

"Sure. I couldn't leave her here. Where I go, Ann goes. Mountain air is just what she needs to help her get well. And it won't be forever. Things will be picking up after awhile. Then I'll get something better."

"How long you been married, Carnegan?"

"Eight years."

McCuen's eyes softened under shaggy brows. He stroked his chin thoughtfully. Here was a big husky fellow from engine service stepping down from the cab to walk the ties—and offering no complaint.

The superintendent's mouth twitched a little. Such devotion to a woman was something to think about, in this cock-eyed age. He wrote a brief note and handed it to Bill.

"Take this to the roadmaster—Mr. Godett. The last office at the end of the corridor. I guess he'll fix you up."

And so Bill Carnegan went to Canyon Pass. Bill and Ann.

IT was spring. The mountains were cool. Traces of snow lingered in the deeper clefts of the high peaks. They made a wild, unfriendly world, those Sangre del Salvadors. It took Ann Carnegan a long time to get used to their untamed majesty.

The ever-changing vistas — dawns that poured gold over the high rims—flaming sunsets—the quickly descending curtain of night—the blasting winds that poured eternally through the pass—all filled the woman with awe and consternation.

The vastness of this bold, raw country was a far cry from the friendly life that had been hers back there on Elm Street in old New England.

Though she fought it with all her might, Ann was terribly homesick. But she never let Bill know. Nights when the dread wind trumpeted through the canyons, her pillow would be wet with tears. And then when morning came she would be ashamed.

Life and health were here. After all, she could do no less than match the gallantry, deed for deed, of the man who had given up much for her. And so Bill saw only a brave, smiling face.

Never once did the man hint of his own tragedy. But Ann sensed the hunger that haunted his eyes when the trains went roaring by. She knew that Bill missed sitting at the throttle with drivers pounding under him. By comparison it was a dull existence, this walking the ties with a wrench and a maul.

And yet Canyon Division had never had a track-walker as faithful and untiring as Bill Carnegan. It seemed, having been at the throttle himself, he

realized the importance of his task. The Sangre del Salvadors were filled with constant menace. Slides, falling rocks, washouts—all went to make the place a railroad man's nightmare.

Summer came, the season of torrential rains. And when Frowsy Head and Thunder Mountain wore trailing veils of black, they gave ominous hint of cloudbursts. The Big Stormy, dry at other times would become a swollen torrent, rolling down boulders and débris.

Bill was anxious about the trestle over the canyon. And when thunderstorms sounded their booming war drums at night, he would dress, take his lantern and go out to make sure that all was well at the gorge.

And always when he returned, chilled and wet, Ann would be up and have a fire going and a pot of coffee on. That light gleaming in the window stirred strange emotions in his heart. He would slip an arm around Ann's waist, saying "You're a grand sweetheart," and kiss her.

"I have to be," she'd answer, "to keep up with you, Bill."

CREWS reported to Del Rosa that Carnegan's lantern was always there to greet them when the weather was bad. Its twinkling assurance lifted the burden of responsibility for those whose business it was to see that the trains went through safely. McCuen and Godett spoke of it more than once.

Too, the men on the trains came to watch for the slender form of the woman in the door of the little shanty at Milepost 104. She was as much a part of Canyon Pass as Carnegan himself.

And when the section foreman's wife was sick, Ann went to the section house at Paraje to be of such service as she could. When a freight went off the iron in the Narrows, Ann attended to the injuries of the fireman and a brakeman, and made coffee for the crew while they waited for the wrecker.

Now and then a hungry 'bo was fed, or the coat of a Mexican gandy dancer was patched. Or they were expecting a new arrival at Pedro's house, and Ann would make a baby dress. So they began to call her the Angel of Canyon Pass.

The young lady from New England found plenty to occupy her time, and busy hands helped her forget. From a shanty beside the tracks she lent her magic touch to the making of a home. Curtains framed the windows. A flower garden took shape. Stones were set in a neat border and whitewashed. The garden was bright and vivid, for Ann loved gay colors—especially red.

The section boss and his men always had a little spare time for landscaping when they were in the vicinity, and it was a good excuse to visit the friendly Mrs. Carnegan.

Vines climbed the drab sides of the little yellow building. A red rose unfolded its petals on a bit of trellis. Geraniums added color. There were hollyhocks and wild verbenas. Passengers on the trains looked from Pullman windows and marvelled that a workman's hut could be so lovely.

The general superintendent said it only showed what could be done, and advocated that stations along the line follow the example set for them by the track-walker and his wife in Canyon Pass.

McCuen, coming in from a tour of inspection, spoke to Roadmaster Godett, suggesting that a small addition to the one-room structure at Milepost 104 would add materially to the

comfort and convenience of the Carnegans.

"That bridge gang at Wagon Tire are tearing down a couple of shanties," said the roadmaster. "There's the material, and we've got a work train going to Rag River the first of the week. It wouldn't be much of a job, and Mrs. Carnegan ought to have a kitchen."

"You're damn right!" McCuen agreed. "Why, that shack out there attracts more attention now than the scenery. They tell me that half the women on the trains complain because they can't stop and look at that garden, and maybe get some slips."

ONE day an old Indian named Maggie came to Milepost 104. She had been gathering piñon nuts in the vicinity, and decided to visit the white man's home as a possible new trade outlet.

It was Ann's first woman visitor, and she could have offered no warmer welcome to a neighbor dropping in for a call back on Elm Street.

Maggie said, "How!"

And Ann, proud of a little Spanish taught her by the Mexican section hands, replied: "*Como esta!*"

The squaw knew Mex, and her stolid face brightened. "Me Maggie," she said. "Indian name Na-va-wi."

"Me Ann. I call you Na-va-wi. I am so glad you called."

And the lady from New England served lunch, just as she would have done for a visitor at home.

Old Maggie dug down into a pocket of her voluminous skirt and produced a number of desert stones—tourmalines, agates and bits of brightly colored petrified wood. Ann's eyes sparkled. She loved these jewels of the wasteland.

She bought two or three stones, and asked Maggie to come again. Later she sent to Del Rosa and Amargosa for gay pieces of calico and other articles that she felt might find favor with the Indian squaw. It was lots of fun sitting out there on the stoop and bartering with Maggie.

Ann Carnegan's health improved. There was a healing tonic in the rarified air of these desolate mountains. Slowly she was rebuilding — winning her fight to live.

A great weight lifted from Bill's heart. He went whistling about his work. Life was good after all. A track-walker's job was better than the best run in the world—so long as he just had Ann.

Too, the roadmaster had hinted there was a better position in store for him. Ann had heard a great deal about the old Indian pueblo at Nuñez, where Maggie lived. In time, circumstances made it possible for her to visit it. When she returned to Canyon Pass she was enthusiastic about the bit of ancient world she had seen. It had been like turning back the pages of an old book, she told Bill.

For a long interval Maggie did not come to Canyon Pass, and Ann missed her. One of the Mexican section hands finally told her that the trader at Paraje said the Indian squaw was sick. So Ann went to Nuñez, taking along such homely remedies as were at hand, together with presents for Maggie's grandchildren.

She rode in a caboose to Paraje, and from there was driven to Nuñez in a shaky flivver owned by one of the section men. She stayed away from home several days.

When Mrs. Carnegan took her departure, old Maggie, now on the road to recovery, said: "You *bueno!* Good! Padre say Great White Father got um

heap fine angel. Show picture. You angel. Na-va-wi never forget."

And old Maggie never did.

IN June of the second summer that Bill Carnegan and Ann had been in Canyon Pass, tragedy laid its dread finger on Milepost 104.

Ann caught cold. She told Bill it didn't amount to anything, just a case of sniffles. But suddenly it settled on her chest. That night there were chills and fever. Bill flagged a westbound freight and sent for a doctor. The doctor came from Del Rosa the next morning on No. 2. A nurse was with him.

They fought valiantly to save her, but it just wasn't in the cards for Ann to live. The patient died two days later, her hand in Bill's.

She smiled up into his face, and whispered: "Good-by, Bill. It—it's all — been so wonderful — with you. . . ."

The former hoghead was never the same again. After that first stunning, tearing blow had eased a little, he faced things with a strange, vacant fixedness that made men shake their heads.

They spoke awkwardly of sorrow, of sympathy, while Bill stared at them with eyes that looked beyond, toward that far horizon and a woman smiling at him through the mists.

They asked Carnegan where he wanted Ann buried—in the cemetery at Del Rosa, or back East.

Superintendent McCuen was there, and Roadmaster Godett, and the section boss and others. They awaited his answer, grave, troubled. They saw here a man under strain, moving as one who walked in his sleep. Where did he want her buried?

The lines that creased his face softened at last. "Why, bury her here," he said slowly, as though there could be no other course. "I want her close, because I'll be keeping watch in the pass."

McCuen, grizzled railroad veteran, found a lump in his throat. Godett fumbled for his handkerchief and blew his nose. The section boss swore under his breath.

The husband wanted her buried here! Hardened men of the high desert looked from one to the other.

"Out there on that knoll across the canyon," Bill was saying, "where she can see her garden, and look down to the foothills . . ."

Thus they laid poor Ann Carnegan to rest at Milepost 104, just west of the Big Stormy.

The section men erected a wooden cross, and bordered the mound with white stones from Ann's garden. And Bill set out a red rose, her favorite color.

The first thing that enginemen on eastbound trains saw as they rounded the long curve at the summit of the Sangre del Salvadors, was that white cross on Mrs. Carnegan's grave.

The Angel of Canyon Pass no longer waved from the little house down the track, but the train crews somehow felt that she was still there—watching for them. More than one veteran of the throttle lifted his hand in solemn salute as his engine pounded past.

Bill continued to walk his beat to Milepost 110—out and back each day. He cared for the garden, and smoked his pipe on the stoop in the evening, with the stars looking down.

When thunderstorms crashed off Frowsy Head at night, Bill followed his usual procedure. He dressed, took his lantern and walked to the trestle

over the Big Stormy, to be sure that all was well. Before going out he would light the lamp. He liked to see the yellow glow of it when he returned, and would tell himself that *surely* Ann was there waiting for him.

OLD Maggie came to Canyon Pass again one day. She brought a beautiful piece of polished chalcedony. The wrinkled old squaw had, in truth, stolen it from the curio store at Paraje. She could have sold it to tourists. But Maggie had not taken the agate for profit, but for love. She put it on the Angel's grave.

Then there was the bottle, dyed a rich purple by long exposure to the sun, that Bill discovered at the foot of the cross. Ann had been very fond of glass thus colored. Also, in the course of time, a cluster of sparkling rock crystals found their way to that mound of earth.

And there was a round piece of grained ruby glass, snuggling in the dirt—a safety reflector, lost from some car or truck down on the highway. Old Maggie had remembered that Ann was fond of red.

One day Bill saw the Indian gathering piñon nuts down beyond the Narrows, and he called to her.

"You still bring Ann pretty stones," he said. "*Gracias! Mucho gracias!*"

"Na-va-wi love white sister," the squaw replied. "She good woman. She good to old Maggie. She wake up from long sleep some time. See presents Indian bring."

"Yes, God bless you, Maggie, she will know. She's watching all the time." A tender smile lighted Bill's face. "I can feel her close—walking with me."

A few days afterward, Bill came home late. Clouds were gathering around Thunder Mountain and Frowsy Head. Black veils threw their long streamers over the higher peaks of the Sangre del Salvadors.

All afternoon squalls had been snarling far off on the desert rim, with lightning playing on the horizon at half a dozen points. Distant thunder had kept up an almost constant grumble.

The former hogger prepared and ate his supper; then sat for a time on the stoop. In the fading light he walked up the track and across the trestle and on to that bit of raised ground where the grave was. He never missed a night. He knelt beside the cross and breathed a prayer.

Then he lingered for a little, tenderly rearranging the stones of the border, smoothing the earth. The rose Bill had put there was unfolding a blossom. A beautiful bud that had opened to smile at him.

Each of the presents that old Maggie had brought he picked up, wiped off carefully and returned to their places.

A freight came roaring over the summit from the west. The whistle moaned under the easy drag of the engineer at the cord. The fireman and brakeman both crossed the cab to look from the gangway. Bill waved at them.

Faces in the cab of the pusher and in the caboose saw the track-walker, and men shook their heads. A strange picture here in the dusk—a lonely figure, a grave, a cross.

A STORM was centering around Frowsy Head. The lightning was sharp and frequent. Thunder boomed through the mountains with jarring reverberations. A large proportion of the run-off from the eastern watershed

of Frowsy Head spilled into the Big Stormy.

A new storm moved up from the south toward Thunder Mountain. Bill stood in the door of the shanty watching. It looked bad.

Thunder Mountain and Jawbone dumped water from their rocky slopes into the Narrows. There was always danger of slides and falling boulders.

Bill donned oilskins and boots. "Guess I'd better go down to the Narrows," he told himself.

He lighted the lamp on the table near the window. Ann's picture was near the lamp. It showed her waving her hand, and smiling.

The track-walker took his lantern and went out. On the threshold he pause to look back. His eye went to every familiar object that she had touched—and again to the picture.

"Good-by, Ann!" he said. "I'll be back in a little while."

He went out to the trestle over the Big Stormy. There was very little water in the canyon. It seemed that the storm had moved over to the western slope of the divide, there back of Frowsy Head.

Bill started down the track toward the Narrows. It had begun to rain as he reached Milepost 105. A squall was coming off Jawbone.

No. 1, the crack westbound limited, came doubleheading up the grade from Paraje. Her two big Mountain type locomotives roared full throated in the night. Rain slanted across the headlight of the first engine in gusty sheets. Gray rivulets spewed from the rocky slopes.

The flicker of a lantern near Milepost 106 announced that Carnegan, keeper of the pass, was guarding the rail.

Two brief whistle blasts cracked the salute of No. 1. Blurred faces in the cabs looked down and muffled voices shouted greetings at him. Bill yelled and waved his lantern.

He started back. He had gone perhaps a mile when he detected a new note menacing the night. He stopped for a minute to listen, then went on with a quickened pace.

He had felt so sure that all danger was past, there at the Big Stormy. But now a grim premonition laid hold of him. A quarter of a mile farther on, he paused again.

Faintly a dull roar came to his ears above the noise of wind and rain. It was an ominous sound. He had heard it before. It was not unlike the rumble of an approaching freight train, drifting down the grade.

Bill broke into a run. A cloudburst was coming down Big Stormy Canyon. Frequent squalls had softened the approaches to the trestle. Only the day before some section men had worked there, filling in those little gullies cut by coursing rivulets. It wasn't the structure itself for which trackmen felt concern, but those fills behind the concrete abutments.

The rain was slackening now. And yet the thunder of tumbling water grew louder. There were, too, the crash and grind of trees and boulders against cut-bank canyon walls, gouging brittle earth, as the increasing accumulation of débris was hurled along in the teeth of the mounting flood.

Somewhere sodden clouds had emptied themselves high in the mountains—the last mad caprice of the storm. Even now stars were peeping through around Frowsy Head.

WHEN at last he neared the Big Stormy, Bill was close to exhaustion. He had long since dis-

carded his cumbersome raincoat and boots. His feet were cut and bruised from the rock ballast.

He glanced at the light in the window of his home as he stumbled on past the little building beside the track. It seemed to give him renewed strength. He felt that Ann was close beside him.

As Bill approached the trestle he was met by muddy water. It was coming down the right-of-way ditches, creeping over the ties. A wide sweep of it spread before him, a veritable river, flowing, gurgling about the steelwork.

Minutes were precious. Every second that ticked away was a step toward eternity. If No. 6 were on time, she was already getting close. Not a month before, the schedule to Chicago had been cut two hours, while newspaper and magazine advertisements boasted of this new fast service.

Water poured across the rails like a mill-race. Its power was terrific. It clutched at his legs with devilish ferocity, trying to drag him down. A foot dropped between the unseen ties. Already the earth was crumbling. The fill had started to go.

Bill pitched forward. Something in his leg snapped. Blinding pain stabbed him. He felt himself being swept away. He caught at the submerged rail, now a foot beneath the coursing flood. The lantern and a fusee he had gripped in his left hand were lost.

Death held no dread for Bill Carnegan. Life offered little since Ann had gone. And yet tonight a grim determination filled his heart. It was not himself of whom he thought, but the railroad and the men and women whose lives he guarded.

He was going to cross the Big Stormy, in spite of hell and high water. A fighting Irish heart carried him forward, foot by foot.

Smashed and buffeted by muddy water that tried to drag him down stream, Bill struggled on. Ever in his ears sounded the roar of the torrent.

His right leg dragged uselessly. He advanced on hands and knees. A tree came floating down the gorge, its torn roots writhing, flailing like the menacing arms of an octupus. The trunk swung toward him in the gloom. He sought to get clear, but a jagged limb stub struck him on the head, opening an ugly gash.

In desperation, Bill wedged his knee against the guard rail and clung there for a little gasping. He fought dizziness, almost utter exhaustion. Then once more he crawled, refusing to surrender.

Gone were lantern and fusee. Every last match had long been soaked past all usefulness. Even if the former hoghead could reach that west bank of the Big Stormy and solid ground, he had no means of attracting the attention of the engineer at the throttle of No. 6. They'd never see him in time.

And yet in the brain of Bill Carnegan there burned one spark that would not die. In his ears, above the din of waters, he thought he heard the low, sweet voice of the girl he'd wooed and won back in old New England.

Now he was going to keep a rendezvous with her — there by that mound, and the cross, ahead. Something carried him on, something that lifted him across those last flood-torn rail-lengths to solid ground across the Big Stormy.

NUMBER 6 was on time. Two engines over the Sangre del Salvadors, and fourteen all-steel cars —

mail, express and Pullmans. Crazy Creek Canyon reverberated to the staccato bark of the exhausts and the drumming of steel on steel.

Light rain was falling, the fringe of the storm that had swung toward Thunder Mountain earlier. Charley Donaldson, a veteran runner of the Canyon Division, was at the throttle. He had been watching the lightning flashes out ahead.

"They been getting hell in Canyon Pass," he called to the fireman.

The latter ceased his labor on the deck for a little and stood beside the engineer.

"Anyhow, it ain't like the old days," he said, "when there was a wooden trestle over the Big Stormy, and the Mex track-walker was more likely than not pounding his ear in the shanty."

"That's right, my boy," the hogger responded fervently. "Carnegan is out there now looking after the track. When we bat 'em over the hump and start rolling down the mountain, we know that everything's O.K."

"It was mighty tough, Carnegan losing his wife the way he did."

Donaldson sighed. "It sure was."

"You know, Charley, that grave kind of gives a man a funny feeling. Don't it you?"

"Why, I dunno. I sort of think of Mrs. Carnegan as being there beside the track," Donaldson said, "just watching over things."

The fireman agreed. "Yeah, that's right. Bill and her. My God, it must be awful lonesome for him."

No. 6 swung at last over the high rim of the Sangre del Salvadors. Lights shone from the windows, warm, inviting. Life on the train flickered past with cinema-like rapidity. A few travelers lingered in the dining cars. Men and women lounged at ease in club car and observation. Porters were busy making up the berths. An old man dozed in a section, a gray-haired woman beside him. A mother smiled down into a baby's face. A honeymoon couple sat holding hands, their heads close.

Charley Donaldson leaned across the padded arm-rest, his keen eyes squinting past the glass weather-wing along the track ahead. Two emerald dots hung like a pendant against a black velvet curtain.

He turned his head toward the left and sang out, "Green eye!"

And the fireman called back: "Green on the block!"

A stubby granite post whipped past. Milepost 103. The beat of the exhausts had quickened to a hurried mutter. Drivers and side-rods were but a crashing blur. Fast-rolling wheels were checking off the miles with a singsong *clickety-click* that measured the rail-lengths as one counts heartbeats.

Heavy cars cradled with gentle undulations that indicated smooth, swift flight. No. 6 was right on the advertised. *Speed* the watchword.

THE big passenger haulers heeled to the curve west of Milepost 104. The silver beam of the electric headlight washed the steep slope to the right of the track in swift review.

Juniper and piñon sprang out of the raven blackness, crouching shadows of boulder and gully, sharp-drawn striations in a red bank hewn by erosion.

On swept the far-reaching finger, like a spotlight hunting for figures on a darkened stage. And then, for just an instant, it seemed to pause, as though that which it sought had been found.

A gently swelling knoll, back some-

what from the right-of-way, with a softening background of piñon. There was a cross, in that dim distance, like a tiny ornament hung on the swelling bosom of the mountain. Gleaming white.

Charley Donaldson never failed to watch for it, as his train swept over the rim of the Sangre del Salvadors. His eyes were on it now in narrowed focus. Suddenly he became rigidly intent.

There was something moving close beside the mound. It was uncanny. The distance was yet too great to vision detail.

Then came a sudden flash of red—a dull-glowing crimson eye. It moved back and forth. The gleam of the headlight swept on around the curve, and it was lost.

Cold fingers clutched at the engineer's heart. The thing was weird, spectral.

The hogger lost not one instant in making his decision. He closed the throttle and snapped one short blast from the whistle, signaling the second engine to shut off. Then his fingers closed over the shiny, brass handle of the ET equipment. He swung it full to the right, *the big hole.*

It would take emergency air to stop them. Charley Donaldson sensed that if anything had gone wrong here in Canyon Pass, it was at the Big Stormy. Rain had been pouring hard out on the divide. There was always the possibility of a cloudburst.

The engineer answered the strange smouldering eye of red with two quick blasts.

BILL'S heart swelled almost to the bursting point as he heard the acknowledgment. They had seen his signal. No. 6 was stopping.

The track-walker forgot the agony of his tortured body as he saw that parade of fire-rimmed wheels on the curve. His soul soared to undreamed-of heights. He gasped a prayer of thanksgiving.

The Angel, indeed, had walked with him tonight, her spirit buoying him up, carrying him on, when it seemed that the best he gave would not be enough. She was here with him now.

Bill slumped onto the grave. "Ann!" he choked. "My own dear sweetheart! Through the power and the glory—and you—we have saved a trainload of people."

The fireman, peering ahead, yelled: "It's a washout! There's hell to pay in the Big Stormy."

"My God, look at it!" Awe was in Donaldson's voice. "The flood has cut around both abutments."

His headlight revealed the devastation of the foaming torrent. The big engines of No. 6 ranged on past a little. Then, with a last buckling surge the train came to a stop, not a hundred yards from the Big Stormy and its murky death trap!

Charley Donaldson lighted his torch and swung hurriedly down, the roar of mad water in his ears. A miracle had saved them — a miracle, and Bill Carnegan.

Moisture that was not rain trickled down the hogger's seamed cheeks as he walked back and his flaring torch revealed the figure of Carnegan slumped down beside the cross.

Others came stumbling toward the spot — engineer and fireman on the helper, uniformed trainmen, men to whom the booming roar in the blackness meant that they had been riding into the valley of eternal shadow.

The waving tongue from Donaldson's smoky torch laid its yellow illu-

mination over the scene. Faces were white, strained, as the group of veterans of the rail found themselves witnessing a scene that would linger in their minds on through the years.

Carnegan! That was the name framed by their lips. Carnegan, here beside the grave of the wife he had loved so much.

Charley Donaldson handed his torch to his fireman and dropped down to slip his strong arm about Carnegan's shoulder.

"What happened, Bill?"

The track-walker told them. He spoke with effort, slow-worded phrases that told of the storm and the sudden onslaught that had trapped him there to the east of the Big Stormy. He made small mention of his desperate fight against the turbulent waters of the flood.

"I lost my lantern and fusee," he said. "But I knew I had one chance. Long ago, old Maggie, the Indian woman who came so often to see Ann, brought this—"

He still clutched in his hand the ruby-grained safety reflector, and he held it out.

"This piece of red glass," he went on, "and those other things there. Treasures, they were, tokens of love. God bless her faithful old heart! It wasn't much, this piece of glass. But Maggie knew that Ann loved red, so she put it there. I—I—well, I figured you'd see the red, Charley." He looked at the engineer.

Donaldson slowly shook his head. "I did, clear as a bell." There was a catch in his voice. "I couldn't have missed it."

THE Canyon Division wanted to erect a memorial—the Canyon Division, and the passengers who were on No. 6 that night. And so a beautiful white shaft was placed where the cross had been. On it was put a bronze tablet with the name *Carnegan* in bold letters, as a tribute for all to read, to a railroad man and his wife.

And thus they remain today, eternally on guard in the high rims of the Sangre del Salvadors—Bill Carnegan and the Angel of Canyon Pass.

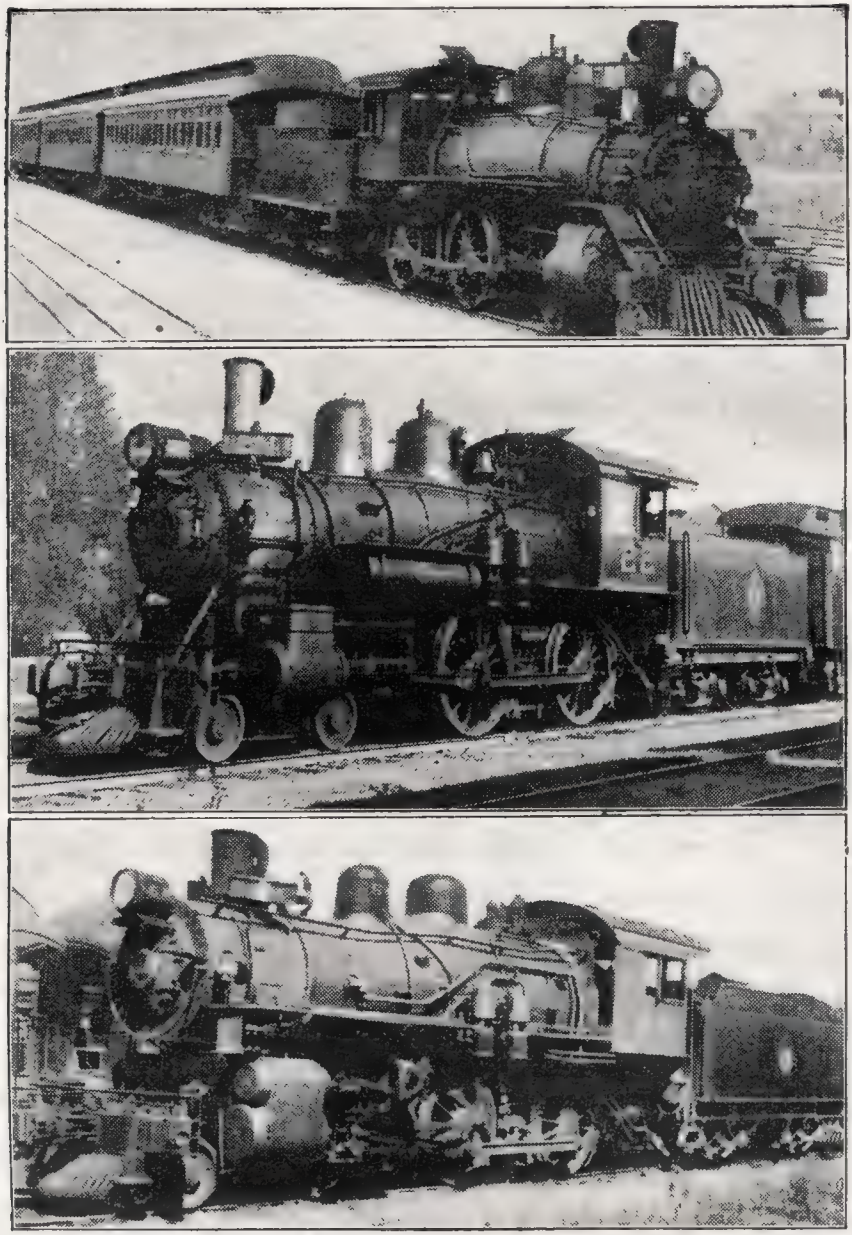
STAR BLADES

THEIR KEENNESS NEVER VARIES

MADE SINCE 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor, Star Blades have 56 years of precision experience stropped into their keen, long-lasting edges.

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail 10c to Dept. AF-2, Star Blade Division, 88 Johnson St., Bklyn., N.Y.

FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS



Top Photo by R. W. Demoro, 1986 20th Ave., San Francisco; Center by F. Stindt, 1517 Paru St., Alameda, Calif.; Bottom Photo by Joseph Lavelle

Three of the N. W. P.'s Eight-Wheelers: (Top) No. 10 and Train Snapped at the Now Abandoned Pt. Reyes Station in Aug., 1931; (Center) No. 22 at Santa Rosa; (Bottom) No. 54, Latest of the N. W. P. American Types, at Sausalito in Aug., 1932

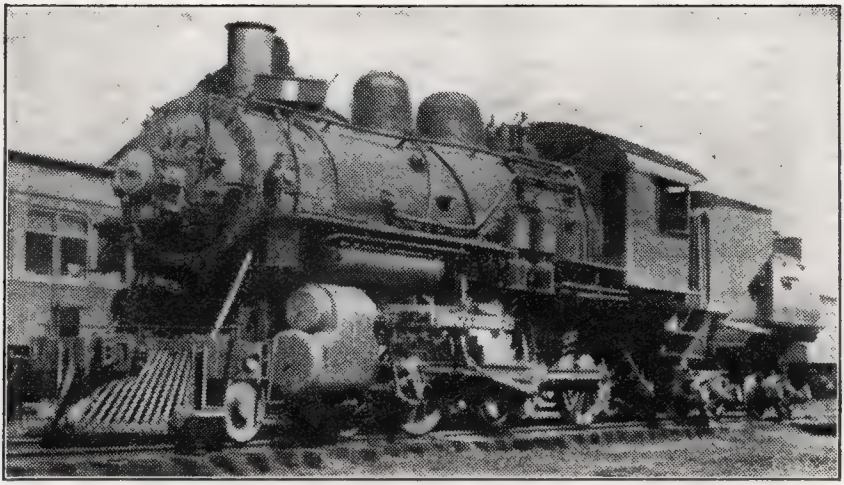


Photo by R. W. Demoro

No. 136, a Ten-Wheeler Built by Schenectady in 1914, Standing in the Yards at Sausalito. Photo made in April, 1933

THE Northwestern Pacific R. R., whose 284-mile main line extends from Sausalito (across the bay from San Francisco) to Eureka, Calif., was incorporated in 1907 as a consolidation of the original Northwestern Pacific Ry., the San Francisco & North Pacific, the Eureka & Klamath River, the Fort Bragg & Southeastern, the San Francisco & Northwestern, the North Shore, and the California Northwestern. The original Northwestern Pacific Ry. was incorporated in 1906, and it included the old North Pacific Coast, running from Sausalito to Pt. Reyes and Cazadero, most of which has been abandoned.

Operating 374 miles of line at present, the NWP has been owned entirely since 1929 by the Southern Pacific, which that year acquired the 50% of its stock owned by the Santa Fe. The road had hard sledding even in good years, and it suffered greatly during the depression. In 1929, for example, its operating income was $6,186,763, but 90% of this sum had to go into operating costs, which left a deficit of more than a million after all charges. By 1933 operating income plunged to $2,853,262, but it rose to $3,218,671 in 1934 and gained a little over that last year. For the last five years there have been small operating deficits and, of course, comparatively large deficits after all charges.

In addition to the locomotives listed below, the road owns 1,080 freight, 155 passenger and 216 miscellaneous cars; and in 1934 it employed 991 people, to whom it paid $1,833,559.

For the following roster of its engines we are indebted to D. S. Richter, 1412 Sixth Ave., San Francisco. We made every effort to have it corrected by the Northwestern Pacific, but we did not receive an O. K.'d list from it, and therefore cannot guarantee it to be official. However, we have carefully checked it against all available records, and believe it to be reasonably accurate.

Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Dimensions (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Weight Without Tender (Pounds)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Builder & Date Built	History
American (4-4-0) Type—14 Engines							
9, 10	16 x 24	59	140	66,700	12,390	Grant, 1883	Formerly SF & NP with same numbers
14	16 x 24	62	145	79,600	12,210	Grant, 1888	
17	17 x 24	63	140	79,000	13,100	Rogers, 1889	
			(scrapped)				
19	18 x 24	61	165	80,200	17,880	Rogers, 1884	SF&NP 12
20	18 x 24	61	165	79,700	17,880	Rogers, 1884	SF & NP 13
21	18 x 24	69	180	104,700	17,240	Baldwin, 1904	SF & NP 24
22, 23	18 x 24	69	180	120,500	17,240	Schenectady, 1908	.....
51-54	19 x 26	63	200	136,000	25,330	Schenectady, 1914	.....
90 (3-ft. gage)	15 x 20	48	140	65,900	11,160	Brooks, 1893	NPC 15; NS 15
			(scrapped)				
Mogul (2-6-0) Type—4 Engines							
300-301	20 x 28	63	190	146,000	28,710	Cooke, 1901	SP 1714, 1716
353-354	18 x 24	57	175	114,500	20,290	Schenectady, 1908	.....
			(scrapped)				

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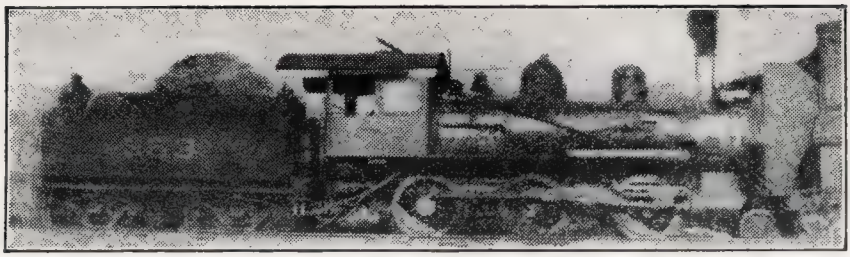


Photo by D. S. Richter, 1412 6th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

This Old Schenectady Mogul Was Photographed at Willits, Calif., 11 Years Ago. She Is Now Scrapped

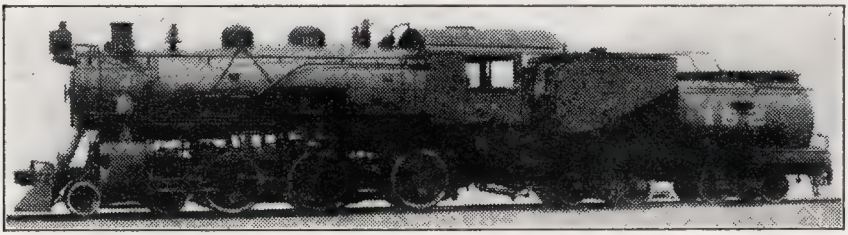


Photo from Baldwin Locomotive Works

One of the Northwestern Pacific's Latest Engines Is This Ten-Wheeler, Constructed 14 Years Ago by Baldwin

Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Dimensions (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Weight Without Tender (Pounds)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Builder & Date Built	History
Prairie (2-6-2) Type—1 Engine							
202	17 x 22	47	160	105,500	18,400	Baldwin, 1903	CNW 34
Six-Wheel Switcher (0-6-0) Type—6 Engines							
226	16 x 24	52	130	71,000	13,060	Hinkley, 1881	.....
227-228	19 x 24	50	160	124,500	24,870	Schenectady, 1910	.....
229-231	19 x 24	50	180	133,800	27,040	Schenectady, 1912	.....
Forney (2-4-2T) Type—1 Engine							
25	12 x 18	41	125	43,660	6,720	Baldwin, 1903	Ft. B & SE 1
Ten-Wheeler (4-6-0) Type—36 Engines							
94 (3-ft. gage)	16 x 20	50	150	70,200	13,060	Baldwin, 1887	NPC 20; NS 144
95 (3-ft. gage)	16 x 22	55	170 (scrapped)	72,200	14,800	Brooks, 1899	NPC 18; NS 18
103	18 x 24	57	180 (scrapped)	108,800	20,780	Richmond, 1901	SF & NP 20
104	18 x 24	57	180	108,800	20,780	Richmond, 1901	CNW 31
107, 108	19 x 26	57	180	120,500	25,190	Baldwin, 1904	SF & NP 22, 23
109	19 x 26	57	180	116,800	25,190	Baldwin, 1900	CNW 1, 30
110	19 x 26	57	180	116,800	25,190	Baldwin, 1900	SF & NP 19
111-114	19 x 26	57	180	123,800	25,190	Schenectady, 1908	.....
130-143	20 x 28	63	200	152,400-158,200	30,220	Schenectady, 1910, 12, 14; Baldwin, 1922	.....
170-172	21 x 26	57	190	.....	32,490	Baldwin, 1907	LV & T 4, 5, 8
178	21 x 28	63	200	.....	33,320	Baldwin, 1906	B-G 11
179	20 x 28	63	200	.....	30,220	Schenectady, 1908	LV & T 12
180-184	21 x 28	57	200	171,200	36,830	Schenectady, 1914; Baldwin, 1922	.....

Note: SF&NP stands for San Francisco & North Pacific; NPC for North Pacific Coast; SP for Southern Pacific; CNW for California Northwestern, Ft.B&SE for Ft. Bragg & Southeastern; NS for North Shore; LV & T for Las Vegas & Tonopah; B-G for Bullfrog-Goldfield.

NEXT MONTH: LONG ISLAND R. R

Artist's Conception of the First Successful Electric-Car Line with Overhead Power, Which Began Operation Jan. 9, 1888, in Richmond, Va. However, America's First Electric Trolley Car Was Run on the Tracks of the Capital City Street Ry. Co. in Montgomery, Ala., April 7, 1885, by a System Devised by a Young Belgian Engineer, Chas. Van Depoele. Canada's First Electric Trolley Car Was Driven by a Negro Conductor, L. C. Brooks, May 24, 1886, at Windsor, Ont. As Far Back as 1835 an Electric Car Using Storage Batteries Was Tried Out at Brandon, Vt.

Street-Car Thrills

By GEORGE BEATER

MANY readers have asked for odd and thrilling incidents about street-car operation. Here are a few of them, gathered mostly from my own experiences as a boomer, wandering around here and there. For instance, in Mexico City, I recall the time a certain trolley wire broke, near my home. One end hung down in the middle of the track, a foot or so from the ground. There were eight cars on this route, and it was interesting to see how each crew got their car past the break.

Every one of those eight conductors used a different method. One conductor held the wire clear with a broom while his car coasted by. Another gingerly looped his handkerchief around the wire and held it clear. A third removed one of the cane seats from the car, stood on it, and held the wire clear with his bare hands.

The fourth wrapped a newspaper around the wire and held it clear. The fifth backed his car to Chopo Street, and proceeded on another route to detour around the break. The sixth stopped a rubber-tired carriage that was passing and stood upon it while he held the wire clear. The seventh used a cane seat to insulate his feet, and his coat to insulate his hands while he held the wire clear. The last crew backed their car to the nearest suitable switch and returned about five minutes later on the other track.

The switchman at Chopo Street cooperated with the car crews by pulling the trolley pole down when the car coasted by the break, but he refused to have anything to do with holding the wire clear.

When the first car to encounter the break returned on its next trip, the crew was armed with a length of rope, with which they tied the wire clear. In typical Mexican fashion, it was hours and hours before a service gang got on the job to repair the break.

Speaking of slow progress, street-car funerals were quite common and popular in Mexico City when I lived there. The car company had nicely decorated open-

sided cars with a bier in the center for the coffin and other cars to convey the mourners.

* * *

THE following item was contributed by Robert White, Pontiac, Mich.: First successful electric car line with overhead power was built by F. J. Sprague and put into actual operation in Richmond, Va., in 1888. Other electric lines had been built prior to that time, but they do not appear to have been successful. Therefore, first electric-car honors should go to the Union Passenger Railway Co., now called the Virginia Electric & Power Co., which is still in operation. The first car, No. 28, left the car shed at 29th and P streets, Richmond, on January 9, 1888, and reached the western terminus one-half hour later. Those cars were small, with a capacity of from thirty to forty, and they were barely able to negotiate the steep grades. This twelve-mile pike attracted attention and was liberally patronized as it is today.

A model of No. 28 was built by Walter D. Eubank, the conductor who collected the first nickel fare on that car. The model is much like the original cars, except that the trolley poles at first were made of wood. The last heard of this model, it was in possession of Eubank's widow, who lives near Richmond, Va. She is not interested in selling or displaying it.

The Virginia Electric & Power Co. has no record of what became of the original No. 28. She was probably scrapped. For years this company has been trying to ascertain the name of the museum, said to be in N. Y. City, in which the first nickel taken as fare was deposited for display. Perhaps some reader can supply this information. In 1928 the company was given the Charles A. Coffin award " for distinguished contribution of the development of electric transportation for the convenience of the public and benefit of the industry."

* * *

THE Pittsburgh street car system is more like a real railroad than any other street car system I have ever seen. On account of the hilly country, almost every line has its own private right-of-way along part of its route. Some have private rights-of-way along their entire route, except right downtown.

The lines that don't follow city streets are draped around hillsides, through cuts,

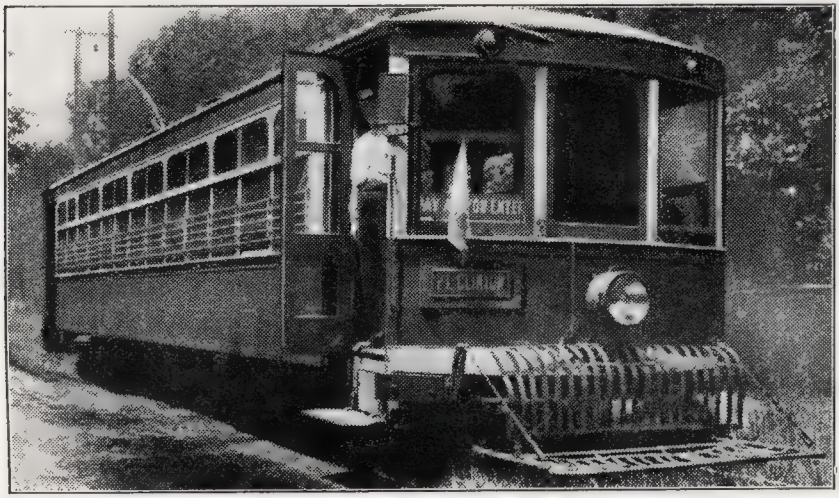


Photo by W. L. Hay, 1803 Fulton Rd., N. W., Canton, O.

Ohio Public Service Co. Extra 63. The O. P. S. Operates a Special Car from Oak Harbor to Marblehead, O., 27 Miles, for $1.50 Plus Regular Fare—a Real Treat for Juice Fans!

From Collection of Melville Langhans, 421 91st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie," New York Had Plenty of Cars Like This

over fills, over many bridges, some of them hundreds of feet long and a hundred feet high, and even tunnels, one of them three-quarters of a mile long, through which sixteen lines operate.

South Hills Junction is at the south end of this tunnel, and it looks as much like a railroad junction as anything I've ever seen. A square two-story signal tower stands at the mouth of the tunnel, where the various lines diverge. Back of this is the red brick station, with superintendent's office, crews' register room, dispatcher's office and lunch room.

* * *

STREET cars have to be powerful in Pittsburgh, on account of the hills. Therefore, they show plenty of speed on the level. One of the fastest electric rides I ever had was on a Sewickley car heading for the barn on its last trip. This route traverses the length of Neville's Island, on a private right-of-way, and that car was going so fast and swaying so violently that I thought it would be derailed or that the car body would jump off the trucks. A few days later one of these cars was derailed near the eastern end of this island. It plunged into the back water of the Ohio River, and drowned I don't know how many persons.

Late one night I was on a Route 38 car, going up the long, gentle grade of West Liberty Avenue—a dark, gloomy street running through a little valley. Suddenly, near Brookside Avenue, the motorman made an emergency-brake application. Then he opened his door and jumped—but nothing happened.

The telephone company had been putting in some new cable along this street and had left one of those huge, wooden drums over a manhole in the street. An auto hit it and sent it rolling down West Liberty Avenue. It got in the southbound car track and continued on its way, taking all curves. What had scared our motorman almost to death was this big wooden drum looming up before him out of the gloom. It passed us silently and ghost-like.

* * *

A FEW of the grades on Pittsburgh trolley lines reach about thirty per cent. Beltzhoover Avenue, on the Knoxville route, has two very steep ones, one descending, the other ascending. On one occasion I was on an old four-wheel open summer car descending Beltzhoover Avenue. Another similar car was nearing the top of the ascending grade ahead of us. Something happened, I don't know

what, but the car ahead of us began to come back down the hill, picking up speed.

The motorman of the car I was on stopped and reversed. Without wasting time to get a "back up" signal from his conductor, or looking to see if the back trail was clear, he went full speed back up the hill we had just descended.

Fortunately, the car back of us did the same thing. Finally it see-sawed to a stop in the sag. No one was hurt, but we all had quite a thrill. I don't know what the trouble was. Even if the power went off and the hand brake failed, those old cars had generator brakes—that is, brakes which used the regenerated current from the motors when the car was coasting.

Some idea of operating conditions can be gained from the fact that every motorman is required at a designated place on his route, invariably on a down grade, to bring his car to a stop with the hand brake, and test his sand. On one line, the Trafford City express, the car used to go into the Craft Avenue barn on every trip for brake inspection and adjustment.

When the Pittsburgh Railways Co. first raised the fare from a nickel they used paper tickets, printed on only one side. I wonder how many pieces of cardboard, blank on both sides, they found in their cash boxes before they started to print on both sides? Nowadays they use tokens.

* * *

SOME time ago, the trolley wheel of a street car in Rochester, N. Y., came off the wire while turning east onto Main Street at University Avenue The fork that held the trolley wheel jammed and pulled the entire trolley-pole assembly, as well as about ten feet of running board, off the roof before the car could be stopped.

This happened about 5.30 P.M., at peak load period. Immediately traffic was tied up, as this switch was used by about eight car lines. Each motorman and conductor had his own idea as to how to get traffic moving. Most of them wanted to switch the car to another track and push it to a car barn.

Then one of them solved the problem. He disconnected the wire leading from the cab along the car roof from the trolley assembly, bent the end of it in the shape of a " Y " and then, standing on the remaining wooden running board, he held one fork of the " Y " against the trolley wire while the car proceeded. When one fork of the wire got hot, he switched to the other fork.

The car, loaded with passengers, proceeded through the heart of Rochester's business district during the rush hour as though nothing had happened. Traffic was tied up less than three minutes.

* * *

PITTSBURGH car lines operate two interurban routes, one from Pittsburgh to Charleroi, Pa., about thirty miles distant, and another to Washington, Pa., about twenty-five miles. They also operate street cars in those two cities, as well as in other towns along the way. While practically all other electric interurban lines around Pittsburgh have been abandoned on account of bus competition, these two lines are still going strong, and I hope they will continue to do so. One of the most pleasant outings I ever had was a trip to Washington, Pa., on the electric and from there to Waynesburg on the old narrow-gage, steam-operated W. & W.R.R.

One of my neighbors traveled from Pittsburgh to Boston, Mass., practically all the way by electric interurban lines. He went from Pittsburgh to Newcastle, Pa., on the old " Harmony " route. From there he went to Youngstown, then Cleveland, then Erie and Buffalo. From Buffalo he used the Rochester, Lockport & Buffalo to Rochester, then the Rochester & Syracuse Electric to Syracuse, and various lines until he got into western Massachusetts. There he ran out of electric lines and had to make a " portage " by steam roads until he came to more electric lines that took him into Boston. Try and do it today!

* * *

STREET cars aren't so slow. I recently clocked a Route 37 car on Island Road, Philadelphia, doing forty-five miles per hour.

"An Epoch Passes"—Cartoon from N. Y. World-Telegram

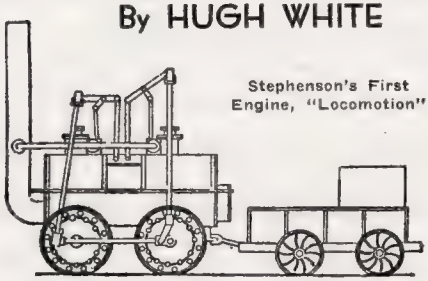
Many railroads have marine departments, but do any street car lines have marine departments? I never heard of any. One street car company did have an aviation department, though. During the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial in 1926 the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. operated an air line between the Quaker City and Washington.

Until a few years ago the Philadelphia street car system operated several mail cars, painted white with gold letters reading "U. S. Mail Railway Post Office." They used to pick up mail at the central post office and distribute it to the neighborhood post offices. Now the Postal Department trucks do the job.

ABANDONMENTS of street-car lines in many sections indicate that this form of railroading is headed toward the last round-up. Most of New York City's trolley lines are doomed. Horse cars passed out long ago; souvenir collectors are glad to get good photos of those old "hay-burners." Down in Laredo, Texas, Bozo Texino tells me that Laredo's famous old system was scrapped November 5th, 1935—thus marking the end of the first trolley line west of the Mississippi River. At this rate, the trolley car will soon be nothing but a museum piece. I hate to admit it, too. The trolley has played a vital part in transportation history. Around her are clustered memories of long ago.

World's Oldest Locomotive Works

By HUGH WHITE



Stephenson's First Engine, "Locomotion"

George Stephenson

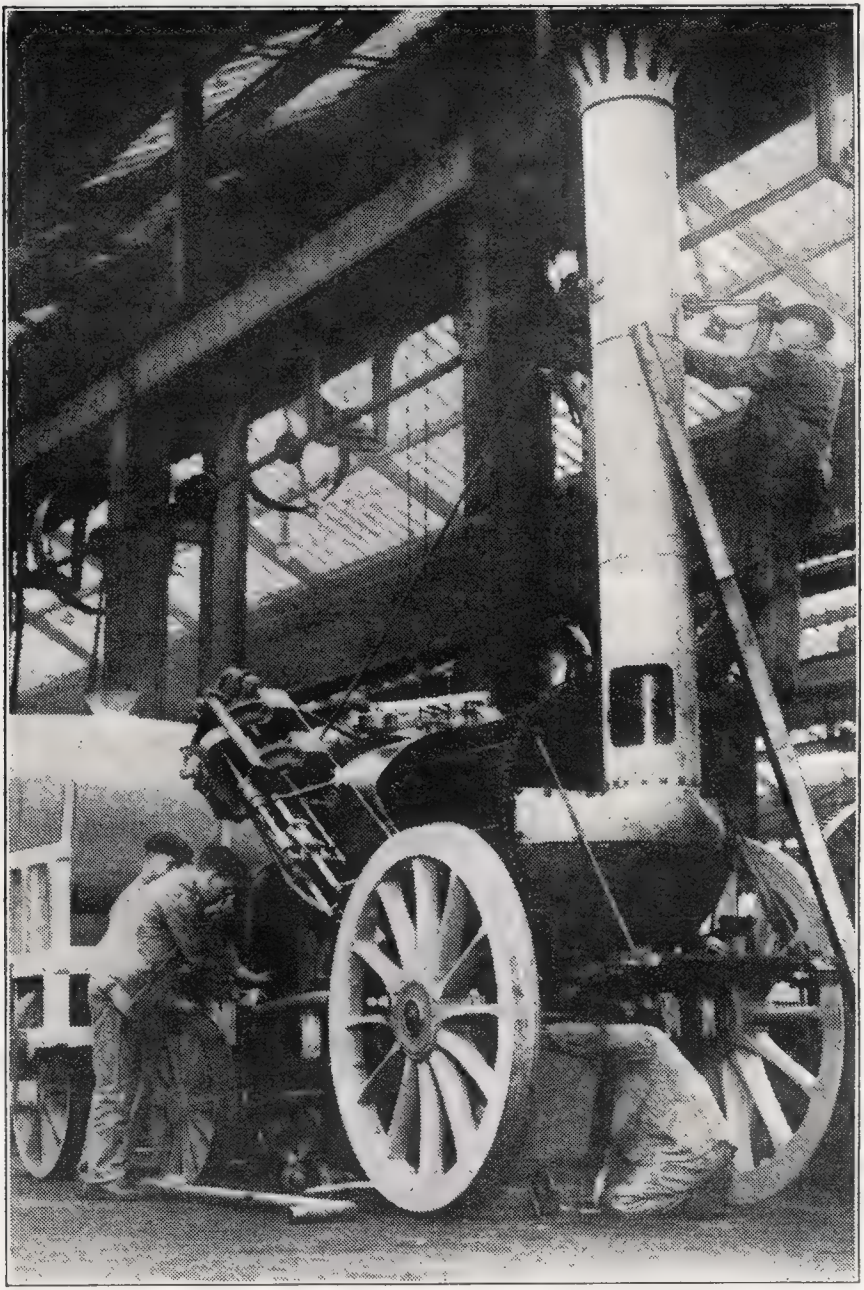
BACK in 1808 a young north country Englishman named George Stephenson cherished a hope of improving his fortunes by emigrating to the United States. But an unforeseen event arose to dash that hope to the ground. England was engaged in the Napoleonic wars, and one fine day this young mine-engine brakeman was summoned for militia service. To obey would have meant leaving his motherless little boy and an old blind father at the mercy of the world, so he bought his exemption with his scanty savings, the money that was to have paid the passage across the Atlantic.

His luck turned a couple of years later, and by 1812 his mechanical skill had earned him the job of chief engine-wright in his employer's mines. About a dozen miles from his workplace, at the Wylam Mine, his friends Hedley, Foster, and Hackworth began experimenting with locomotives around this time, and George got interested. Finally he decided to tackle the idea for himself, and secured his company's permission to go ahead and try.

Stephenson's first iron horse in 1814 was a queer contraption, but it worked better than any of the dozen engines the world had yet seen. He kept on trying, and his later engines went into regular daily service hauling coal to the quays. His company let him lay out roads for other mines, and Stephenson was able to pocket several orders for locomotives as well.

In 1821, when he was just forty years old, he came to the notice of a wealthy Quaker named Edward Pease, a retired woolen merchant who was steering the fortunes of the Stockton & Darlington Railway project as a sort of hobby. Pease took a great liking for the capable mine engineer, and saw in him the man to build their railroad. Stephenson was hired for the job, and made up his mind that the iron horse would play a big part in the success of the world's first public line. He and Pease therefore planned ahead for the day when the directors were ready to give locomotive power a tryout.

On June 23, 1823, George and his son Robert, now a young fellow of twenty, held a conference in the George Inn at Newcastle with Edward Pease and Michael Longridge, owner of the Bedlington Iron Works. The outcome was the founding of Robert Stephenson & Co., the world's pioneer locomotive factory. There were five partners, Pease acting for his cousin Richardson, and also staking young Robert to his share. The youngster was elected "managing partner" on condition that his father plan the engines and superintend



© *Fox Photo, London*

Full-Size Replica of the "Rocket" Being Made for Henry Ford in the Present Stephenson Works at Darlington, England. The Original Was Built at Newcastle-on-Tyne

Robert Stephenson

construction. Twenty-five years later Pease recorded in his diary how strange it was "that this effort to aid a worthy youth by lending £500 ($2,500) without expectation of profit" had brought him another fortune. He added that he had drawn from the business $34,000 profit during the year of 1848 alone!

They erected their shop on Fourth St., Newcastle, alongside Burrells' Foundry, in which the elder Stephenson was a partner at that time. Right away they booked some orders for pumping and steamboat machinery in order to get the little plant on its feet.

Eventually the Stockton & Darlington Ry. agreed to give locomotive power a trial, and on September 16, 1824, Robert Stephenson & Co. booked their first locomotive order, the first iron horses ever bought by a railway company from an engine building plant.

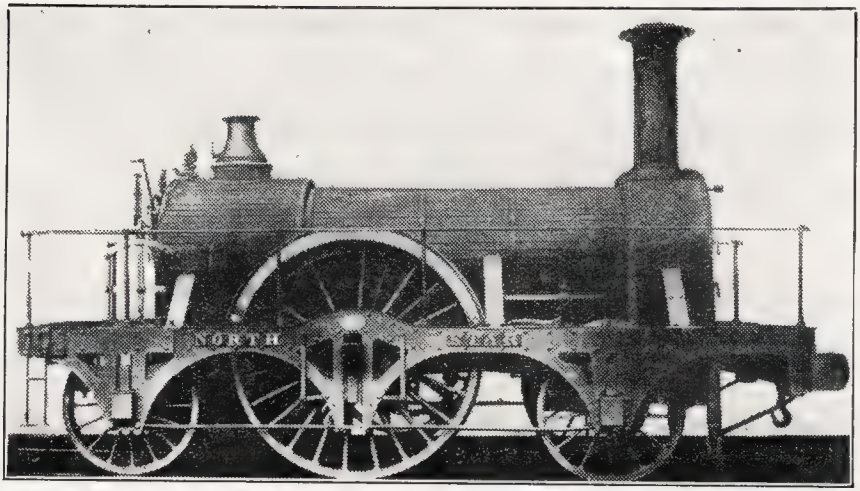
One was the famous "Locomotion," which made its first journey from Shildon to Stockton, 18 miles, on September 27th, 1825, just about a century ago. It hauled a 90-ton load at more than ten miles an hour. George Stephenson himself was engineer. The "Locomotion" now stands in the Darlington Station of the London & North Eastern Ry., as the pioneer of railway companies' locomotives.

Young Stephenson's adventurous spirit had led him off to South America as a mining engineer earlier that year, and Longridge was trying to run the factory, but without much success. George Stephenson was almost too busy to give the plant a thought, for he had already been commissioned as engineer for the Liverpool & Manchester Ry., a vastly bigger scheme than the S. & D. He knew of one man who could run things successfully: his old friend Hackworth, who had assisted with the pioneer locomotives at Wylam. So Hackworth was temporarily installed as manager and things looked up again. Later on Hackworth resigned to become resident engineer of the S. & D.

Things got in a jam financially, however. The factory began to run at a loss, and the railway owed it a big sum. Moreover, the railway was not pleased with its iron horses. They expected too much from these pioneer locomotives, and when they found the engines giving trouble, talked about abandoning steam power, before it had really had a fair trial. Pease and Richardson declared for closing down the plant before they lost too much money, but in 1827 Robert Stephenson returned home and took charge again. He was now a much more experienced engineer, and the plant was his future job, so he set himself to recover the lost ground.

That same year Hackworth built in the S. & D. shops an improved engine called the "Royal George" that restored the railway directors' confidence in locomotives. The Stephensons were working their hardest to put over the idea of steam traction with the Liverpool & Manchester Ry., and they arranged a visit of L. & M. directors to the S. & D., then tipped off Hackworth to get the power fixed up for the great day. The L. & M. chiefs were enough impressed by what they saw to order an independent investigation on locomotive traction, so Stephensons' got busy on some new iron steeds that would show the world a thing or two.

MEANWHILE, in 1828, foreign engineers were over in England checking up on these new-fangled "locomotive carriages" they had been hearing all about. The Stephensons found ready buyers for the engines intended for the L. & M. One went to France, along with a trial engine declined by the S. & D., while another was bought by Horatio Allen, the



Great Western Railway Photo

The "North Star," Built in 1837, Was the Last Engine Ordered from Stephenson by an American Road, but Was Used Instead by the Broad-Gage Great Western Ry. of England. Photo Shows a Reconstructed Replica of the Old-Timer, Embodying Many Parts from the Original. She Was Reconditioned at the G.W. Ry. Shops in 1925 and Sent to the 1927 B. & O. Fair of the Iron Horse at Halethorpe, Md.; also to the 1930 Centenary of the Liverpool & Manchester Ry. in Liverpool

The "John Bull," First Locomotive Built with a Cowcatcher. Made by Stephenson for the Camden & Amboy (Now P.R.R.)

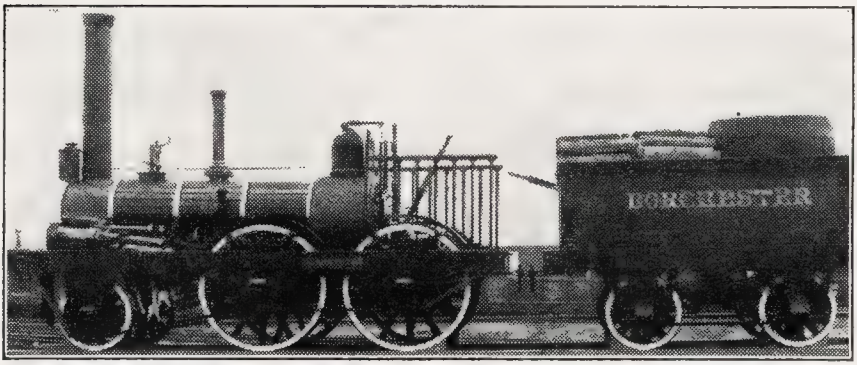
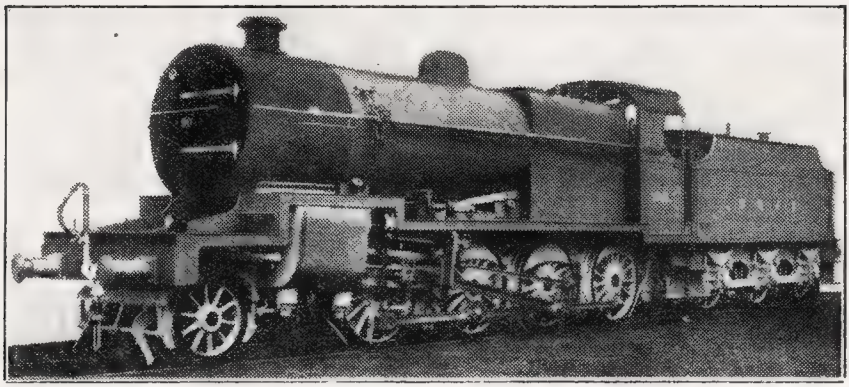


Photo from Canadian National Railways

Full-Size Model of the "Dorchester," First Locomotive to Run in Canada. The Original, Built in 1836, Was One of the Five Stephenson Engines Imported by Canada



Consolidation Type Designed by L.M.S. Ry. of Great Britain for the Somerset & Dorset (Joint) Ry. Five Such Engines Were Built by Stephenson in 1925. Photo Shows No. 90, Now L.M.S. 13810. The First of This Series Was Exhibited at the Centenary of the Stockton & Darlington Ry. in 1925 with the Old " Locomotion " of 1825. Weight, 249,200 Lbs. with Tender, Has 21 by 28 Inch Cylinders, 190 Lbs. Boiler Pressure, 55½ Inch Drivers, and 35,932 Lbs. Tractive Force

agent of the American Delaware & Hudson Co. These were the first exported engines in the history of locomotive building.

Stephensons' " America " was erected January, 1829, in Abell & Dunscombe's iron yard on Water St., New York City, and gave a working demonstration jacked up on blocks. That was four months before the arrival of Rastrick's " Stourbridge Lion," which gained the honor of being the first real locomotive to turn a wheel on American track. The Stephensons' engine was never put on rails, but was used as a pumping engine.

Eventually the L. & M. Ry. scheduled a locomotive test for October, 1829, offering a $2,500 premium for the best engine submitted. Robert Stephenson got busy on another machine for the trial, this being the plant's nineteenth production. One day they found young Burstall, another competitor's son, coolly examining the half-built engine in their shops! Nobody seemed to know just how he got in, but he went out a lot quicker than he entered.

The story of how the " Rocket " won out in the trials on April 25, 1829, after a hard tussle with Hackworth's " Sanspareil," is interesting. Hackworth had been obliged to buy his castings from the Stephensons, and because a burst cylinder finally put his engine out of the running, certain enemies of the Newcastle factory stated outright that the whole contest had been rigged to favor the Stephensons' engine. Hackworth himself, although badly set back, made no fool charges. He probably had enough brains to know that the Stephensons were too big to be crooked, and that the " Rocket " might just as easily have been the one that burst a cylinder, foundry work being what it was in those days.

Hackworth was a very clever engineer, and came out all right in the finish. He eventually started his own plant at Shildon, Darlington, which built many an engine between then and 1850. It always seems too bad that he never teamed up with the Stephensons. The latter became too successful as railroad builders to be able to give more than a fraction of their attention to the Newcastle plant, and it was mainly run by subordinates. Some of them were smart men, but none were of Hackworth's caliber and experience. A combination of Stephensons' reputation with the brains of Hackworth and his equally famous son would have been unbeatable. As it turned out, the Stephenson plant was in the long run ousted from its premier place by rival companies controlled personally by men of Hackworth's type.

As a result of the L. & M. trial, the Newcastle firm supplied the power to stock up that road. Steam traction's great battle was won, and Robert Stephenson & Co. was highballed through with a clear board.

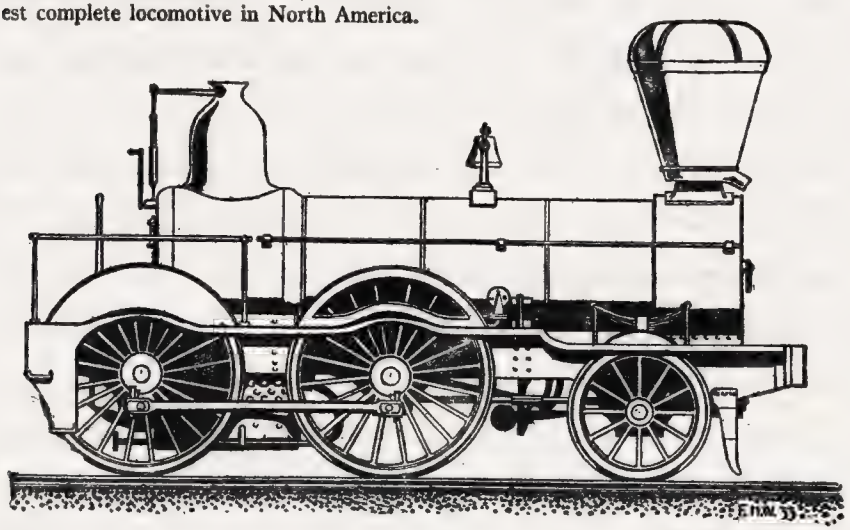
Three more of their iron steeds were exported to the United States soon afterward. There was the six-coupled engine "Whistler," or "America," of the Boston & Providence in 1830. Next year came the "Robert Fulton" for the Mohawk & Hudson, and the "John Bull" for the Camden & Amboy.

Mr. Matthias W. Baldwin examined these last two engines and they are said to have provided him with enough ideas to build "Old Ironsides" and the "E. L. Miller," pioneers of the vast Baldwin line of iron horses.

After many years' retirement, old "John Bull" took to the rails again in 1893. It hauled an old-time Camden & Amboy train to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair, and traveled more than 900 miles from New York City over the Pennsy route entirely unaided. The "John Bull" now rests quietly in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., as the oldest complete locomotive in North America.

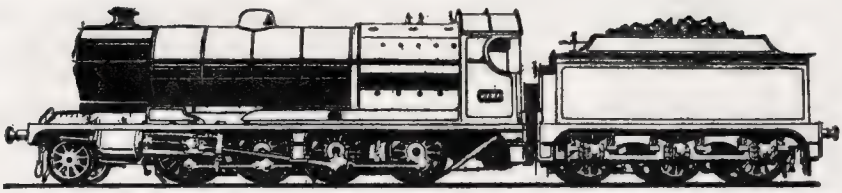
RIVAL builders started up in England, but work was plentiful in 1831. Consequently Robert Stephenson was invited by Liverpool citizens to join another venture in their part of the country. After some opposition, chiefly from Longridge, the other partners gave their consent, stipulating that the name of Stephenson must not be used, and that the older plant was to have a half option on all Robert's orders. The new firm equipped a factory at Newton, near Liverpool, under the name of "Tayleur & Co., Vulcan Foundry." As the Vulcan Foundry, Ltd., it ranks today as one of England's foremost locomotive plants.

From the start Robert Stephenson & Co. was ahead of all competitors. They won the confidence—and the orders for iron horses—of the companies whose roads they built, but rivals maintained that the Newcastle firm was trading on its name alone, and unloading junk on buyers. The twelve years following the L. & M. trials were one continuous fight against jealousy and slander. Around 1835 enemies influenced the London & Birmingham Ry., the biggest



Drawn by the Author

Grand Trunk Passenger Locomotive, Built in 1856 at Newcastle, England. Robert Stephenson & Co. Made Three of This Type for Canada—the 989th, 990th and 991st Engines Constructed by the Firm. These Three Were the Last Stephenson Engines Sent to North America



Great Central Ry. Type Locomotive. Between 1917 and 1920 Robt. Stephenson & Co. Built 82 Such Engines for the British War Office. Cylinders, 21 by 26 Inches; Drivers, 56½ Inches.

system of its day, to pass up the Stephenson firm when buying engines. Robert Stephenson was chief engineer for that pike, and he was told the company was not trading with firms in which its own officials held stock. Still there was enough business to keep things going.

"Der Adler," Germany's first iron horse, came from the Stephenson shops in 1833; so also did Canada's first, the old "Dorchester"; and Russia's first, in 1836. By 1837, out of 260 engines built in the plant, 54 had come to the United States. Only 44 were supplied by ten other English builders. Stephenson's last American order was for two six-foot gage engines for a New Orleans R.R. in 1837, but the road was unable to find the price, and they were altered to seven-foot gage to suit the new Great Western Ry. in England. One of them, the "North Star," was that famous road's pioneer—a great performer.

The Stephenson plant got the jump on its rivals again in 1841 with the patent "long-boiler" type. It made a fortune for the partnership, for besides the hundreds that were built in Stephenson shops, the number constructed by Continental European plants ran to four figures, and on each of them a handsome royalty was collected. A feature that helped its big success was the familiar Stephenson link-motion, invented 1842 by two Stephenson employees, Williams and Howe, and incorporated in all their engines after the first few "long-boilers."

Old George Stephenson died in 1848, and inheritance of his share made his son the chief partner in the firm, but Robert Stephenson was by then a busy civil engineer, traveling far and wide in foreign lands. His fame and influence gained the factory many valuable foreign orders, and put them in the leading position in the export business. It was probably the first plant to notch a total of 1,000 engines constructed. Counting in the ten or dozen engines built by George Stephenson before the partnership was formed, their thousandth production was one of three fine 2-4-0 passenger engines made for the old Grand Trunk system in 1856. These three, with the "Dorchester" of 1836, and another engine built in 1850, were the only Stephenson locomotives ever imported by Canada.

Richardson and Longridge died in the fifties, leaving the oldest and youngest of the original partners surviving, although fresh associates were taken in to fill the vacancies. In 1858, at the age of 92, grand old Edward Pease died. His undimmed brain had maintained its interest right to the end, although in his last few years he was too feeble to attend the partners' meetings. His great-grandson, Lord Daryngton, today provides the remaining link with the old partnership, and assists in directing the affairs of the present firm of Robert Stephenson & Co., Ltd.

Robert Stephenson himself survived Pease only by a year, dying at the early age of 56, his health undermined by a life of careless and unsparing energy. So passed the last of the original band, that "deserving youth" whom the old Quaker had been proud to help.

AFTER his death his holdings in the firm passed to a younger cousin, George Robert Stephenson, also a railroad builder, who took control of the plant.

Times were not always so good. The big English railways, the best buyers in earlier years, got rich enough to equip locomotive plants of their own. The Crewe works of the London & North Western alone built 3,000 engines between 1843 and 1887, while only two private plants in Britain kept step with that pace.

Although four or five British plants during the second half of the nineteenth century surpassed the Stephenson Works in the actual total of engines turned out, the factory kept a very high place in the industry. However, around 1892, the locomotive trade fell on lean years. Robert Stephenson & Co. had a fine shipbuilding business, established around 1886, and they seriously considered laying off railroad work for good. But a few years later trade again took a favorable turn.

A new factory was projected at Darlington, thirty miles south from Newcastle, and a reorganization was effected in 1899. The locomotive works and the shipyard were split and became separate public companies, while G. R. Stephenson, then eighty years old, retired from business, thereby severing the last link of the firm with the Stephenson family.

The first production from the new plant was completed in 1902, and twelve months later it was building engines twice the weight of any that ever left the old structure. India, Egypt, South Africa, and South America were heavy buyers.

During the World War the plant was constructing guns for the British Navy, and also made thousands of tons of shells, locomotive work being suspended for a couple of years. Toward the end of the War, when extensions had been completed, nearly a hundred big freight engines were built for the British Army.

Since the War business has failed to pick up according to expectations, and there have been abnormal handicaps to contend with. Two or three vast shipbuilding corporations turned their surplus machine shops into locomotive plants, and were able to cut the ground from under the feet of established locomotive plants. Moreover, in the great British railway consolidations of 1923, the smaller locomotive-buying lines merged in the big systems which built their own power, and after that the chances of home business just about vanished for the private firms. Although the Stephenson plant is still operating and paying a dividend, its business has fallen off.

A remarkable order came along in 1929. Henry Ford commissioned the Stephenson Co. to build an exact replica of the old "Rocket" for his Detroit Museum; while a similar replica was later ordered by the Chicago Museum of Sciences. Imagine booking two repeat orders after 100 years have elapsed! The "Rocket" itself has a place in the Science Museum at London.

About a dozen countries owed their pioneer iron horses to the Stephenson firm, and one of the most remarkable features of its history is the number of its productions preserved in different parts of the world on account of their historic value.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

From an Old Print. Courtesy of A. S. Pennoyer.

Main Entrance to the Hoosac Tunnel, as It Looked In 1868

Conquering the Hoosac

By CLIF BELCHER

IT was in 1851 that men spat upon their hands and began to drill a hole four and three-quarters miles through Hoosac Mountain in Western Massachusetts. Their goal was to link Boston with Troy, N. Y., by rail. The road had been surveyed; but flung across its path lay solid rock—rock that towered to an altitude of 2,500 feet.

The tunnel cost money, and it cost lives. Before the first damp draft had hurried through the bore from portal to portal, 196 human beings had been sacrificed; and the sum of $21,000,000 had been expended by the time the steel gangs entered to lay rails. Daniel O'Connell, veteran section foreman of the tunnel, used to tell of the time when as a boy he carried drills and assisted in the Hoosac. There was a chalk line drawn about a stain on the rock wall where nitro glycerine had been spilled. When the stain disappeared two months later men prepared to work the spot. At the first touch of a drill there was a mighty blast that killed two men.

It was by accident that a safe way of handling the deadly nitro was discovered, and credit for its discovery belongs to the Hoosac Tunnel job.

Nate Smith set out in a little sled over the snow-covered mountain with a load of liquid explosive. It was a bitterly cold day, and the horses slipped and stumbled on the icy slopes.

At length one of the horses fell and dragged down his mate. The sled skidded and the whole outfit slithered over the brink and tumbled down the mountainside. Smith jumped clear and flattened out in the snow, expecting the inevitable blast and shower of rock, but nothing happened.

Cautiously Smith crept to the edge and looked down to see his horses struggling in a tangle of harness. Forgetting his own danger, he lowered himself to liberate the

team of which he was fond. Then it was discovered the nitro had been frozen to a state of harmlessness. Thereafter all nitro was artificially frozen before it left the Mowbray plant at the west portal.

One of the greatest disasters of construction occurred in the central ventilating shaft midway through the tunnel. A dozen men trapped by an explosion stood helpless while death in the form of shattered timbers cascaded down to pin them to the floor of the shaft.

Smoke curled through the débris, and soon flames filled the shaft while one after another perished, bravely trying to help broken comrades to reach the surface. Rescue workers were driven back again and again while grief-stricken relatives stood tearfully silent until all hope was gone.

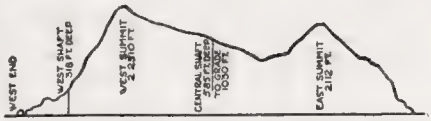
Thus men labored and died while crews from the east portal drilled and crews from the west portal drilled until the two gangs met—and the tunnel was opened.

On October 13, 1875, a train pulled out of North Adams, the division point. Aboard were rail and state officials. Trainmen moved through the coaches, closing vents and lighting the old burners. At the yawning mouth of the tunnel a brass band elevated on a decorated platform played with lively tempo. Thus saluted, the first train entered Hoosac tunnel, 24 years after the project was first begun.

That first journey, like many others that were to follow, was featured by lung-biting smoke. The fan that whirled above in the central shaft failed to suck out much of the rolling cloud that accompanied each passing train. Two smaller shafts on either side made no more than feeble attempts to clear the atmosphere within.

Danger now stalked the section men, for the tunnel was so narrow that no matter how close a man stood to its wall he could not escape being struck by a train. Work was begun to create "man-holes," and crevices were dug into the walls 250 feet apart where a dozen men might stand in safety while a train passed.

Smoke, however, remained the major worry until 1911, when the tunnel was elec-



Profile of Hoosac Mt. and Tunnel

trified and electric engines picked up trains at Hoosac Tunnel station, a mile east of the bore, hauling them to North Adams station, a mile beyond the west portal.

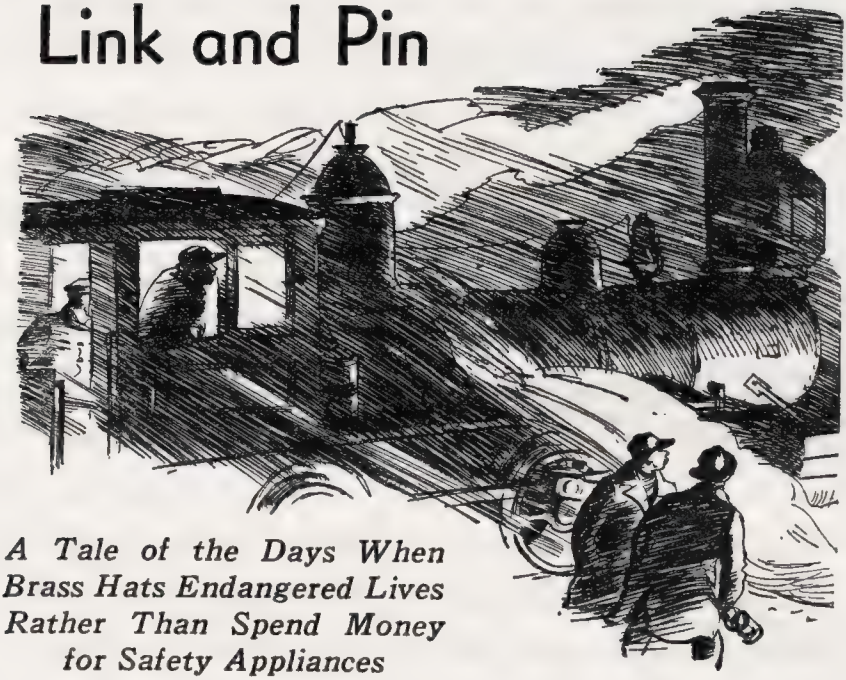
Passing through the Hoosac today is no more than an incident to the journey, but in early days it was the thrill of a lifetime. So anxious were people to view the tunnel from within that all sorts of bribes were offered workers to escort visitors through the hole before the job was completed.

Dan O'Connell and Denny Scully, as boys, commercialized on this human weakness for a thrill. On Sundays and holidays they would don raincoats, go to the North Adams yard and appropriate a hand-car.

The word was passed around and people by the score paid the boys a dollar a head to pump them a half mile into the uncompleted tunnel and out again. By nightfall muscles ached and hands were calloused, but pockets bulged with dollars and the boys went home with a smile.

Fitchburg R.R. Engine No. 6 Emerging from Hoosac Tunnel. Drawn by O. Kuhler for Ry. & Loco. Historical Society Bulletin No. 37

Link and Pin



A Tale of the Days When Brass Hats Endangered Lives Rather Than Spend Money for Safety Appliances

FIFTY years after the birth of the iron horse railroading had become America's most hazardous occupation. Power, speed, and tonnage had increased to the point where human hands could not safely control the movement of trains and engines. Collision, derailment; death, dismemberment—these were the items which filled the columns of the daily news.

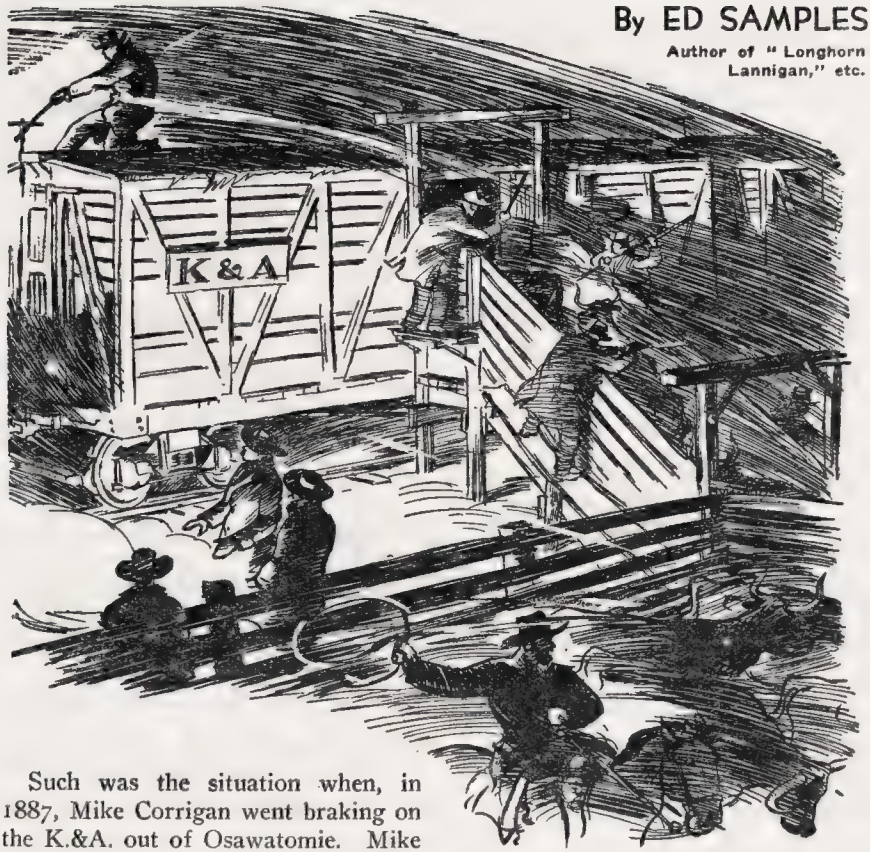
The greatest hazards lay in coupling and control. Inventors sought devices whereby cars could be hitched and speeding trains braked without the appalling loss of life they were claiming. For fifty years the quest continued. Then, in 1887, both the automatic air brake and the Janney coupler were perfected and thrown on the market.

Harrassed railroad men looked to them with hope; they looked, but their ills were not healed. To equip cars and engines with safety appliances required money. Officials didn't like to spend it because their jobs depended on the roads paying dividends. And so the years moved along with link coupler and hickory club claiming their daily human sacrifice.

The " Big Four " Brotherhoods took up the fight. Representatives of the Engineers, Conductors, Firemen and Trainmen conferred with their management, and urged immediate installation of life-saving devices. The officials countered that installation on equipment in service would bankrupt the railroads. They promised eventual relief; and there they let the matter rest.

By ED SAMPLES

Author of "Longhorn Lannigan," etc.



Such was the situation when, in 1887, Mike Corrigan went braking on the K.&A. out of Osawatomie. Mike was born to the rail. His father, a K.&A. conductor, had been mashed between two boxcars when the drawbars slipped by. His elder brother, Jim, was running a freight engine out of Osawatomie.

Jim was active in the Engineers' Brotherhood. Imbibing its conservative rule that it is better to bargain than to fight, he was a conservative. Mike was not. Tall, dark, slender, with piercing black eyes and impassioned speech, he gave promise of impulsive, aggressive leadership; and when he joined the Trainmen, at the age of eighteen, impulsive, aggressive men were in the saddle.

Wherever railroads ran, radical brothers were preaching the crusade for compulsory protection to railroad men.

"If the companies won't give it, we'll strike," they promised. "We'll refuse to turn a wheel until the heartless dollar-grabbers install air brakes and automatic couplers on these murder machines and stop the needless butchery of railroad men."

Mike heard their preaching and was converted. He would have become an apostle, even before that night at Red Bridge, save for the calm counsel of his elder brother.

A DECEMBER blizzard raged across the plains of Central Kansas. The wind drove dirty snow through the cracks of the rickety wooden lodging house in Council Grove, where the Corrigans were sleeping. Snow and sand sifted through broken windows to pile in tiny windrows on the uneven floor or spread out in a dirty film over the covers.

In the early winter twilight, a stumbling step jarred the rickety wooden stair; a fumbling hand shook the rattly door; a hoarse, youthful voice shouted: "Come on out of it, you deadheads!"

Mike and Jim were dead to the world. Gould motive power, already swamped under the load of the grain and stock rushes, were crippled now by the blizzard. Men were breaking under the strain of cold and hours and tonnage. At noon they had brought in a drag on which they had left Kansas City thirty hours earlier.

Mike aroused first to the knocking. He blinked through the gloom. Stumping through the chill air, he opened the door for the waiting caller.

"You guys gettin' a stock drag east. Yuh goin' to load 'em at the chutes and take 'em on into Kansas City."

What Mike said to that waked up Jim. Mike cussed the railroad company and everything pertaining to it from Jay Gould down to the windblistered caller. When he had finished with the company, he commenced on the Brotherhoods.

"What'n blazes you guys been doin' for the last twenty-five years!" he demanded of Jim. "Why don't these organizations have contracts so a man can stay in bed fifteen minutes without a little shrimp of a caller kickin' him out before he gets asleep an' orderin' him to load a lot of bellerin' bulls that yard crews ought to have loaded before he's called?"

Jim rubbed his blue eyes, yawned sleepily and said: "Don't bust a blood vessel, kid. It's comin'. In a few years from now we'll have everything we've asked for. All it takes is time."

"Yeah! Time! That's all I've heard since the air brake was invented. Time! What do you engineers care if us brakemen have to stand out in the blizzard spottin' stock cars. What's it to you if we get our legs cut off settin' brakes on the icy tops. It ain't your legs that gets cut off. It ain't your nose that freezes. You're safe an' warm in your cab."

"We engineers are waitin'," Jim interrupted slyly, "for the outfit to go into the ditch when the brakes don't hold. Waitin' for steam pipes to break an' cook us alive, or for the wreck to catch fire and roast us. You trainmen ain't got anything on us, kid."

Mike had heard of that scalding and roasting process, but he had never thought of it as being a prospect for an engineer. He looked to see if Jim was laughing at him. Jim was not; his blue eyes were in dead earnest; his face was serious.

Mike smothered the hot retort he had ready, and walked in silence to the lunch counter. He had no banter for Katy O'Brien when she came for his order. He did not deliver his customary oration when her father, Pegleg Pat came up to say that a drive was on foot to force a bill through Congress compelling companies to install safety appliances on all equipment. He ate, paid his bill and went out, leaving Jim and Katy standing at the counter.

AT 6.10 they shoved thirty empty stock cars into the loading track. Mike was out on top with club and lan-

tern. The wind, hurtling madly across a thousand miles of treeless plains, drove sleet and snow and sand in its blistering blast. It maddened the bellowing, milling herd which shoved futilely at the stock pens, or fought the keepers in the narrow chute outside.

While blizzards raged the men worked. Pop McGruder took the ground, limping between moving cars as their speed slowed, lifting pins out of their links to let them roll back so Mike could spot them at the chutes.

Out on top, Mike watched the chutes drift toward him through the blizzard. Foot by foot, he moved along, club set in the frozen wheel. "Back! Easy! Stop!" the lantern signaled, and when the car was on the spot, his stout arm tightened the brakes on the slowing wheels.

Until nearly midnight the work continued. Mike spotted the cars; the punchers drove in the cattle; Pop McGruder sealed the doors. They built a fire by the corner of the pens, and when their services were not in demand trainmen and punchers took turns dashing up to the fire to keep from freezing.

The wind roared on. Voices were on the wind—voices which moaned and sobbed and cried. Once when the old section man who was bedding stock cars paused open mouthed to listen to a wailing blast, Mike looked at him. The old man whispered: "Sounds like the banshee screamin', boy! Wonder who's dyin' tonight?"

Mike laughed shortly. His mother had used to frighten him into submission with wild tales of the banshee in the old country. All tommyrot; but still he couldn't help remembering that someone always died when the banshee screamed, and he couldn't help remembering that crack Jim had made.

The blizzard blew itself out. Stars came to burn coldly through the haze. The voices hushed. When the last car was sealed Mike climbed stiffly down from its top to make couplings and get his train together. Pop limped painfully toward the caboose whither the boisterous stockmen were going. Pop stopped to warn Mike.

"Be careful, kid. It's on nights like this that trainmen miss their step, and low drawbars slide under."

Mike was careful, but he alone did not run the railroad.

SEVEN train loads of cattle were on the K.&A. that night. They were running as sections of No. 54. The first two went by the stockyards while Corrigan's crew was loading. The engine on First No. 54 was foaming like a soap factory because too much water had been run boiled into its boiler since it had been washed.

Second No. 54 left Council Grove at 10.50 In its caboose were eleven stockmen, Conductor Olinger, and Flagman Jones. Olinger kept his safeguard against low temperature in a quart bottle. Many trainmen did in those days.

Jones, who was about Mike's age, was a smart brakeman. He had learned more about railroading in three years than the men who made the rule book had learned in a lifetime.

A few miles from Council Grove the second section overtook the first one as it was doubling into Bushong. According to the rules Jones should have left the caboose immediately and gone back a quarter of a mile to protect his own train against any other which might be following.

But it was cold. His caboose was on a hill. Instead of going back, Jones climbed out of the cupola, set his red

lantern and a couple of unlighted fusees on the rear platform where he could get them if he needed them, left a crack in the door so he could hear an engine if it came up the hill, and did his flagging by the red-hot stove. The eleven stockmen did not object. They were merely passengers. Olinger did not object, either; he was already warming up with his bottle.

They were there forty minutes. They followed First No. 54 up to Bushong There they met No. 53 and No. 3. Being a smart brakeman, Jones watched to see whether No. 3 went on down the hill. It did, and he knew the third stock train was not very close.

He asked the engineer of No. 53 what other trains they were meeting at Bushong.

"We've not got anything on Third Fifty-four," the hoghead answered, and Jones knew that while the following section was not very close, it was also not very far away.

They left Bushong at 1.30. Halfway down the hill Engineer Carver began calling for brakes. Jones figured something had gone wrong with the train ahead. He damned the junkpile pulling it and the men running it, dropped off two fusees, and stayed in the caboose until they had burned up.

By that time he figured Corrigan ought to be coming shortly. He started back flagging, intending to go a long way this time, because his caboose was on the downhill side of the divide, and it took time to stop freight trains running down hill.

No. 3 came by the stockyard at 12.55. Mike had finished coupling up his train, had drunk a cup of hot coffee, and had finished reading his orders. One of those orders instructed Conductor McGruder with engine No. 147 to run as Third No. 54 from Council Grove to Osawatomie, and another instructed him to meet No. 53 at Bushong. They left the stockyard with a pusher, and they went through Bushong at 1.50.

Pat was a good engineer. He not only figured what he was going to do, but also what the other fellow would be likely to do. Because he did, he made the schedule without being reckless.

Tonight he remembered that Second No. 54 had left Council Grove an hour ahead of him. He figured it would be far enough to the east so that if anything happened its flagman could get back to give him a stop sign. He turned down Bushong Hill at a pretty good clip, and did not call for brakes until he hit twenty miles an hour.

MIKE was on top of the head car. Another light was near the middle of the train. Although Mike could not see him, he knew Pop McGruder was watching both those lights from a cupola window. Conductors always watched brakemen's lights, for they never knew when one of them would go down and not come up.

Mike tied down three cars before Jim called for brakes. He soon set four more. He knew Pop would set the caboose brake, and that the swing man would tie down a flock of them in the middle of the train. These, with the engine brakes for emergency, would hold the train in good shape. Bushong Hill was not a mountain grade.

Biting wind blew out of the north. Running boards wore patches of ice and snow. Frost sifted from frozen stars. Mike found a dry place and sat on a running board to wait until Jim called to release the brake. He tucked his lantern between his knees, and the odor of burning oil filtered upward with heat from the flaming lantern.

Before the train had rolled a mile a whistle blast cracked the frozen air. Mike knew something was wrong. The regulation brakes were set, yet Jim was telling them to set brakes as if his life depended on his signal.

As Mike darted over the top to grab another wheel, he flung one glance down the track. He saw red lights gleaming. He did not count them, but he knew there were two markers and a cupola light forming a triangle, and a huge red flare sputtering in the darkness.

Mike forgot he was cold. He even forgot that air brakes would have prevented what he thought was going to happen. The lights came nearer. The red fusee sputtering in the cut passed him, and Flagman Jones swarmed up the ladder and hurried past him shouting: "Set 'em tight, kid! You're right into us!"

Mike did not even think about jumping. He was not hired to jump, but he was hired to set brakes. Then there was Jim's whistle, warning stockmen in the caboose that Death was on the iron.

But Death did not hold the ace in that hand. Jim Corrigan held it. He had some straight air on his engine which he had saved for emergency. He used it, and when he was traveling slowly enough he reversed and worked steam. He stopped his pilot three feet from Olinger's caboose, where the conductor, by now pretty well warmed up, was frantically waving a red lantern.

Both crews and eleven stockmen gathered at the rear platform and talked. Olinger wanted to know what in thunder an engineer meant coming down a hill a thousand miles an hour when he knew another train was right ahead of him. Mike reckoned that if they had had air brakes on that train, it would have been stopped before it got in whistling distance. Jim slyly suggested that maybe if Jones had not been flagging from the back platform of the caboose he would have had plenty of room to stop.

Jones laughed and said: "We stopped 'em, didn't we?"

And with everybody agreed that they had stopped in time, the trains proceeded when the track was clear.

Seven times that day things happened to the trains ahead of them. They ran into cuts filled with sand and snow, and had to shovel out. They doubled hills. They stopped on the level to raise steam. They broke in two and ran together.

Seven times Jones came back flagging. He swore he had worn out a brand new pair of shoes running, but he ran plenty far.

"Don't Be a Fool!"

AT 4.30 that evening they were in Ottawa. At 9.00 they were in Osawatomie, and at 10.30 they were ready to pull on up the hill. They were rejoicing because the first section had a new engine.

"Maybe we'll go to town now," Mike boasted. "We've got that Jonah out from ahead of us."

They did. They walked over Paola Hill, to Wagstaff and across the flats to Bucyrus. They were through there at 11.55. Everything was running like clockwork. Before they turned down to Stillwell, Jim called Mike over.

"You twist her tail a minute, kid," he said. "I believe we've got water enough to run this Mastin tank. If

we have, we can go to Leeds for water and maybe go in for Number One."

Jim went over the tank with a clinker hook to measure his water. He came back grinning.

"How yuh fixed?" queried Mike.

"O.K. We got *plenty*. If Olinger and Jones ain't fooling around down here, we'll go through Mastin like a bat out of a brushpile."

They did not see Olinger and Jones, because First No. 54 now had a good engine, and both it and the second section had been stepping along. Engineer Carver, on Second No. 54, however, was a careful runner. He never ran a water tank or a pie counter. He took water at Mastin.

Jones tossed off a red fusee a mile above the tank. It was made to burn ten minutes. A following train was not permitted to pass the burning flare until it had gone out. The one Jones threw off burned out before he left the tank, and he threw off another.

The Corrigans kept their train under control coming down the hill. Everything was clear before them. They did not see the fusee which Jones had thrown off because it had burned out two minutes before they came out of the cut.

They let off brakes and came by the tank running thirty miles an hour. They made a good run to Martin City. The order board there was clear; and, unaware that the operator had had to shade the time a few seconds in order to clear him, and unaware also that the engine on Second No. 54 was developing a leaky flue, Jim opened up.

Leaving Martin City the track soon runs into thick woods, and at a point not far from Red Bridge turns down a short steep grade through a maze of curves following the banks of Blue River.

Jones was still attending to business. When his engineer tipped over the hill toward Red Bridge after crawling halfway from Martin City, he knew it was time to throw off another fusee.

He scratched a fusee and tried to spike it in the end of a tie. Instead of spiking, the fusee landed on its side and rolled into the ballast. Jones watched it, and when he went out of sight around a curve it was still burning.

It did not burn long, however. Two minutes from its outer end was a flaw where the paper cylinder had crumpled and stopped the tube. The fusee burned to this flaw, sputtered and went out just as Engineer Carver began calling for brakes down by Red Bridge. Jones, in the caboose, figured he had plenty of time, because he thought his fusee would burn ten minutes. He went back flagging at a brisk walk.

THIRD No. 54 approached the top of Red Bridge Hill. Mike buttoned his coat and started out of the cab to use his club. Jim stopped him. Jim had been using his head; he had slowed and bunched the slack so he could control his train with engine air. He called, "No use goin' back there, kid. I can handle 'em."

"But suppose Olinger had trouble—"

"If Olinger had been havin' trouble, Jones would have left a red one burning."

Mike faltered. He did not know that Jones *had* left a red one burning, a red one which had failed. He looked at his brother, alert and watchful, and remembered what Jim had said last night about engineers cooking in steam or roasting in burning wreckage. May-

This Time Death Held the Aces. A Hundred-Ton Locomotive Crashed Into the Rear of the Crummy

be hunch was talking to him. He called over his shoulder, "I'm goin' anyhow. You never know what's around the next curve."

Again he took his station on the head car. He did not expect Jim to call for brakes tonight, but when he was halfway to Red Bridge, he heard the whistle burst out screaming. Instantly he was on his feet. By the slackening speed he knew that Jim had used the straight air on the engine. The whistle was ringing. The flare of a fusee was hurtling toward him. He heard Jones' startled voice yell:

"Jump, for God's sake!"

Mike did not heed the warning. His brother was still on that engine, his whistle screaming to warn those eleven stockmen in Olinger's caboose that for a second time Death was on the iron.

But this time Death held the aces. Mike never even saw the tail lights. He was too busy setting brakes. The crash hurled him face down on a running board. He groped and found a hand hold as he felt the car rise on its hind legs. Then he felt it settle sidewise and go swishing down through the tops of tall cottonwoods which lined the banks of the Blue River.

He kept falling for a thousand years. He never knew when he stopped. When he came to, he heard Pop McGruder saying: "I reckon he's done for, too."

Mike blinked through the dim lantern light into McGruder's grimy face and queried dumbly: "Me an' who else?"

McGruder did not reply. He helped

Mike to his feet, and they went back to a pile of overcoats up at the foot of the high fill where Jim's engine had plowed through Olinger's caboose.

There was nothing anyone could do. There is not much to be done for an engineer when a hundred-ton locomotive has stepped in his middle, not though the iron horse has touched hoof and kept going.

Unable to carry him to the caboose, the men had already made a bed of cushions and covered him with overcoats. Mike knelt beside him, on the frozen ground with frost sparkling on dead cottonwood leaves.

Jim knew he was there. Jim opened his eyes and breathed, "Tough luck, kid!"

Mike gripped the hand hysterically.

"Luck, hell! It's murder. Damn the greedy railroads! Damn the weak-kneed Brotherhoods!"

An hour passed. Stars sparkled on. The labored breathing of the wrecked boiler grew feeble and died; the lowing of cattle subsided as the wounded were killed; and the flagman returned to report the wrecker coming.

The pulse of the man grew weaker. Stockmen whose lives his sacrifice had saved built a fire down by the river. By its light, flickering on the frost and the ice and the white stems of cottonwood trees, they stood together and talked in low voices.

Presently Jim spoke again.

"My watch, kid!" he said. "Give it to Katy, will you?"

Mike nodded. Jim and Katy had intended to be married on Christmas.

Jim kept moving restlessly. He seemed to be trying to leave a message. His eyes opened unsteadily, and he whispered:

"Kid!"

Mike bent to listen.

"Kid, you got a lot of life before you. Don't ruin it—by bein' a fool!" His lips mumbled once more, "Don't be a fool!"

Mike heard the admonition. He did not understand it fully then. He never forgot it, but he did not heed it. Jim had been his counselor, had urged caution, tolerance and calmness instead of frenzy. Now Jim was gone. Mike turned from the new mound to take up the fight.

HE became an apostle of aggressive radicalism. He exhorted members of his own Brotherhood singly and in groups to rise up and force action from heartless officials who were sending men down to death rather than buy safety appliances.

"We've got our own organizations," he declared. "They are not working together. What we need is a Brotherhood of railroad men who will fight under one banner, each for all, all for each. Let's stop this dilly-dallying, this bargaining and talking and wheedling, and stand up like men and fight for our lives and our homes."

The Corrigans had friends in Osawatomie. They urged Mike to hold his tongue, to use reason instead of impulse.

"Officials of this pike won't stand for the kind of gaff you're giving," they warned. "Some of these days, they'll call you on the carpet."

Sure enough, when Jim had been gone a month, Trainmaster P. Murphy Scoggins cornered Mike coming off his caboose one night.

"I hear you've quit railroadin' an' gone preachin', kid," he said coldly.

"Yeah!" Mike flared back. "You ain't heard about my tellin' anything that ain't so, have you?"

Scoggins flushed.

"Some truth, maybe," he admitted.

Mike laughed mirthlessly and eyed the official hotly. "You ain't heard nothing yet, Mr. Scoggins. Wait till I get uncorked, and I'm goin' to tell you and these birds something."

Scoggins did not speak for a long time. He stared for a while, and when he spoke it was quietly, soothingly.

"You're goin' to learn that you can't reform the world in a day. You better head into a blind sidin' an' take another look at your runnin' orders, kid. Think it over."

Mike thought it over. He could see no need waiting for other men to die. It would cost no more to install safety appliances now than it would five years or ten years hence. He swore no brass hat could bully him, and kept right on talking.

In March, Scoggins, now division superintendent, called him into the office and gave him his last pay check.

"Next job you get," he advised, "remember you owe loyalty to the company which pays you your wages. When you refuse to render it, the only thing the company can do is to replace you with a man who will."

In the heat of anger, Mike blackened a pair of official eyes and boastfully set out to find a new job. He found one, and then others, but none of them lasted—not because he failed to do his work, but because his references followed him.

At first, he considered it a joke. Then it dawned upon him that whether he went to California or Florida, officials were soon aware that he had been an agitator and had whipped a superintendent in Osawatomie. He understood then what Jim had meant by that dying admonition. He had been a fool, and the resentment which followed the full realization that by so doing he had ruined the prospects for a railroad career did not cure him of his folly.

He blamed the companies and the Brotherhoods for his predicament, and at twenty-one was an embittered, sharp-tongued agitator fomenting trouble and discord.

The Storm at Crazy Creek

THAT'S what he was that summer night in 1892 when he came to the caboose of Atlantic & Pacific's California merchandise train in the yards at Gallup. Conductor "Espee" Sencil was on his way to the office with a lighted lantern in his three-fingered hand. Mike flashed the card on him, for despite his bitter disappointment over the failure of the Trainmen to clear up his Osawatomie reference, he was still carrying a paid-up card in the order.

"What's the chance riding with you to Winslow?" he queried.

Sencil took the card in the three-fingered hand and held it to the light. After a long inspection, he handed it back.

"This is my caboose, Corrigan," he said. "It's goin' to Winslow."

Mike thanked him and swung up the platform.

Espee was an old-timer. A rack of bones with a few yards of desert-baked hide stretched tightly over it, he wore a pepper and salt suit with baggy trousers, a blue shirt with a red necktie, a brown plug hat with a dent in the crown, and a pair of the biggest Congress shoes Mike had ever seen. His forehead was high; his nose thin; his

lips were parted by the stem of an empty cob pipe whose bowl was upside down. Mike felt an instant liking for him.

There were passengers on the caboose that night: the trader going home to Manuelito; two Pueblo Indians and three cowpunchers; also a tall girl with frizzed bangs bobbing over the blackest eyes Mike had ever seen. She wore a neat black traveling suit. She was laughing and talking with the parlor brakeman, who was cleaning his lanterns.

Mike had been too busy talking to railroad men about their raw deal to pay much attention to women. But when he stepped into Espee Sencil's caboose, and that girl flashed those black eyes questioningly up to him, his hand went instinctively to the crumpled tie at the neck of the black sateen shirt, and he wondered why he had not shaved before he left Gallup.

The girl looked at him and looked again. The parlor man gave him that glance of disdain with which the home guard so often favored the boomer. When Mike had gone to sit by the punchers he whispered something to the girl which made both titter.

Mike flushed. He felt no love for the brakeman. While the fellow cleaned and hung his markers, Mike watched him critically; and when the markers had been hung and the box of sand kicked significantly toward tobacco chewing passengers, he and the girl went into the cupola. They did not invite Mike to go with them.

At 9.05 they pulled out of the yards. Espee caught the caboose, came inside, set his lanterns on the table and laid his waybills beside it. When they were ten miles out he started toward the cupola. Halfway there, he turned to Mike.

"Might as well come on up to the doghouse, Corrigan," he invited.

Mike thanked him and followed. Espee introduced him to "My daughter, Jerry," and "my hind man, Rentfro."

The girl made room for her father. Rentfro reluctantly moved over so Mike could sit in front of him on the cushion.

THE train was soon rolling at a good clip. Box cars swayed and rocked and rattled. The kerosene lamp above the pine board table dimmed and brightened. Mike watched the lamp and the cars and ghostly crimson cliffs flowing by like streaks of blood in the moonlight.

After a while, Rentfro asked Mike: "Are you going to go to work out of Winslow?"

Mike smiled bleakly. He knew that with his reference the A.&P. would not hire him. Then, too, he had heard that on the A.&P. most of the minor officials and some of the higher ones had been hired from and still retained membership in the four old Brotherhoods. That, to Mike's way of thinking, was not the way to keep the organizations helping the men. He insisted that if union men became officials they would soon be running the Brotherhoods and checkmating the men in their efforts to better their conditions.

"No. I don't figure on stopping in Winslow," he answered.

"Don't like the climate and the scenery?" Rentfro queried in a tone in which Mike thought he detected relief.

"I don't know much about either," Mike answered soberly, "but I *don't* like your idea of letting the brass hats run the Brotherhoods. It's their business to run the railroads."

Rentfro breathed a long drawn, "O-ooh! You're one of these radical boys, always on the prod, eh?"

Mike had plenty of good answers for that, but he remembered he was a guest rider. He was also aware that Miss Jerry Sencil was listening; and somehow he had the feeling she and her father might not approve of the answers he would give. For the first time in his life he was concerned with what somebody might think of his ideas. He merely replied, "Yeah! Maybe!"

Espee took his pipe from the cigar box tacked between the cupola windows, filled it, turned it right side up, and lighted it. When it was going, he said significantly:

"If it hadn't been for the fighting radicals, Rentfro, brakemen like you would have been in a lot worse shape than they are today."

Just then Jerry called attention to the cloud west of the moon rising out of the Painted Desert, and to the moon wading into it to be "swallowed up like a lost soul in purgatory." Mike stared ahead, watched webs of yellow lightning weaving through the cloud.

TALK turned, as it always did in cab and cupola, to organization. Sencil quit pulling on his pipe to say that he understood there was going to be a Brotherhood to include all railroad men.

Yesterday Mike could not possibly have missed the chance to snarl back: "If it's not got more nerve than the other four have, it might as well not be formed."

He kept his mouth shut and listened to Rentfro raving that it was merely a scheme of the radical element to get control of the Brotherhoods. Yesterday Mike would not have stood for that, either. But when he passed it he became aware that a woman or an O.R.C. with a three-fingered hand or something had pulled a red board in his face and made him head in "To read his running orders." The realization shocked him, and he looked at the girl again.

The engine whistled for Manuelito. Jack Rentfro looked at his watch, yawned, picked up his club and lantern, and toyed with it. The conductor kept watching him.

"Well, Jack," he finally said, "do I have to tell you to throw off a fusee and set up a few brakes? Looks like you could at least set up the caboose without being told."

Jack retired in sullen, redfaced silence to perform his duty. Sencil went to the forward platform. Jerry and Mike were alone in the cupola. Through the dim light he stared across at her. He wondered about her and Jack, and then he wondered about her and himself. Lightning filled the cupola. He knew that she was looking at him, and that a faint smile was on her face.

Then Jack Rentfro tossed off the fusee, set up the caboose brake, and hurried back to the cupola. He did not go through the side window to set other brakes, but fell into the seat beside Jerry.

Fearing he might be the third one who makes the crowd, Mike wondered aloud if a boomer could set brakes on the A.&P., and without waiting for an answer borrowed Jack's lantern and went out on top.

They were there for only a few minutes. Jack took his flag back a little way. The trader left the train. Sencil came to the caboose with two orders. One of them was a meet with an extra at Navajo, fifty miles beyond.

The second informed them that No. 3 would wait at Navajo until 2.05 for Extra 94 East.

When they were two miles from Manuelito Espee said he thought Congress was going to pass the Safety Appliance Act without fail.*

Mike could not resist the temptation to say, "It's high time!"

The conductor admitted that it was. Mike bitterly declared that if it had been passed when the brakes and couplers were invented, Jim would still be running an engine, and he would not be a homeless boomer. He started to say a lot more, but before he said it, he remembered what Jim had whispered that night at Red Bridge, and he left it unsaid.

Conversation lulled. At ever shortening intervals lightning wiped night off the face of the desert, and engine and cars stood out in its flare. It was a new experience for Mike. It was not for the others.

Espee predicted, "There's going to be a cloudburst in the hills tonight."

"Do you have many washouts here?" Mike asked.

"Too many," Espee replied soberly.

"I thought the desert was supposed to be a dry place."

Mike grinned and looked at Jerry. She flashed back, "It's is a dry place till it rains."

TEN miles out of Manuelito they ran into the deluge. A sixty-mile wind drove rain and hail fiercely against the cupola windows. The caboose roof started leaking. Water streamed upon the conductor's desk.

Sencil started out of the cupola to move his reports and waybills. The caboose was rocking and swaying, leaping forward, lagging back. In his haste to save his bills, Espee forgot to be careful. He lost his footing, lost his handhold, and plunged to the floor.

Rentfro started to laugh, but when the conductor did not get up, he changed his mind. Jerry uttered a little cry. Mike leaped down and helped him to his feet. He held to the grab-iron and muttered, "Ouch! My ankle!"

Mike left him clinging to the iron and ran to move the bills to safety. Espee started hobbling toward his chair. Mike took him by the shoulders, and Jerry and Rentfro came tumbling out of the cupola.

When Sencil tugged at his shoe, Mike had to pull it off. The ankle was not broken, but it was dislocated. They induced Sencil to lie down on the bunk, and Rentfro held the leg and Mike set the ankle as best he could. When it was finished, Mike left Jerry and Rentfro with the conductor and he went back to the cupola to watch the train.

There was no letup in the rain or hail. Through it, even when the lightning flashed over the tops of the drenched freight cars, Mike could not see more than six or eight of them.

He kept watching. All night the gray snake which was the dry bed of the Puerco had lain off to his left. Now, as he looked, he saw the gray snake moving, slowly at first, then faster and faster as more water poured into it from creeks and arroyos. Out of Houcks they crossed Black Creek. It was a raging torrent, with water almost to the rails.

Jack Rentfro kept worrying about

** The Safety Appliance Act, requiring railroads to equip all trains with automatic air-brakes and automatic couplers, was passed in 1893. It gave the railroads until 1898 to complete installation, but the time was later extended by the I.C.C. to 1901.*

Crazy Creek. First, it was: "If there's been as much rain on the head of Crazy Creek as there was up on the Black, that bridge may be gone." And a few miles more: "I hope that fool hoghead stops and takes a look at Crazy Bridge before he starts over it."

But the "fool hoghead" was a new man. His fireman was also new, and so was his head brakeman. They did not know about Crazy Creek, but they did know they had a meet with an extra at Navajo, and that if they could make it there by 2.40 they would not have to go in the hole somewhere else to let No. 3 by them. The hoghead trusted to luck and the railroad track, and kept batting the wind.

If Espee had been in the cupola instead of down there with a dislocated ankle, he might have done something. Jack didn't. Jack was concerned, but he was not sufficiently so to fight his way to the engine through the storm over slick running boards. He was in the warm caboose, and he stayed there.

TWENTY minutes ahead of No. 3 they came down on Crazy Creek. The fury of the storm had by now abated somewhat. It was still raining but the rain had become a drizzle, and the lightning was behind them. When the engine was a hundred feet from Crazy Bridge, there came another flash of lightning.

Jack raised up in his seat and peered ahead. While he was still half on his feet, Mike heard the whistle burst into the scream for brakes. He started to his feet, reaching for a club and the conductor's lantern. The whistle broke off in the middle of a short blast as if it had been hit with a sledge hammer.

Mike paused, peered forward. The light was still in the sky. He could see the train ahead as bright as day. He saw the engine rise, topple, and disappear, and felt the caboose jerked violently ahead. Then he knew what had happened. They had come to Crazy Creek.

Rentfro left the cupola and half leaped, half fell to the floor. Mike did not hurry. He had been in tight spots before he struck this one. He stayed until he saw the head car rear up and plunge.

The car, like the engine, told the caboose when it left the rails. There was a violent jerk, followed by a slight slowing and another jerk. In quick succession these movements were repeated.

Mike knew that those cars held together by link and pin, were going into the ditch; and each car, unable to break loose, was taking the one behind it. He knew it was no use trying to brake the outfit, because brakes would not hold them to the rails. Unless wreckage filled the washout and made a bumping post for the cars behind, every car was going in the river.

Expecting Rentfro to rush down immediately and either cut off the caboose from the train, or drop a fusee against No. 3, he swung down from the cupola. Rentfro was doing neither. He was shoving his way through the mass of arms and legs where three Indians and two punchers had come alive. He was shouting: "We're in the ditch. We've got to jump! Jump for our lives!"

Mike had seen the water all around them. He knew Crazy Creek had piled up to the north and backwater from the Puerco on the south, so that they were riding a ridge between two seas. He seized Rentfro and shouted: "You can't jump! You'll be drowned!"

"We'll be drowned if we stay in this caboose! Come on! Let's get off here!"

Commanding the passengers to keep their seats, to keep out of the way and not to jump, Mike darted to the rear platform, lighted a fusee and flung it into the track. He turned and started back to the forward end, intending to cut off the caboose and stop it.

When he had passed the other eight occupants, he heard a terrific screaming. He whirled and ran back. Rentfro had Jerry Sencil in his arms and was carrying her toward the rear door. She was kicking and fighting.

But Rentfro was a madman. Mike hesitated for a split second. If he went to pull the pin, Rentfro would jump off the caboose into the flood before he could get back. If he went to Jerry's rescue, he might be too late to cut off the caboose, and they might all go into the flood to drown like rats. He ran to Jerry's aid.

The girl struggled free. Rentfro grabbed at the brake club lying beneath the cupola. He did not use it. Mike shoved Jerry forward, stepped back and struck Rentfro one short, quick uppercut at the point of the chin.

His knees crumpled, and he went down.

Mike darted back to try the coupling. The caboose was jumping and leaping so badly he could scarcely keep his feet. He flung the passengers out of his way and darted to the platform. With each jerk the pin slackened. He grabbed it and pulled, but did not get it the first time. He tried it again, and the pin leaped out.

He flung the pin away, reached for the brake wheel, and spun it until the chain tightened. Then he surged at it until the brakes were taut. He did not know how many cars had already gone from ahead of them. There might have been ten; there might have been twenty. Even now, there might be a scant six car lengths between them and the washout.

Mike called for help; but he did not call Jack nor the puncher. He shouted: "Jerry! Jerry, bring me that club!"

The girl heard and obeyed. She dashed to where the club had fallen from Rentfro's limp hand and darted back.

Mike used the club, and they stopped eighty feet from the washout. He did not go down to see where the train and four good men had gone. No. 3 was behind them.

Although he was not paid to do the flagging, he was a railroad man. He seized Jack's guns and lamp and raced through the shallow water which all but covered the track, and when he met the train he brought it down, coupled it to the caboose, and backed up to the station.

The Cars on the Prairie

IT was three days before the bridge was rebuilt. A train came out from Winslow, and Jerry took her father home on it. Mike went with them, for he was on his way to California. But he did not hurry out. He stayed around Winslow two days.

Under pretense of inquiring after Jerry's father, he went to the house. She received him cordially, ushered him into her father's room. They talked like old friends.

After awhile they began talking about the country.

"You should go into the hills north

of Holbrook and see the Painted Desert," Jerry breathed, her eyes kindling. "It is the grandest, the most magnificent sight I have ever seen. The colors are marvelous—the reds, the blues, the greens, the grays, never the same, ever changing under cloud and sun and moon."

The only color Mike had ever paid much attention to was the red which came up inside of him when railroad workers got a raw deal. Nevertheless, he decelared: "I'd love to, Miss Sencil. I'd like nothing better than to go into this desert of yours and see what it is like."

"Why don't you?" suggested Espee. "Go down to the office and get them to mark you up on the board. It won't hurt you to work here among us deadheads a little while. I'll be out of here in a couple of weeks, and we can pack out of Holbrook through the petrified forests, and swing back through the Painted Desert. It's really worth the half your life to see."

There was deep sincerity in the conductor's tone; the girl's eyes were asking. Mike felt the urge to stay, but there was his reference. He doubted whether he could get a job or keep one for more than a few days if he did. When Jerry had gone, he confided his fears to her father. Espee was serious.

"Ordinarily," he said, "you would not have a chance in the world. But the way things have broken, with official attention already called to that deal up at Crazy Creek, you might be hired for good."

"I think I'd be wasting my time to go down, Mr. Sencil."

"It's worth the try, anyhow. I'll give you a letter to Charlie Gasperson. He's the best official I ever worked under."

Mike presented himself to the brass hat. Charlie Gasperson was short, redhaired, with keen blue eyes. Mike noticed that he had lost two fingers and that he wore the Brotherhood emblem on his lapel.

Ordinarily Mike was not nervous. It had mattered little whether he was hired or turned down. This time it was different. He hemmed and hawed.

"I'm a trainman, Mr. Gasperson," he informed. "I'd like to go to work for the A.&.P."

"I've not been hiring men, Mr. Corrigan," Gasperson said. "But I reckon a fellow can always hire one if he wants to. After that affair at Crazy Creek, I reckon the company owes you something."

Mike took the application blanks, but did not immediately begin filling them out. Gasperson kept watching him.

"What's on your mind, son?" he finally asked.

"It's my reference, Mr. Gasperson," Mike stammered.

"Tell me about it."

Mike told him.

"You know the policy of this company, Corrigan. But if you're willing to buckle down here and do a job railroading, I'm ready to give you a chance, reference or no reference."

MIKE stayed at Winslow. He soon knew that despite his possessive attitude, Jack Rentfro did not have timecard rights with the conductor's daughter. Jack was not even invited on the three weeks' pack trip through the forest and the Painted Desert. By the time they came back Mike had a hunch that he was neither going on to California nor going to let his tongue make a fool out of him again.

Things rocked along smoothly during the fall and early winter. Mike worked off the extra board for a while, and when Rentfro went up running he took the vacancy on Sencil's car, expecting to become parlor brakeman before many months had gone.

It was shortly after Christmas that trouble started. There had never been complete harmony among the four railway labor organizations. Their interests had not been in common. Opposing interest between the Engineers and Firemen, and between Conductors and Trainmen brought jealousies.

One example of this opposing interest was regarding seniority and promotion. Naturally, when a brakeman or a fireman had hired out on any given road, he went to work with the idea of being promoted, when his turn came, to conductor or engineer. Company contracts with the older orders called for employment of conductors and engineers off other roads without their having to go back and start at the bottom. The big question was this: Should the company "make" all its engineers and conductors, or should it hire part of them from other roads?

Shrewd officials, always fearful lest the organizations might grow too powerful, were ready to take advantage of these differences and use them to keep the four organizations at outs. When Trainmen made heavy demands, the companies made concessions to Conductors, and because the Conductors let the Trainmen fight their own fight, the Trainmen did likewise.

Far-sighted labor leaders feared that unless they could unite these orders under one head it was only a question of time until their whole force would be disrupted. Failing to unite, their next move was to form another organization whose aim was to bring all railroad men under one banner. It was in the late winter that this new organization, the Brotherhood of Railway Employees, was formed.

This new organization was exactly what Mike Corrigan had for years worked and hoped for. Until a young woman and an old conductor had pulled the board in his face and headed him into a blind siding he had been preaching this very thing.

It was only natural, therefore, that when the organizers came into Winslow to begin quietly building up on the A.&P., they should seek out Corrigan. They had his record. They knew what he had been doing. They expected him to throw in with them and help rally disgruntled ones to their standard.

Mike talked to Sencil. He had come to have a lot of wholesome respect for the old conductor.

"You better lay off of 'em, boy," the conductor advised. "We've got our organizations with good leaders."

"But we're not getting anywhere. We're not doing anything. We don't believe in fighting. We talk, but we won't strike."

Sencil smiled.

"A strike's a danged good club to carry, Mike," he said, "but it's a danged poor one to fight with."

"But if we pull a strike and win it?"

"That if's an awful big word right there, son. *If* we pull our strike, the first thing the management's goin' to get is an injunction. Don't you ever doubt that. Believe me, they'll get it. These Federal courts don't decide questions without askin' the boys with the dough. That's why I'm in favor of the strike only as a last resort."

"But take this Safety Appliance Act. Look how long it's taken to get that through—six years, and now five

more years before it becomes obligatory. Why, in five years, think how many men—"

"Yeah, I know. But the thing of it is, we got it, and we got it in such a way that instead of losin' friends among the public, we've won 'em. Before you can get anything like that done, you've got to educate the public, and the lawmakers. Now when we ask for something else, it's goin' to be a little easier than it was this time."

Although not fully convinced, Mike went away pondering the question. Almost he was persuaded that the conservatives were right, that the only way labor would ever come to its own was by the slow process which had resulted in the passage of the hard-fought Safety Appliance Act. Although he felt almost like a traitor to his cause, he did not join the Brotherhood of Railway Employees then. He might never have joined it had it not been for P. Murphy Scoggins.

IN January Charlie Gasperson was transferred east, and P. Murphy wore the little brass hat into Winslow. The first night he saw Mike, coupling an engine to a string of reefers headed east, he bit the end off a cigar and almost choked on it. Plainly he had not forgotten two black eyes in Osawatomie.

He strode up to the brakeman and laid a heavy hand on the jumper sleeve.

"What are you doin' here, Corrigan?" he demanded.

"Supposed to be doin' a job brakin', Mr. Scoggins," Mike returned with a laugh.

"How'd you get here?"

"I rode a freight in one night."

"You know what I mean, Corrigan. How did you get a job without a reference?"

"On my face, I reckon, Mr. Scoggins."

"You're face ain't good for a job with me," barked the new official.

"I've been here six months already."

"You won't be here three months longer," Scoggins promised as he strode to his office.

But Mike wanted to stay in Winslow longer than three months. He liked the job; he liked the land; and he liked Jerry. He wanted to stay; but from the moment he heard Scoggins' voice, he knew he would not do so. No man made many trips without violating some rule for which he could be discharged, and the time would soon come when the new official would purposely catch *him* up.

One night in February Espee took out No. 4, while Mike was called out of Winslow on a drag east with extra Conductor Barton. He had three cars of bricks for the wagon track in Holbrook. His engineer was Mose Kagle.

When the new organization had come in, trying to unite all railroad men in one blanket brotherhood, with existing organizations as branches of it, Mose had thought, as many men thought, that such a plan would help to protect their rights. He had joined them.

"It looks like a good thing for all of us," Kagle declared. Mike didn't say much. Mike had done very little talking since he come to a job with a monthly pay envelope and a pair of black eyes waiting for him. He mildly agreed it might be, but he wasn't sure.

Kagle eyed him keenly.

"I've heard you used to favor such an organization," he said.

"Yes," Mike admitted. "I've done a lot of talking along that line. I spent three years hunting a job for running off at the mouth. When I was out,

the boys who were in didn't worry about me. I'm going to worry about myself a bit this time."

Kagle said: "Yeah, I know. There's not been the protection there should have been, but this new outfit's goin' to be different."

"I hope so, but I'm waiting to see whether it is before I sign up."

They were running into Holbrook when Mike said that. He crossed to the gangway to size up the wagon track where his three cars of bricks were going.

The wagon track was a spur track then. There was a switch at the east end, and five hundred miles of mountain and desert at the other. The track held ten cars. If someone shoved in eleven, the end one took to the country and had to have a big hook to put it back on the iron.

JACK RENTFRO, now conductor, had also gone east on a drag that night. He hauled three cars of lumber for the wagon track at Holbrook. Hours before Mike came with the bricks, Jack had stopped to set out his lumber.

Jack had a student brakeman on the head end. To make sure nothing happened, he himself rode the engine to help get those cars into the spur. He was talking to Engineer Frank Hilton when they came into town, and he forgot to count the cars on the wagon track. It was now too dark to count them without walking back by them.

He asked the student brakeman how many cars were in the track.

"Six, I think," was the uncertain answer.

"Aren't you sure?"

The student brakeman, unaware that the spur track ended in the desert, decided he was sure.

Jack told him to cut off the lumber cars, while he himself opened the switch. The new man made the coupling, and they started shoving back on the cars already there.

When two cars were in the clear, the swing man's light began to talk. It was saying "Stop!" and saying it with a big "S." Jack's light and the student's light, too, said "Stop!" Frank Hilton stopped. They went back to see what was wrong. Instead of six cars in the spur there had been ten, and they had shoved two of them out into the prairie.

Jack went back to the engine. "We've sure played hell, now!" he told Hilton.

"What's the matter? Hadn't that nitwit counted those cars?"

"I'll say he hadn't. We've got two of 'em off out there in the prairie. I reckon," he added gloomily, "this means my job and yours."

Hilton was an old hand. He had been in tight spots before, and had got out by oiling his tongue with brains and not working it too much.

"We're not fired yet, Jack, my boy. Not by a danged sight," he said.

Then he proposed that instead of leaving the cars in the spur track, they cut them off, take them instead around to the *house* track, shove them into clear, couple up and leave town. Since no one had seen them and since an engine leaves no fingerprints, they could tell their tale and stand pat on it, and no trainmaster in the world could fire them for shoving those cars off the end of the spur.

That was what they did.

When Mike got there, the extra conductor did not come to the head end to help Mike set out his bricks. Mike had been railroading long enough so that he didn't need a conductor fol-

lowing him around to tell him what to do and how to do it. Besides, the swing man nosed out a hot box on an ore car, three ahead of the caboose, and Conductor Barton stayed back to help him brass and pack it.

Mike watched the wagon track as he ran in. He counted the cars, and he knew there were ten. He figured the track should be full, but when he got to the switch, he saw also that there was room for two more in the east end.

"They've either lengthened this track, or else somebody's shoved some cars out of it," he told Kagle.

"Well, for gosh sake, let's find out before we go in there," urged the engineer.

Mike walked the track and came back to the engine. He was grinning.

"Somebody's sure put two of 'em out in the desert," he said.

"What we goin' to do about it?" queried Kagle.

Mike studied a minute. He figured the consignee might want to unload bricks early in the morning. Since there was room for two cars in the wagon track, he could see no reason for taking all of them to the house.

"We'll take two of them in here and take one to the house," he decided.

"We'd better take 'em all to the house," Kagle objected. "That official outfit's apt to try to hang it on us for shoving those cars out."

"We'll nail that right away," Mike assured him. "I'll go back and tell Barton, and he can report the matter, if it hasn't already been reported."

They set out the cars. Mike went to the caboose. Barton and the swing man had been brassing their journal. They had heard the engine go into the wagon track, come out, and go to the house. Mike told Barton what had happened, and Barton reported to the dispatcher.

SCOGGINS knew when he got Barton's report on Holbrook that he had something on somebody if he could only cinch it. Cars don't walk off spur tracks unless somebody knows about it. His business was to find out who knew. He was certain, from the consist of trains going east, that the blame lay with either Rentfro's or Barton's crew.

He called Rentfro in first with Frank Hilton.

"What do you know about those two cars of flour that were shoved off the wagon spur at Holbrook night before last, Mr. Rentfro?" he asked viciously.

Rentfro did not flinch or flush. He looked straight into the official eye and asked innocently: "What cars, Mr. Scoggins?"

"Why did you not set those three cars of lumber into the spur where they belonged?" Scoggins replied with a question.

Jack looked hurt and puzzled. "Why, you see, Mr. Scoggins, that track only holds ten cars. When we came in it was full, and so we took ours on to the house."

"You did, eh?"

"Sure," Jack answered.

"Did you see whether two cars had been shoved off that track?"

"Why, no, I didn't, Mr. Scoggins: I just counted the cars."

"That's all," Scoggins said.

He called Hilton in, asked about the same questions, and got about the same answers. Convinced that this crew was innocent, he next called Barton. Barton had nothing to cover up. He had no story.

When Scoggins asked who discov-

ered the cars, off the track, he replied without hesitation: "The head brakeman, Corrigan."

"Corrigan, eh?" rasped the official. "Where were you while they were setting out those cars?"

Barton explained that he had been helping the swing man brass a journal. Scoggins then wanted to know what moves the engine made. It dawned on Barton that trouble was in the wind.

"I think it went into the wagon track, and then on up to the house," he finally said. "I'm not sure."

"That's all, Mr. Barton."

He next called up Mike and Kagle. They told him what they had found and how they had done their switching.

"That's a good story, boys," the official sneered, "but it won't stick."

"Why won't it stick?" barked Kagle.

"Because you fellows shoved those two cars off the end of that track trying to put your set out in there."

"Why us?" Mike demanded. "Were we the only crew that used that track that night?"

"Apparently you were, Corrigan."

If Scoggins had not been looking for a chance to fire Corrigan, he would probably have marked the case "Unable to fix responsibility," put out a threatening bulletin, and let it drop. He didn't. He fired both of them, gave Barton ten days, and closed the case. That is, he thought he closed it.

A Trainload of Brass Hats

MIKE was furious. Injustice stirred his memory. He recalled three years on the boomer trail, recalled all the mean things he had said during those youthful years as an agitator. He decided now that he had not said half of it.

He talked to Sencil. The old conductor advised him to let the Brotherhood handle the case. Mike went to the local chairman. The chairman told him to sit tight, and promised to do what he could.

Kagle took his case to *his* Brotherhood. Although its leaders were not half through organizing, and in no shape whatever to pull off a strike, they were anxious to try out their new machine and see how it clicked. They heard Kagle's story. They promised immediate action and took the case to the throne.

Company officials backed Scoggins. Right or wrong, they had to. Scoggins stood pat. Leaders of the new Brotherhood backed Kagle, and declared that unless he was given immediate justice, they would tie up the railroad.

Kagle urged Mike to join the new Brotherhood.

"We're going to bat with this thing," he declared stoutly. "We've got a case, and we've got men enough behind us to tie up this pike so tight a snake can't crawl over it. You line up with us, and you'll be back working within a week."

Mike figured he was fired, anyhow. Remembering Scoggins and Osawatomie, he feared his Brotherhood could not help him. He joined.

Espee was upset. "We know you got a raw deal," he admitted. "But you should have waited. We were going to get a re-hearing. We would have straightened the thing out peaceably and you could have stayed on here. Now you've tied our hands where we can't do anything."

Mike did not have much to say. Jerry was heartbroken.

"Why did you do it, Mike?" she sobbed.

"I was out anyhow," Corrigan argued. "I made up my mind to fight for my rights instead of laying down like a whipped pup and letting that heel-chewin', toe-lickin' blatherskite run over me."

Espee knew company officials, fearing the power of an organization of all employees, were waiting a chance to deal it a death blow. He knew that the older orders, fearing the baby brother might drag them into difficulty, were also hoping it might die in infancy.

In the first place, age has always been jealous of aspiring youth. That was one reason. Then the men who worked for the A.&P. were as a rule pretty well satisfied with their treatment by officials. Again, they knew the new order favored strikes.

It was easy to start a strike in '93. The new organization issued its ultimatum. It gave officials twelve hours to reinstate Kagle and Corrigan. Officials ignored it. Members quit work. Wheels stood still. But they did not stand still long. Old organizations and business men stood by the company; and two days after the strike was called it appeared certain that the cause was lost, that Kagle and Corrigan would not only fail to be reinstated, but the men who had walked out in their behalf also would be discharged.

Then two strangers came into the picture. The strikers disclaimed them, though they posed as organization men. Strikers declared afterward they were hired by the company to stir up trouble and discredit their cause.

Trains began moving—irregularly, it is true, but moving with members of the old orders at the throttle. The strangers filtered among the strikers urging them to do more than talk. They hatched schemes to destroy property, to injure workers, to blow up bridges and wreck trains.

Mike and Kagle grew uneasy. They were young. Neither had seen a real live strike in action. They did not want this kind of strike. But the two men laughed at them. They talked, and many listened. Liquor flowed. Hard-eyed men gathered in knots in saloons and on street corners, murmuring, talking in undertones, hushing when unfriendly ears were near.

Days passed. Rumblings grew. Mike knew something was ready to break. He did not know what or when or where. In the afternoon he went to Sencil's. Espee was east. Jerry expected him home on No. 3 at midnight.

Mike confided his fears to Jerry.

"You can't help it, boy," she told him.

"Maybe not, but I feel responsible. It was my job."

"Rats! It was not your job, Mike. If you'd never had a job, this thing would have come just the same. There was Kagle, and there was the new organization. Quit worrying about it, and let's go for a drive in the desert."

Mike did not quit worrying. He had a hunch he should stay in town and help keep the boys under control. He knew, however, that he could do nothing. With two agitators talking fight talk to hard liquor, he might as well keep his mouth shut. He went for the drive.

IN the Southwest spring is the time of sandstorms. Winds whipping dry earth from arid plains hurl and churn it in dense clouds. That spring the sandstorms had already come to

Arizona. This evening, however, was mild, with a full moon showing a yellow disc against the haze in the east. Mike and Jerry crossed the tracks east of town and headed southward.

In town the pair filtered among despondent strikers. They talked. Liquor listened. They watched the heavens as the moon climbed higher. A puff of wind came, and then another and another. By 11 P.M. papers, boards, and tin cans were hurtling down the street, and the wind, howling and screaming through every crack and crevice, was hurling sand eastward in dense clouds.

When the blow came the two men left the saloon; and, taking two other strangers with them, slipped cautiously up toward the deserted roundhouse, where a switch engine and four road hogs were under steam. The wind roared on. They stooped low to keep on their feet. Sand fog hid them from prying eyes.

Espee Sencil came into Holbrook on First No. 3. There was a private car next the engine, and four sleepers behind it. In the private car were Scoggins, a master mechanic, a division superintendent, a general manager, two vice presidents, and representatives from two of the old organizations. They were on their way out to try to straighten the labor tangle, either to get strikers back to work or else fire them and fill their places.

They stayed in Holbrook twenty minutes, and the train left a half hour late.

Meanwhile, Mike and Jerry drove slowly. They did not stop until they had been riding two hours, but they stopped a long while then. It was 9.50 when they turned the team toward home.

The first puffs of wind came when they had gone a mile. Mike whipped up the horses and drove rapidly, until the wind became so fierce and the dust so dense he could not see the way. He then gave the horses their heads and let them come home at their own rate.

Wind howled. Dust fogged. Jerry nestled close to him in the covered buggy. Mike looked at his watch. He wanted to be home in time to pick up Sencil, coming in with No. 3. It was 11.42. While he was holding the match to the watch, the horses stopped. When he threw the match away, and his eyes grew accustomed to the gray darkness, he could see that they had come to the crossing. The horses were stamping and flicking their ears. He wondered why as he reached for the whip to urge them across.

He did not use it, for at that instant he heard the soft rumble of an exhaust blending with the roar of the wind and storm. Since he could not see a headlight, he thought he must have been mistaken. Then he heard it again, that steady, whoosh-whoosh of an engine running eight or ten miles an hour.

Soon the bulk of a locomotive loomed out of the darkness. It clanked by not fifteen feet from him. There was no light in the cab, no face at the window. Mike looked at Jerry, who was frowning; and then he looked back at the engine. It had disappeared.

He was too dumfounded to act. He could not figure what an engine had been doing out here without a headlight. Then he remembered the two agitators and a lot of strike and wreck talk. He also remembered that No. 3 was almost due, that Espee Sencil was on it, and that Jerry was going to meet him. He seized the whip and lashed the horses into a gallop.

On the way in he confided his sus-

picions to Jerry. She did not say much. He drove straight to the office, flung the lines to her and told her to wait until he came back.

Before he went in he sized up the yard. Through the darkness he could see an engine on Track 2. It was waiting to take No. 4 east. As he went up the stairs he met Kagle and No. 4's conductor. Kagle yelled to ask about his hurry.

He did not answer, but darted to the dispatcher's desk.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" the dispatcher demanded.

Mike explained. The dispatcher scoffed, but soon he quit scoffing and thought. While he was thinking, the roundhouse reported that somebody had stolen a switch engine off the cinder pit.

THE dispatcher got busy then. With all the brass hats on his railroad headed for a head-on collision with a loose engine, it was time to get busy. He called the conductor waiting to take out No. 4.

"There's a wild engine loose east of here," he groaned. "It's heading right into the face of Three. Grab your engine and overtake it before they hit."

"Can't," growled the conductor. "Hoghead's up at the lunch counter."

"Get him and go. Three's been out of Joseph City since—"

"You've not got time to get him," Mike interrrupted. "Use Kagle. He's right outside."

The dispatcher didn't debate long. He yelled, "Get out!"

Mike got out, grabbing Kagle as he went. Kagle had a stubborn streak in him. He declared he was fired. For a second Mike thought he was not going.

Kagle was stubborn, but he was no fool. He knew that a wreck which could be laid at the door of striking union men would do his organization more harm in a minute than it could undo in twenty years. He dashed toward the waiting engine. Mike opened the switch. Kagle worked cylinder cocks, reverse and throttle. The high-wheeled passenger engine stepped away from the station and roared into the night.

Dust and sand laid a receding curtain over the track. Ten feet beyond their headlight its rays were lost in the dense fold. The curtain was ahead, but the men knew that just behind it a switch engine was chugging up the slight grade, and beyond the switch engine a passenger train was roaring down making time. Where the engine, where the train, they did not knew.

Mike and Kagle reckoned the wild engine had come over the crossing at 11.42. Mike had guessed its speed at ten miles an hour. It was now 12.12. The engine should have gone five miles. Kagle took the chance, and advanced speed to forty miles an hour. It seemed a thousand.

Fives miles out he slowed to thirty. Mike started through the front cab window.

"Where you goin'?" Kagle asked him.

"To the pilot where I can look and listen."

"You'd better stay inside. If we hit that goat with you out there, there won't be a grease spot left of you."

But he went to the pilot. The odor of coal smoke came to his nostrils, and he knew that locomotive was not far away. He was glad this passenger engine had air brakes. He remembered how for years he had talked and fought for them. He swung his lantern to a

slow sign. Kagle obeyed. The engine drifted—twenty-five, twenty. The gap should now be closing.

Mike peered ahead. Then the shape loomed out of the dust fog—a dim shape, darting closer, drawing relentlessly upon him. He shouted loud and swung to a stop sign. The brakes took hold.

Air brakes checked the speed. He stood poised on the platform. The drawbars crashed together. In the instant they struck, Mike leaped for the grab iron on the switcher. The impact of the engine striking from behind shot it forward. His arms almost came from their sockets, and his fingers slipped on the steel. He clung for life as his feet dangled. Then he found a step, and he scrambled over the tender and into the cab.

He had already known what he found. The engine was deserted, her throttle cracked, reverse up, boiler hot and full of water. He closed the throttle. When Kagle came to take charge, Mike grabbed torpedoes and fusees and sprinted up the track to flag No. 3.

NEXT morning the town was full of rumors. Everybody was talking except the men who knew. They were keeping mum.

They were still keeping mum when Mike and Kagle, invited by Scoggins, went to the office. It was full. Jack Rentfro was there squirming and staring sullenly at the toe of his shoe. Frank Hilton was there, grinning. Proud sponsors for the infant Brotherhood were also there, and staid representatives of older ones, and more brass hats than the two road men had ever seen together.

A bearded high-hat opened the session by explaining that due to misstatements of certain employees certain other employees had been unjustly discharged from their position.

He went on to say that in the light of this information, his company deemed it only just and right that the men so discharged should be restored to their positions, with full pay for all time lost.

The stranger then cast his eyes upon the brakeman and the engineer.

"Are you ready to return to work under those conditions?" he queried.

Mike looked at Kagle, and Kagle looked at Mike.

"How about the other fellows?" Mike asked.

"Oh, the boys who—who laid off work for a few days?"

Mike grinned at Kagle, nodded yes to the official.

"Their case has been handled satisfactorily to all concerned," the official assured him.

"In that case, I'm ready to go back to work and let the matter drop," Mike answered quietly.

"Same here," boomed Kagle.

Officials remained inside. Men came out. On the platform, where spring sunshine smiled and soft wind played with drifted sand, they stopped to review the investigation.

"By gosh," it was Kagle, drawing a folded check through his fingers who spoke, "I've seen something today that I never expected to see."

"What's that?" Mike queried.

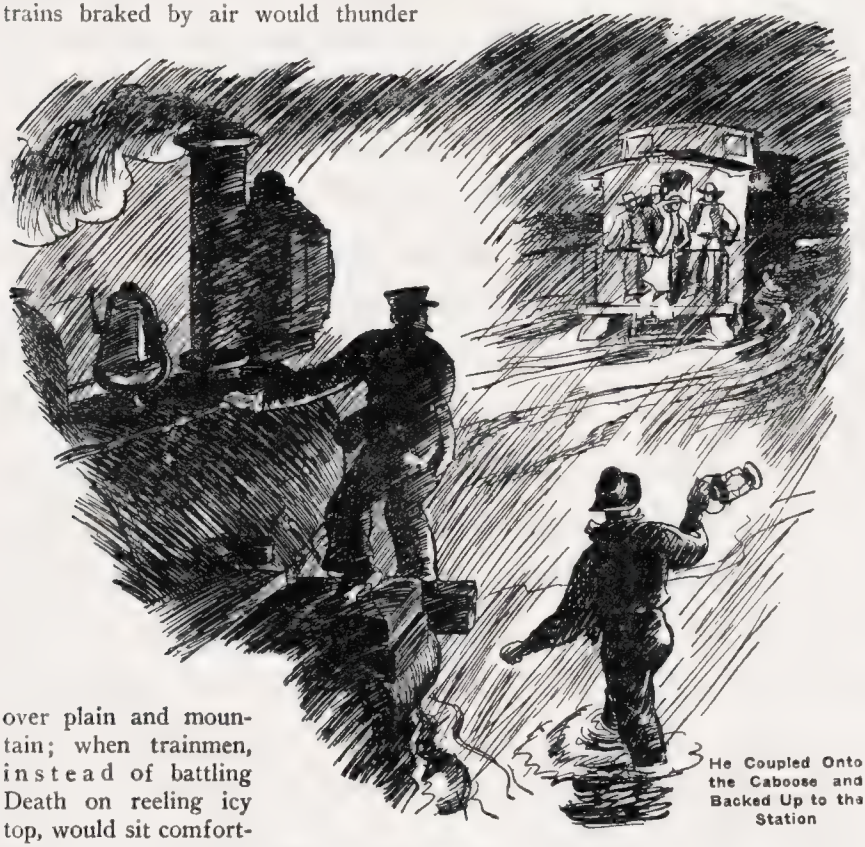
The answer came quickly:

"Railroad officials righting a wrong done a workman."

"Railroad officials," Sencil observed, "do whatever external circumstances force them to do. When organized capital was dictator, they sacrificed lives for profits; when labor, united into sane organizations, has come into its own, then the welfare of

the workmen will be seriously considered."

The others agreed. Mike walked home with Sencil. All the way he kept thinking about the day when freight trains braked by air would thunder over plain and mountain; when trainmen, instead of battling Death on reeling icy top, would sit comfortably in cab and cupola, where a touch of the hand would set brakes as if by magic. No more rushing out to obey the dreaded call. No more darting between cars to lift a link or drop a pin.



He Coupled Onto the Caboose and Backed Up to the Station

THE next day Sencil's crew was called on an orange drag east shortly after noon. Jerry went down to the caboose with Mike and her father. She was chatting with Mike while he cleaned his markers.

Alone in the caboose, they sat very close together. Neither of them heard the creak of springs when a heavy form swung up the platform. They did hear a loud, "Ahem!"

Jerry blushed, and they both looked around. P. Murphy Scoggins was standing in the open door, grinning. He sauntered in. He beamed on Mike and Jerry, asked her jokingly:

"Learning to be a brakeman, Miss Sencil?"

Mike answered for her, "Only a brakeman's better half, Mr. Scoggins."

Jerry turned a deeper crimson. Scoggins chuckled and laid a hand on

Mike's shoulder—a friendly hand such as he had laid upon it that day back in Osawatomie.

"Wrong, Corrigan," he growled. "The better half of a freight conductor. Rentfro resigned last night. I need another conductor on the board. Come up when you get in from this trip, and take your examination."

"You bet I will!" said Mike eagerly. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Scoggins."

Having finished his errand, the official sauntered out into the spring sunshine. Mike took Jerry in his arms.

"It looks like I've got the breaks at last," he said huskily.

Railroad Buys Mine to Prevent Mining

THE only recorded purchase of a mine, in order to prevent the mining of coal, has just been announced. The London, Midland & Scottish Ry. of Great Britain recently bought an important mine, one of whose principal veins passed beneath its tracks between Nuneaton and Tamworth in Staffordshire. The company's object was to prevent the mining of coal, and consequent weakening of its roadbed. Mining, carried on in this vein, caused railroad authorities to limit train speeds through the area to 30 miles per hour, which led to a two minutes' delay of every train. Now that mining is stopped, the mine has been filled up and shut off. Trains have returned to their normal speed of 65 to 75 miles per hour.

Special Freight Cars for "De Luxe Hoboes"

NOW that Spring is here, hikers in France are getting a lucky break. The French State Railways have turned over a large number of box cars for the use of engine-picture fans, gypsies, hoboes and other wanderers who can afford to hire them. These cars are painted white, inside and out, and fitted with cook stoves and hooks for hanging hammocks. For only 18 francs ($1.35) a day they are rented to parties of not less than six and not more than ten per car, regardless of sex, and may travel anywhere in France. For the additional price of a third-class ticket the "de luxe hoboes" can have their freight cars attached to fast passenger trains and travel in speed as well as comfort. North American railroads that desire to popularize their passenger traffic would do well to adopt this idea.

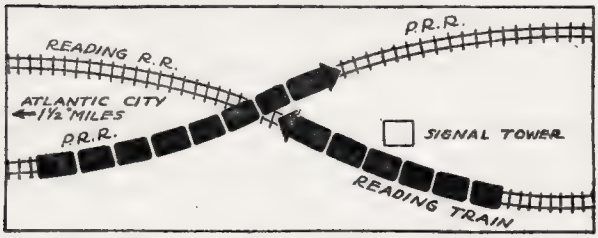
When you hit the pavement an awful smack
There's a comforting taste in that yellow pack!

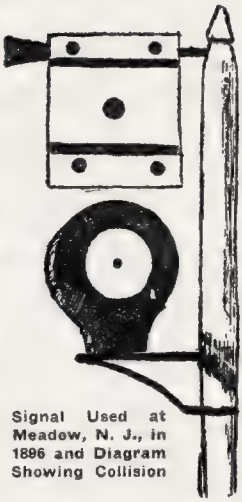
Compose yourself with

the Quality Gum

4 R

A Race That Cost 44 Lives





Signal Used at Meadow, N. J., in 1896 and Diagram Showing Collision

By E. B. HEINEMAN

Author of "America's Greatest Rail Disaster"

EDWARD FARR, a locomotive engineer on the Reading Railway, was making his last run. It was Thursday, July 31st, 1896. Farr had already turned in his resignation.

"There isn't enough money in railroading," he said. "I'm quitting the road and going into business." So he was. He and his wife had been saving money for years to open a store in Atlantic City, selling souvenirs and novelties. On August first, the very peak of the season, they were opening the store.

The boys in the engine house at Camden, N. J., wished him the best of luck. Eddie Farr was popular, and had been in engine service on the Reading since June, 1890. On one occasion he had been laid off for two weeks for not making time on the run between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, but tonight he'd bring No. 23, the Philadelphia Express, into Atlantic City on the dot. The timetable said 6.55, and 6.55 it would be.

In the summer of 1896 the 55½-mile run to the shore took seventy minutes. A year later a new Atlantic type Baldwin, No. 1027, with Vauclain compound cylinders, pulling five cars, was able to do it in 46½ minutes—at the rate of 71.6 miles per hour. That made the 1027 the fastest locomotive in the world in her day. But on July 31st, 1896, the 70-minute run was considered pretty good, especially as the boys usually shaved two or three minutes off the schedule.

Farr climbed into the cab in the dingy Camden terminal, and at 5.43 he opened the throttle for his final trip. Starting three minutes late was not unusual.

In the cab with Farr was another engineer who was going to take over his run the following day, and his fireman, Tom O'Houlihan.

Nobody knows just what Farr was thinking of that fatal day, but there can be no doubt that his mind was occupied with subjects which had little to do with his duties as a locomotive engineer. Maybe he was regretting his retirement; maybe the thoughts of his new store were uppermost in his mind.

Farr's only extended words on the whole trip were spoken to his fireman at Hammonton, a little more than halfway between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. They stopped here for a half minute, and it was here that Farr made a remark about the fire. None of the three men in the cab said anything about the fact that they were still three minutes late.

In those days travel between Philadelphia, Atlantic City and intermediate points was maintained by three railroads. Two of them were in the Pennsylvania System, namely, the West Jersey & Seashore and the Camden & Atlantic. The third, the Atlantic City Railroad, was part of the Reading.

Those three lines ran out of the coast resort on two nearly parallel tracks. The two Pennsy roads left one station and crossed the same bridge, while the Reading used a station about eight blocks below, and crossed a drawbridge of its own a few hundred yards below the other bridge.

After crossing the bridge the two Pennsy roads were obliged to cross over the double-tracked Reading line at grade. This intersection was marked by the Meadow tower, 1.7 miles from the Reading's Atlantic City terminal. After passing this tower, northbound, the West Jersey tracks paralleled the Reading's and went on to the main line of the Camden & Atlantic.

In brief, the West Jersey trains had to cross the Reading tracks in order to connect with the C. & A. This crossover was in a swampy section known as " the Meadows." The Reading permitted the crossing of their tracks by virtue of an agreement with the Pennsy dated June 11th, 1886, but normally gave their own trains the right of way at that point. This dangerous crossing was protected by a signal tower and the rule providing that all engines and trains approaching the crossing had to be prepared to come to a full stop 150 feet from the crossing unless the signal of right-of-way was displayed.

The signals were electrically controlled, and it was impossible for the towerman to give two trains a " come ahead " signal at the same time. The normal position of the semaphore, whenever a train approached, always indicated danger. If the operator gave it a white board (the " highball " in those days) all the other levers were locked automatically at red. It was utterly impossible for a towerman, even though he were drunk or half asleep, to give more than one train a clear signal at any time.

The signal could be seen clearly more than a mile away, and a train running at fifty miles per hour could be stopped within 1500 feet of any point where the brakes were applied. Under the rules, it was the towerman's duty to give a Reading train the right-of-way, unless a West Jersey train should ring the bell first, and provided that he had no exact knowledge of the position of the Reading train.

ON the 31st of July, 1896, Nicholas Long held the day trick at Meadow tower, and George F. Hauser succeeded him on night duty. Hauser was a small, slightly-built man twenty seven years old. He had been working in that tower for only a month.

Hauser arose at noon on the 31st,

The Famous 1027 on the Atlantic City Railroad. Forty Years Ago She Was the World's Fastest Locomotive, Often Making 115 m.p.h. on the Camden-Atlantic City Run. She Had 13 and 22 by 26-Inch Cylinders and 84¼-Inch Drivers. Rebuilt to No. 25 about 1904, with Smaller Drivers and Simple Cylinders. Scrapped in 1928

Meadow Tower and Crossing, Scene of Wreck

Engr. Edward Farr

strolled to the beach, and hung around some of the boardwalk refreshment saloons for about three hours, although he maintained later that he did not drink anything stronger than soda pop. That night at 6.38 he reported for duty at the tower. He greeted the day man, who completed his train sheet and left three minutes later.

Leisurely the night man took off his coat and vest—it was a warm evening—and hung them in a closet. As he turned from the closet the West Jersey Railroad indicator rang, notifying him of the approach of a southbound train. Hauser looked at the clock, saw that the Reading express was due in three minutes. Then he peered down and saw the West Jersey train approaching. It happened to be a little late, and the Reading was not yet due, so he gave the West Jersey the right-of-way at the crossover.

The West Jersey train, No. 70, was the first section of an excursion of seven coaches carrying some 700 members of the Improved Order of Red Men and their families. Most of the excursionists had come from Bridgeton and other near-by points in southern New Jersey. They had just settled themselves for the homeward trip when the train pulled into the Meadows.

This first section, which had been scheduled to leave at 6.30, was a few minutes late in getting under way. After crossing the drawbridge, No. 70 was halted near Meadow tower to wait for two other trains. This delay caused the collision.

ENGINEER FARR, home bound on his final run, had the throttle wide open to make up lost time. He was familiar with the crossover, but he knew that the Reading towerman usually gave Reading trains the right-of-way.

O'Houlihan testified later that while crossing the Meadows he, the fireman, saw a train going ahead of them on the paralleling Camden & Atlantic tracks. It was the fireman's duty to ring the bell to announce to the tower man the coming of No. 23, and he did so. At that time he was in the tender, shoveling coal. To see ahead he would have been obliged to put his head out one side. So he did not observe, until two whistles were blown, that the West Jersey excursion was coming toward him, and that nothing could stop them now from meeting on the crossover.

In that instant Farr noticed, apparently for the first time, that Hauser had set the red board against the Reading train. Farr saw that he had lost the race to the cross-

Photo from Geo. B. Ritz, 4713 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Fast-Stepper, P.R.R. 1658. This Type of Power Hauled the Ill-Fated Red Men's Special on July 31, 1896. Built at Altoona in 1893. Cylinders, 18½ by 24 Inches; Drivers, 78 Inches; Boiler Pressure, 175 Lbs.; Total Weight, 122,600 Lbs.; Tractive Force, 15,660 Lbs. This Photo Was Taken at Camden in 1897, Just Before the Engine Made a Record Run to Atlantic City, 58 Miles in 45 Minutes!

over, but now it was too late to do anything about it. Without a word he "wiped the clock." Tom O'Houlihan made a wild dive out of the gangway just before the collision, but Farr stayed at his post.

The Reading engine plowed into the second passenger coach of the excursion with terrific force at an angle of about thirty degrees, cutting the train clean in two and smashing the coach to bits. Nothing was left of that car but a mass of tangled splinters and twisted steel, in which were mixed the bodies of wounded and dead victims and their belongings.

To add to the horror of the catastrophe, the boiler of Farr's engine exploded almost immediately, deluging many of the passengers with scalding water and live steam. Then the engine toppled into the marsh.

JOHN GREINER, engineer of the ill-fated Red Men's special, took his undamaged locomotive back to the roundhouse in Camden shortly after midnight and gave this version of the story:

"My train left Atlantic City at 6.45 P.M. She was about two minutes late when we reached the drawbridge. Just as we were leaving the drawbridge I looked out of one of the cab windows and saw the Reading express traveling to Atlantic City. A Camden & Atlantic train was running in the same direction, and the two trains seemed to be racing.

"Looking up at the tower, I saw that I had a clear track. The signals are interlocking, and the fact that the white was against me would throw the red against the Reading express. As the express came thundering upon the crossing I saw that a collision was unavoidable.

"'My God, Horace,' I said to my fireman, 'he's not going to stop!'

"Then I left my seat and hurried on to the engine's steps. For an instant I was undecided whether to jump or not. Something seemed to prevent me from jumping—it may have been a hunch. I sprang quickly into the cab again. The next minute the collision came. Had I followed my first impulse and jumped I would have been crushed to death."

Calls for help were sent to Atlantic City, and large quotas of policemen, firemen, doctors and railroad wrecking hands soon appeared on the scene, together with a very large number of spectators who pressed into service all sorts of vehicles which cluttered the highway and impeded the efforts of the rescuers. Police had to beat back the curiosity seekers with clubs.

Pathetic reminders of a happy day spent at the shore were found among the débris—children's shovels, spades and sand moulds,

shells, souvenirs purchased at boardwalk shops, salt water taffy being carried to relatives at home. Clasped in the lifeless hands of one woman was an unbroken plate on which was painted: "A Merry Time in Atlantic City."

The Reading engine was a mass of scrap iron and rubbish, piled up with a smashed car and partly buried in the soft black mud. From this mass the body of Engineer Farr was taken just as the gray of dawn was showing in the east. It was with difficulty that his tightly clenched fingers were pried loose from the throttle and air brake—for he had died at the throttle, like the heroic engineers of song and story. By a strange freak of Fate, he himself was a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, whose excursion he had crashed into.

The other runner in the cab, who was to have taken over Farr's run on August first, also perished in the wreck.

AT Coroner McLaughlin's inquest a few days later, witnesses testified that the two trains had been racing to the crossover. George Hauser, the towerman, looking pale and worn from brooding over the tragedy, said he had given the clear track to the excursion train when he saw that the flier was a mile or more away.

He insisted that Farr had plenty of time in which to stop his train if he had tried to do so. "I heard no sound of the Reading train putting on brakes," he declared.

"Trains at crossings," Hauser pointed out, "are governed by signals and not by schedules or anything else. Even if a train is behind time, the towerman is expected to use his own judgment in deciding whether or not it is to be given the right-of-way. I looked in both directions before giving the signals. These signals can be seen for a mile and a half."

Immediately after the collision the sig-

The Wreck Cast a Pall on Atlantic City's Vacation Season. Boardwalk, Beach and Amusement Pavilions Were Deserted; Thousands Gathered to Watch the Wrecking Crews at Work. Sketch Made on the Scene by a Staff Artist for the N. Y. Herald

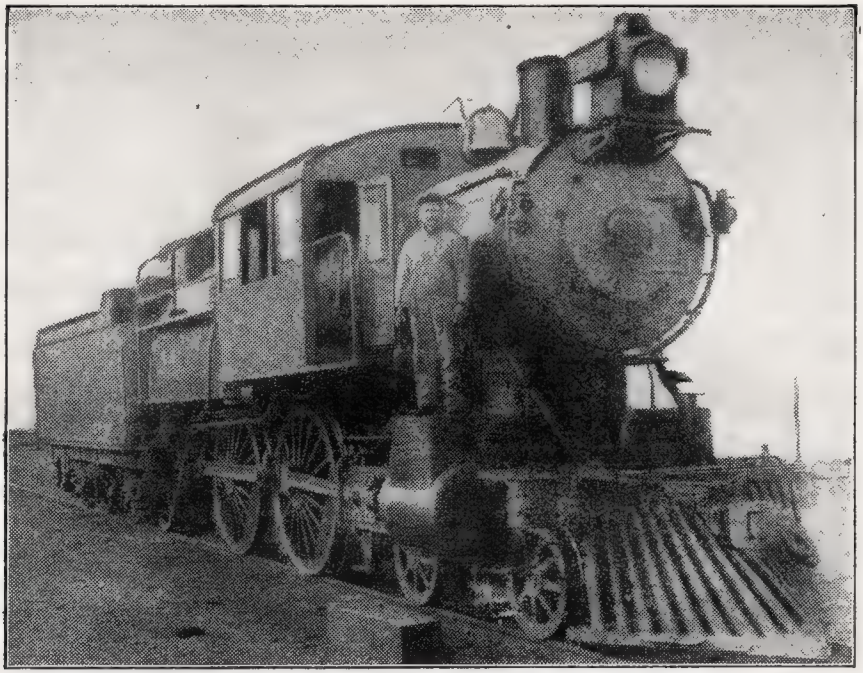


Photo from D. E. Blome, 1112 Spring St., Reading, Pa.

No. 266, Camel-Back 4-4-0 Type of Locomotive Used by the Reading Railway to Haul Its Passenger Trains at the Time of the "Race That Cost 44 Lives." A Few Engines of This Type (D5 Class) Are Still in Branch-Line Service. Cylinders, 20 by 22 Inches; Drivers, 68½ Inches; Boiler Pressure, 200 Lbs.; Tractive Force, 21,839 Lbs.

nals were examined and found to be in the position described by Operator Hauser.

Both the Pennsy and the Reading companies did everything possible for the care of the victims, sparing no expense. Both roads were represented at the inquest with their lawyers and high officials. Later the jury visited the scene of the wreck and listened intently while E. O. Dayton, superintendent of the same road, described how the block signal system was operated. On August 7th, 1896, came the verdict:

The jurors are of the opinion that the cause of the collision was the failure of Edward Farr, engineer of train No. 23, to give heed in time to have his train under proper control on approaching the signals and crossing, under the rules.

The jurors further declare that the towerman, George F. Hauser, may have used poor judgment in his estimate of the distance away of the Atlantic City Railroad (Reading) train when he gave the white board to the West Jersey & Seashore excursion train, No. 70.

A double funeral was held from the little novelty shop on Atlantic Avenue that the Farrs had planned to open on August first, the day after Farr quit the railroad. Mrs. Farr was in the store, which was gayly bedecked with streamers and a horseshoe floral display labeled "Success," when the news came of her husband's death. The shock killed her instantly. A crowd of five thousand attended the double funeral.

The catastrophe at the Meadows threw a pall over the seashore resort at the height of its season. Amusement booths and pavilions were closed, the famous boardwalk was deserted, and flags floated at half staff all over the city until all of the bodies of victims had been buried. A final check-up showed 44 dead and 70 injured.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

DOES the piston of a forward-running locomotive move backward when it slides toward the rear end of the cylinder, or does it always move forward?—A. S., Trenton, N. J.

Assuming that you define movement in relation to the ground over which the locomotive passes, the piston of a forward-running locomotive always moves forward, even when it is in the middle of its backward stroke. Obviously if it is to move backward in relation to the ground it must cover a distance about equal to half the circumference of the driving wheel, since during the course of a single stroke the driver makes a half revolution. The specifications of most locomotives show that during a single stroke of one of their pistons they move a distance at least three times as great as the stroke; and hence the piston can never move backward in relation to the ground while the engine is running forward. A moment's thought will tell you that no engine could be built to work otherwise, since the stroke of the piston cannot very well be longer than the driver's diameter, which itself is considerably less than half its circumference.

W. S.—The largest and most powerful 0-4-0 type of which we have record is Pennsylvania Class A-5s, which has 20 x 24 cylinders, 50-in. drivers, 185 lbs. pressure, weighs 131,750 lbs., exerts 30,192 lbs. t.f.

IN the cartoon on page 59 of your December, '35, issue you state that Long Island engine No. 307 was scrapped and its bell hung in a church. On a recent visit to New York, almost the first L. I. engine I saw was No. 307, her bell clanging noisily. Please explain.—J. L. K.

The Long Island *did* scrap No. 307, but it bought another engine to take its place and numbered it 307. This engine was formerly No. 3062, Class H-6sb, of the PRR.

DOES the size of the locomotives they operate have anything to do with the wages enginemen are paid?—W. R., Drayton, N. D.

Yes; wages sometimes vary as much as 20% according to the weight of the locomotive, on the principle that it takes more out of the men to operate the heavier machines. See page 83 of last July's issue for a list of sample wage rates.

WHAT is meant by tractive force?
(2) Is engine 377 of the M-K-T still in service?—J. M., N. Y.

(1) It is a convenient rating of the engine's pulling power, but since it is calculated from the engine's dimensions, it gives the pulling power developed at the rims of the driving wheels when the locomotive is starting its load. The force which the engine exerts in moving the train (drawbar pull) obviously is less, since it uses some of its tractive force to start itself and tender. A 300-ton motive power unit, for example, requires almost 2,000 lbs. of force to start moving.

(2) According to our records, yes.

A. C., Montreal.—The New York Central System owns 41 wrecking cranes, the largest of which are located at the more important terminals.

T. G.—The following steam railroads operate in the State of Arizona:

Apache
Santa Fe
Magma Arizona
Ray & Gila Valley
Southern Pacific
Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend
Verde Tunnel & Smelter
Yuma Valley

New Gals That Are Setting the Style

Three of America's Latest Steam Locomotives: (Top) The "Thomas Jefferson" or No. 600, First of Five Monster 4-8-4 Types Built by Lima for the Chesapeake & Ohio. Because of Enormous Boilers They Can Develop More Horsepower (5,000) Than Any 4-8-4 Yet Built. (Center) No. 700, First of Four 2-8-4 Types Just Completed by Lima for the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton. (Bottom) No. 108, One of Two Light 4-8-2 Types Completed by Alco Last Fall for the Bangor & Aroostook

The Last Steam Locomotive Built by the Brooks Locomotive Works at Dunkirk, N. Y.: No. 10 of the Crossett Western Co. She Has 18x24 Cylinders, 44-Inch Drivers, 190 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 168,000 Lbs., Exerts 28,500 Lbs. T. F. See Answer to H. F. K.

R. T. P., Chicago.—With 6,616 miles of line, Illinois Central stands thirteenth among U. S. railroads in mileage. In operating revenues, however, it claims seventh place, with only the PRR, NYC System, SP, AT&SF, B&O and C&O ahead of it.

WHEN and for whom did the Brooks Locomotive Works at Dunkirk, N. Y., build its last locomotives?

(2) *In the February issue you state that the NYC owns 50% of the P&LE stock. Who owns the rest?*—H. F. K., Cleveland.

(1) The last real locomotive was No. 10, a 2-8-2 tank type built for the Crossett Western, a lumber company; it was shipped March 1, 1929. Photo on this page. Six months later, however, the Brooks Works shipped a snowplow (No. 706) to the Southern Pacific, which was the last piece of motive power—if it can be classed as such—to be made in the plant.

(2) A few years ago the Vanderbilt family (also the largest individual stockholders in the New York Central) held 17% of P&LE stock, and the rest was owned by various individuals and firms in lots of not more than 5% each. According to our best information, the lineup is still about the same.

PLEASE print a short history of both the New Jersey Midland and the Montclair Railway of New Jersey.—W. R., Batavia, N. Y.

The New Jersey Midland was chartered in 1870 and opened in 1872. When completed it ran from Jersey City to Middletown, 88 miles. It was operated by the New York & Oswego Midland until 1875, when it went into receivership. In

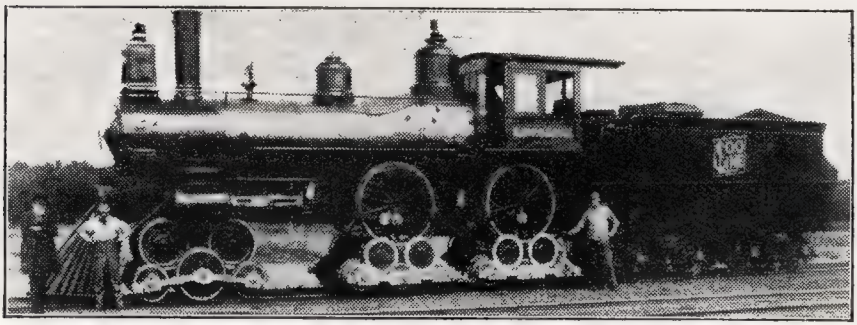


Photo from I. N. Morrill (See Page 117)

More Than 40 Years Ago Soo Line Engine No. 6 Was Equipped with the Famous Holman Trucks, Which Were Designed to Increase the Potential Speed of a Locomotive. Although They Were Used for Demonstration Purposes All One Summer in Its Shoreham Yard, the Soo Never Allowed No. 6 in Road Service While the Trucks Were Under It. Later the Trucks Were Shipped East and Used on the South Jersey R.R., Where They Finally Gained the Unkind Nickname of "Holman's Absurdity." (See Pages 38 and 39 of Our April, '34, Issue)

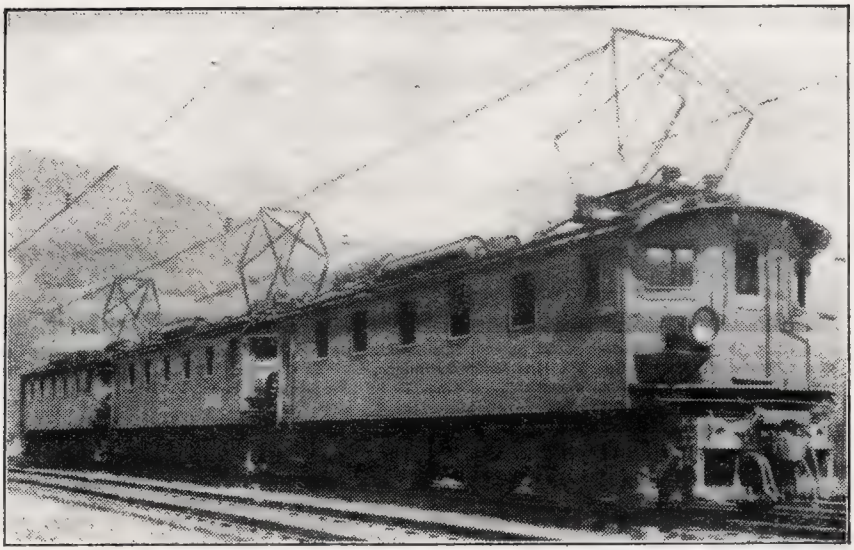


Photo by T. B. Annin, 13 May Terrace, Maplewood, N. J

Boston & Maine Electric Engines Nos. 5000, 5005 and 5006 Waiting at the East Portal of the Famous Hoosac Tunnel (See Page 52) to Take a Westbound Freight Train Through the Bore

1881 it consolidated with the Paterson Extension, the Midland Connecting, the North Jersey, the Water Gap, and Pennsylvania Midland to form the New York, Susquehanna & Western, which is now part of the Erie. Practically all of what was the old New Jersey Midland, therefore, is now part of the Erie's NYS&W line.

The Montclair Railway of New Jersey was opened in 1874. It ran from Jersey City to Greenwood Lake, 41 miles (with branches, 54). After going bankrupt in 1875, it was sold and reorganized as the Montclair & Greenwood Lake; and it was again sold and reorganized as the N. Y. & Greenwood Lake three years later, at which time the Erie gained control. It is now part of the Erie.

I HAVE noticed that the new Atlantic types (the Milwaukee's Hiawatha, CPR 3000) have their main rods connected with the first set of drivers, but that the older ones have theirs connected to the second. What is the advantage of the former arrangement?—W. M., Chicago.

Connecting the main rod to the first set of drivers on a four-coupled engine is not particularly new, since not only were all the old 4-4-0's so connected, but some of the older Atlantic types as well. The Santa Fe, for example, is still using many of them. This practice produces a smoother-running and better-riding machine and it obviously reduces the weight of the reciprocating parts. Probably the only reason that some of the older Atlantics are connected to the rear set of drivers was the fact that the drivers were too far forward to permit anything else.

ARE there any characteristics besides the wheel arrangement which designate the type of a locomotive?

(2) *For what reasons were engines given their wheel arrangement?*—A. W., Chicago.

(1) What you probably want to know is whether or not there are locomotive types based on characteristics other than wheel arrangement. The answer is that there are to a limited extent, but that they are not nearly so important as wheel arrangement. We have compound and simple types, superheated and saturated types, fire-tube and water-tube types, and lots of other types. None of them, however, identify a locomotive so completely and tell so much about it as its wheel arrangement; thus it is logically the ideal standard for classifying engines.

(2) To answer this adequately would demand a history of the locomotive, and we haven't room for even a brief one here. Years ago we printed a pictorial history of the locomotive called "The Development of the Locomotive" which answered your query to a certain extent, but the issues in which it appeared are no longer available. We suggest you look up material in your library on the subject; situated in a large city, you should have no trouble in finding what you want. We

also suggest you follow our series of articles by Arthur Curran, who discusses a specific type in each article. The next will concern itself with the Mogul type; those already printed have taken up the eight-wheeler, the Consolidation, and the Forney types.

O. P.—The Denver & Rio Grande Western still operates its line from Alamosa, Colo., to Santa Fe, N. M. Between Alamosa and Antonito it is standard gage; between Antonito and Santa Fe, narrow-gage.

E. M., Greenwich, Conn.—The only two-foot gage common carriers operating in North America for the last decade are, or were, the narrow gage roads of Maine. They were discussed in great detail in an article by Linwood Moody in our issue of last September.

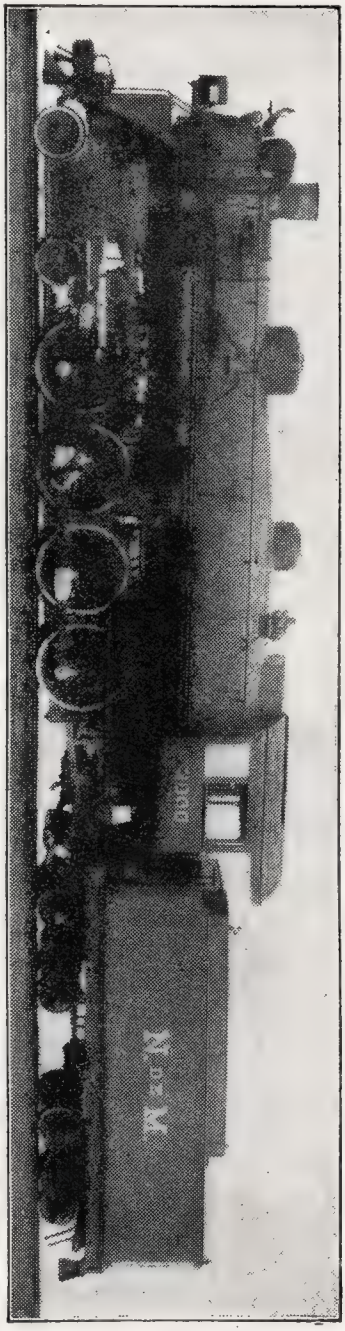
(2) See answer to R. R. for history of Cornwall & Lebanon.

M. B. C.—More than a year ago the New York Central discontinued the practice of having passenger trains running in more than one section display green flags for the following section. Apparently the change was made for simplicity's sake.

W. N., Philadelphia.—The Montour R.R., which runs between Montour Jct. and Mifflin Jct. and Groveton and Moon Run, Pa., was incorporated in 1917 as a consolidation of the Montour Ry., the North Star & Mifflin, and the Pittsburgh & Moon Run. A coal-carrying road owned by the Pittsburgh Coal Co., it operates 57 miles of track, has 21 locomotives, 1,479 cars, employs around 400 people, and is in excellent financial shape.

J. L.—What is (or was) the Coal Fields Ry. was formerly the Stone Canyon RR, which ran from McKay to Stone Canyon Jct., Calif. A couple years ago the Coal Fields was still running between McKay (on the SP) and nearby mines, but the line to Stone Canyon, up in the mountains, had not been used for years. See page 92 of our Nov., '33, issue and page 135 of our June, '34, issue for additional data and photo.

C. S., Underwood, Minn.—The railroads of the Northwest are in much better condition than they were two years ago, and of them all the Great Northern is probably in the best shape. Its operating revenues in 1935 were about 15% greater than in 1934, while operating expenses were only 2% higher. This left a net railway operating income (out of which fixed charges have to be paid) more than three times that of the Northern Pacific, whose total operating revenues in 1935 were two-thirds as much, and almost six times that of the Milwaukee Road, whose total



This Unusual Locomotive, Probably the Largest 4-8-0 Ever Constructed, Is One of Five Similar Engines (Nos. 3000-3004) Built by Baldwin for the National Railways of Mexico a Few Months Ago. She Has 28x28 Cylinders, 67-Inch Drivers, 200 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 288,000 Lbs. Without Tender, Exerts 55,700 Lbs. T. F.; Will Be Used in Passenger Service

Another New Iron Horse for American Rails! This Is No. 5350, 4-6-4 Type of the Baltimore & Ohio, Built Last Fall in Its Mt. Clare Shops. She Is Class V-3, Has 22½x29 Cylinders, 80-Inch Drivers, 350 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 365,000 Lbs. Without Tender, Exerts 52,000 Lbs. T. F. (64,100 with Booster), Is Being Used Between New Castle, Pa., and Chicago

operating revenues were 11% *higher* than the Great Northern's.

(2) The coaches of the North Coast Limited which bear the inscription CB&Q are owned by the Burlington, which operates the train between St. Paul and Chicago.

R. R., Des Moines, Ia.—The Cornwall & Lebanon, a standard-gage line which ran between Lebanon and Conewago, Pa., 22 miles (24 with branches), was chartered in 1882, opened in 1883, and in 1886 merged with the Colebrook Valley RR (Conewago to Cornwall, 16 miles). In 1889 it had 12 locomotives and 74 cars. It is now part of the Pennsylvania. Its narrow-gage subsidiary was the Mt. Gretna Narrow-Gage, a two-foot line which ran from Mt. Gretna to Governor Dick, 4 miles, and which was opened in 1889 and closed the same year. It had 3 locomotives (photos in issues of Jan and Feb., '36) and 8 passenger cars.

(2) The Wiscasset & Quebec later became the two-foot gage Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington, now abandoned. It was the subject of an article by Linwood Moody in our March, '35, issue.

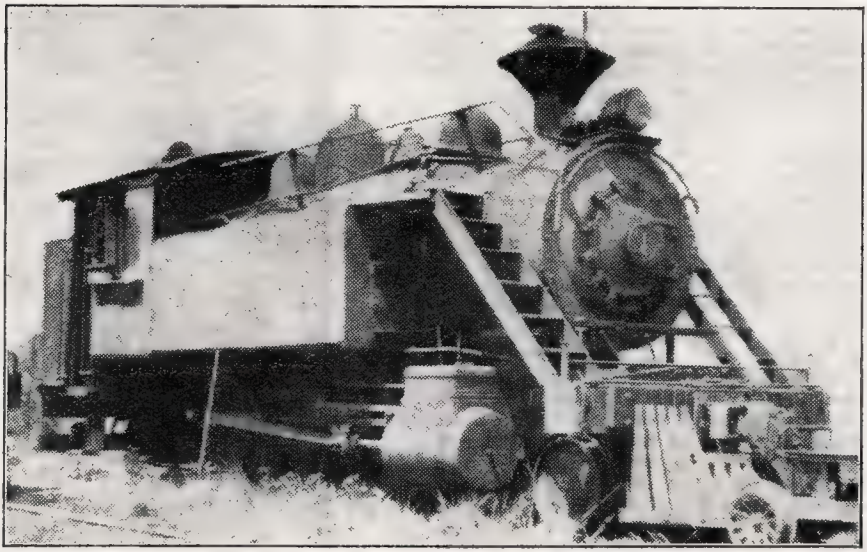


Photo by H. Luttropp, P. O. Box 104, Orofino, Ida.

No. 1 of the Craig Mountain Ry. (See Answer to H. L.) Snapped at Winchester, Ida., Last Summer. She Is 2-6-2 Tank Type, Was Built by Brooks in 1908

ARE pilot wheels of a locomotive equipped with brakes?

(2) *What is the history of the Durham & Southern?*—M. G., Angier, N. C.

(1) While two-wheel leading ("pony") trucks rarely if ever have been fitted with brakes, they are not uncommon on four-wheel leading trucks. In fact, most fast passenger engines these days are using them.

(2) The Durham & Southern was incorporated in 1904 as a reorganization of the Cape Fear & Northern. It runs between Durham and Dunn, N. C., 59 miles, has 6 locomotives and 15 cars, and employs about 100 people.

H. L., Moscow, Ida.—The Heisler geared locomotive, built by the Heisler Locomotive Works, uses inclined cylinders to drive a central shaft which is connected by flexible couplings and bevel gears to one axle in each of its two or three trucks. The other axle of each truck is driven by side rods connecting the two wheels.

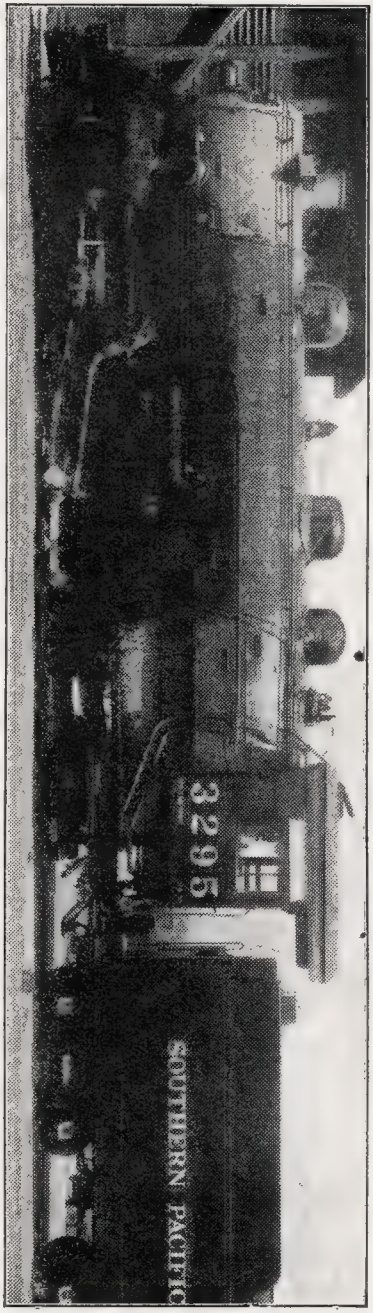
(2) The Craig Mountain Ry was incorporated in 1921 to acquire and operate 6 miles of road in Idaho, between Winchester and Craig Jct. It is still operating (very much in the red, incidentally), owns one passenger car and one serviceable locomotive, and is in turn owned by the Craig Mountain Lumber Co.

H. O., N. Y. City.—The Wharton & Northern was incorporated in 1905 as a consolidation of the Morris County Conn. Ry and the Port Orange RR. It runs between Wharton and Green Pond Jct. and Wharton and Wharton Jct., N. J., 17 miles, owns 22 cars and employs about 15 people. It was acquired by the CRRofNJ in 1930.

W. H., Greenwich, Conn.—A short history of the New York, Ontario & Western appeared on page 83 of our Dec., '35, issue. The roster of this road was printed in our April, '32, issue, in which Nos. 225-228 were listed as having been built by Alco. No construction date was given.

I. N., Yelm, Wash.—The 4-6-4 is the Hudson type; the 4-8-0, the twelve-wheel type; the 2-10-4, the Texas type; and the 4-8-4, the Northern, or Dixie, or Pocono or Greenbrier type—depending upon the road which uses it.

(2) The St. Paul & Duluth was chartered in 1857 as the Lake Superior & Mississippi. Completed in 1870, it was leased to the Northern Pacific until 1874; but it was later acquired again by the NP, of which it is now a part. The Milwaukee Road has trackage rights over it.



From D. L. Joslyn, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif.

This Mikado Was No. 102 of the Minarets & Western Until She Was Purchased by the S. P. a Year Ago. Built by Brooks in 1923, She Has 24½x28 Cylinders, 51-Inch Drivers, 180 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 251,500 Lbs. Without Tender, Exerts 50,400 Lbs. T. F.

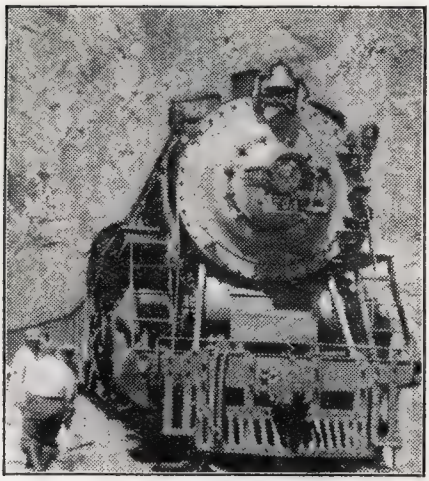


Photo by W. Thrall, Jr., 9103 Conn. Ave., Chevy Chase, Md.

Denver & Rio Grande Western Trains Running Through the Famous Royal Gorge by Day Stop There Ten Minutes. This One, "The Westerner," Stopped 3½ Hours in July, 1932, When the Front Pair of Drivers on Engine No. 1704 Went Off the Rails

J. C. C., Detroit.—The Eastern Kentucky, which later became the East Kentucky Southern, and which is now abandoned, was incorporated in 1870 to succeed the Kentucky Improvement Co., which in turn had been incorporated in 1866. The line was opened in 1879, and it ran from Riverton to Webbville, Ky., 36 miles. It had three locomotives and 18 cars.

R. H.—There were at least four Peninsular Railroads in U. S. history. One of them was projected in 1892 from "San Quentin Bay, Mexico, and surveyed to the U. S. boundary." It was never constructed. Another was a logging road which operated about 34 miles of standard gage track in Washington. A third ran in Michigan, and the section of it in Upper Michigan is now part of the C&NW, while the section in Lower Michigan is part of the Grand Trunk. The fourth Peninsular RR is part of the Visalia Electric RR of California.

(2) Following is a list of steam roads operating in Tennessee:

Alabama Great Southern (Southern)
Central of Georgia
Clinchfield
Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific (Southern)
Rock Island
East Tennessee & Western North Carolina
Gulf, Mobile & Northern
Harriman & Northeastern
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
Little River
Morgan & Fentress
Mobile & Ohio
Missouri Pacific
Nashville & Atlantic
Norfolk & Western
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis
Oneida & Western
St. Louis—San Francisco
St. Louis Southwestern
Southern
Tennessee & North Carolina
Tennessee, Alabama & Georgia
Tennessee Central
Tennessee
Union
Yazoo & Mississippi Valley (IC)

J. R. D., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.—The Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, now part of the Southern system, was chartered in 1881, when it leased the Cincinnati Southern, which had been begun by the City of Cincinnati in 1869 and completed in 1880. In 1907 it ran from Cincinnati, O., to Chattanooga, Tenn., 338 miles, and owned 174 locomotives and 11,352 cars.

(2) At the time we write it does not appear probable that the Florida East Coast will rebuild that portion of its Key West extension destroyed by hurricane. At least, it won't if it can help it.

Additions, Corrections and Comments

IN our January issue we told the world that the three 2-ft. gage 4-4-0's built by Baldwin for the Mt. Gretna Narrow Gage were the only 2-ft. gage American types ever built. "You must have forgotten," writes T. Norrell of 38 Union St., Greenfield, Mass., "the American type built for the 2-ft. gage Gwalior Light Railways of India by Kerr, Stuart & Co. of Stoke, England. It had 8 x 15 cylinders, 30-in. drivers, 140 lbs. boiler pressure, weighed 13 English tons, and was equipped with American style pilot and headlight." We'd like to say we had forgotten this; but the fact of the matter is that we didn't know about it. Thanks for the information!

In our February issue we told W. O. S. that the California Western RR & Navigation Co. owned only five engines. Several readers have contradicted this statement, and point out that it owns eight oil-burners, seven of which are in actual service. They are Nos. 11, 12 and 17 (2-6-2T type); 21, 22, 23 (2-6-2 type); 38 (4-6-0 type); and 41, which is out of service (0-6-0 type). But don't blame us; we got the information from the data supplied to the "Pocket List" by the railroad company itself.

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

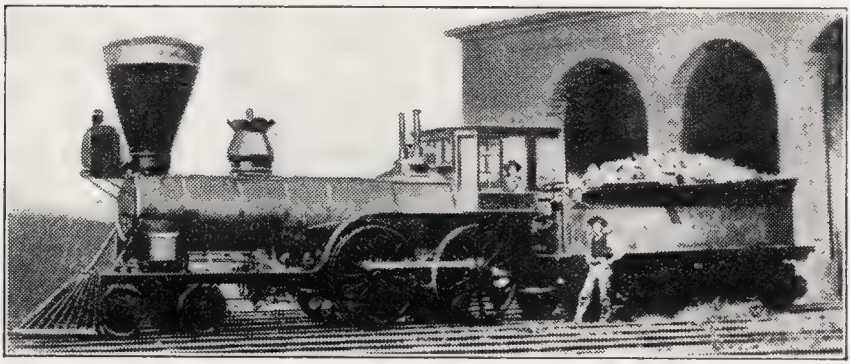


Photo from Chas. E Fisher, 6 Orkney Rd., Brookline, Mass.

One of the First Wood Burners Owned by the Northern R.R., Which Later Became the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain—No. 5, the "Deer," Built by Kirk of Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1850 and Sold to the Northern in 1852. She Had 16x20 Cylinders, 68-Inch Drivers, Weighed 26 Tons

Wood-Burners

By WATSON B. BERRY

THE wood-burning locomotives and iron rails on that rugged pioneer railroad, the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain, which ran from Ogdensburg to Rouses Point, on Lake Champlain, disappeared during my boyhood. The seven years from 1879, when the substitution of steel for iron rails began, to 1886, when it had been completed and when coal-burning locomotives had superseded the wood-burners, were packed with thrills for boys who lived at Lawrence, my home town (now North Lawrence). Besides being a wood station, Lawrence was an important live stock shipping point and the site of the last of the rail repair shops maintained at several points for the repair of iron rails.

We boys of Lawrence found abundant opportunities for "riding on the cars" and picking up a good practical knowledge of railroading at first hand. To get to actually know and speak to an engine driver, to ride on the fireman's seat, was aiming high, but I made it and became a persistent train and engine rider from my tenth to my fifteenth year, when I was packed off to an academy. I have forgotten much of what I learned in the academy, but all that I learned from the trainmen, conductors, firemen and engineer, the rail repair shops and live stock yards has stuck in my memory like a burr.

Of course, I was in a preferred position, for my father and his brothers were large shippers of live stock, besides furnishing a substantial part of

the wood used in the locomotives. I remember hearing brother say in the early '80's:

"With only thirty-odd engines, the O. & L. C. bought over 46,000 cords of wood last year. That would make a pile seventy miles long. I hope the road does not turn to coal-burning engines soon, but they are bound to come. Most of the roads are using coal now. They all started with wood-burning engines except the B. & O., and even that road had a few wood-burners."

"How did you find out about that?"

"From Abraham Klohs, superintendent at Malone. He keeps pretty close track of all that is going on in the railroad world. Some time within the next ten or a dozen years Mr. Averell, the new president, will bring in coal. They can carry it to Ogdensburg by water. Besides, he has a new son-in-law named E. H. Harriman who, they say, has a lot of up-to-date ideas about railroading. Mr. Averell has got him on as a director of the O. & L. C. I hope he turns out to be as good a railroad man as the old-timers."

(That was the first time I heard the name of Edward H. Harriman. His directorship of the O. & L. C. must have been one of his earliest, if not indeed his first.)

BUT I was not concerned with railroad officials. Engineers and conductors were more to my liking. Up to '83 I had never ridden in a locomotive, except in a switching engine, and that somehow didn't count. The swell locomotive of the O. & L. C. was the "W. J. Averell," named after the road's president. She was a beauty. She was brass-bound, and her bell shone like silver. Her cow-catcher with its two brass sockets to hold flags, the leather seats in her cab, the big tender piled high with the sweet smelling 16-inch blocks of seasoned maple and beech wood from my father's woods, and last and most important of all, Watson Hunkins, her massive and kindly engineer, were eye-filling and awe-inspiring.

I resolved that I would not only ride in the "Averell," but it would be something more than what we called a "siding ride." I would ride to the next station, and come home on the local freight. That would be something!

Craftily I followed my campaign. A few days later, when the "Averell" was being refueled, or "wooded" as we said, I sidled up to Watson Hunkins, ready to swing up to his throne.

"Hello, Mr. Hunkins," I ventured.

"Why, hello. What you doing down here in the wood yard, all dressed up

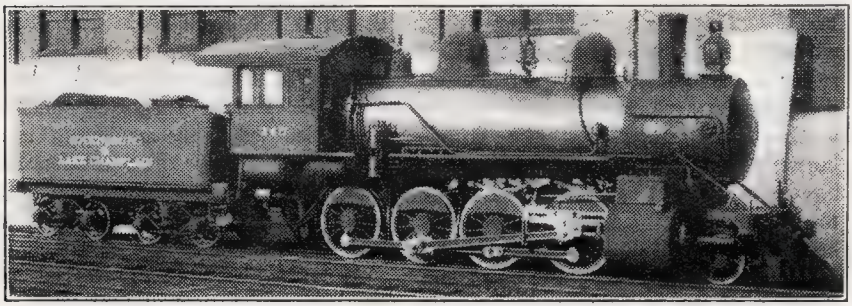


Photo from Jos. Lavelle, 4615 66th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

One of the Last Engines Built for the O. & L. C. Before It Became Part of the Rutland Was a Cross-Compound Schenectady 2-8-0. She had 22 and 34x28 Cylinders, 54-Inch Drivers, and Weighed 153,000 Lbs. Without Tender

with a new straw hat? And what you got in that basket?"

"Plymouth Rock eggs and some of our Oldenburg apples, the first of the season."

"I'd like to buy that basket just as it is, but I haven't any money with me."

"They ain't for sale, Mr. Hunkins. I'm going to give them to you."

"Oho! What you driving at, Wattie?"

I felt that I had hit a bull's eye. To be addressed by my nickname by Watson Hunkins was almost as good as riding in the "Averell."

"Well, Mr. Hunkins, I want to ride on the fireman's seat to the next station, and I want you to fix it so I can come home in the caboose of the local freight."

Then my heart sank. I got stage fright and was almost ready to run for home. A half-grave, half-humorous look from the great Hunkins' eye perked me up.

"Here, give me that basket and up you go into the cab. But look here, Wattie, both of us may catch it for this. What do you suppose old man Averell would do to me if he heard of it, and what do you suppose your ma will do to you if you get home late for supper? They say she doesn't approve of us railroaders because we cuss and chew tobacco. Well, I'll have to take my chances with the Old Man in Ogdensburg and you'll have to take chances with your ma."

That ride took just fifteen minutes, but every fraction of a second in those few minutes was packed with a thrill. The fireman continuously stoked, a steady stream of wood blocks going into the firebox. The "Averell" was some wood-eater, and I began to understand that 70-miles wood pile my father talked about. In the years that have passed since then I have ridden countless thousands of miles with the great and the near-great in my capacity as a newspaper man, but my ride in the "Averell's" cab with my hero Watson Hunkins stands out in memory over them all. At the station Hunkins helped me out of the cab and went into the station for orders. He came out with an order in his hand.

"I'm sorry for you, boy. The local is held up a couple of miles west of here with a hot box or something. You'll be an hour late getting home, and you'll get a darned good licking."

"Well, it was worth it. I'd take a licking any day for such a grand ride."

"That's the ticket! But now, come to think of it, I believe I can fix it so you won't get a licking. Your dad owns those big wood lots. Everyone is trying to buy wood lots so as to furnish wood for the railroad. Well, here is a little secret that may save him a lot of money. Old Man Averell has bought two Moguls—the biggest sort of engines. They're coal-burners. They are coming from the Rhode Island Locomotive Works and will be delivered in a few weeks. In a year and a half there won't be a wood-burner left and all the wood lot owners will have to depend on maple sugar. Your pa won't be glad to hear that. But he can sell out his wood lots to the speculators and let them do the worrying."

It was long after dark when I reached our kitchen door. My father and mother were in the dining room waiting my return. The station agent knew all about my adventure and had told them. To divert attention from my misdemeanor I rushed almost breathlessly into the room.

"They're going to take off the wood-burners and use coal—two new coal-burning engines coming next month,

and soon they'll all be burning coal."

That was real news—big news to my father. He had been a bull on wood lots. Now he switched to the bear side, and finding a ready sale for his wood lots, sold them.

In the summer of 1886 the two Moguls arrived, as predicted by Hunkins. Up to that time we, like all our neighbors, burned wood in our home. In 1887, we, too, switched to coal in the house, as did the others. With coal heaters installed we all wondered how we had ever managed to get through those long northern winters on wood. The O. & L. C. had set the pace and we were glad to follow.

The Skipper Uses His Head

By HARRY R. DRUMMOND

IT would be obviously unfair to attempt to compare railroad men of today with railroad men of the Gay Nineties, for railroading today is as different from railroading of the Gay Nineties as are the telephone and the automatic signals different from the old Morse and order board.

But we old-timers who can look back to the good old days love to kid ourselves into thinking that we did a pretty good job of railroading with nothing but rails, cars, engines and nerve to work with. The old single track, the straight dispatching, the switching of air cars ahead, the old hand brakes, the link-and-pin-couplings—all were pretty crude, but they managed to do a lot of work just the same. And the men. Well, those old-time roughneck cussing fellows somehow got there and got

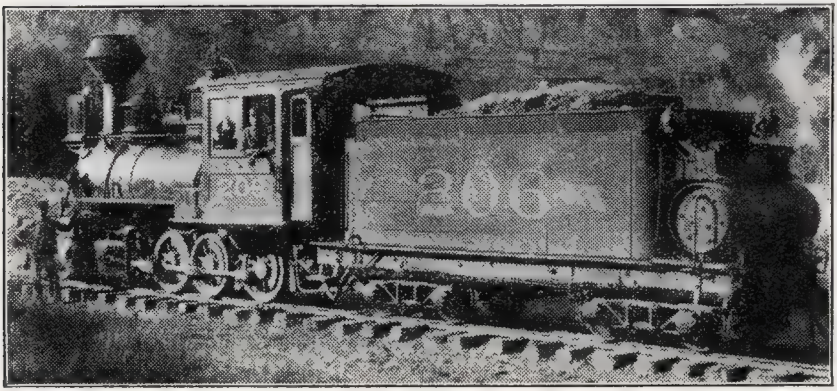


Photo from Fred Jukes, Blaine, Wash.

This Narrow-Gage Denver & Rio Grande 2-8-0, No. 206, Was Snapped Below Table Rock, near Chama, N. M., 28 Years Ago, with Engineer Wm. Edwards and Fireman L. Loomis

back. And the regular fellows were not all on the lower rungs of the ladder. Many of the brass collars were just about as regular as any of the men under them.

Take the old Denver & Rio Grande, say in 1895. On the first division, Denver to Salida, 217 miles, there were to be found almost every kind of railroading except the simple kind. The altitude was 5,200 feet at Denver. At Palmer Lake, 52 miles away, it was 7,300 feet. Colorado Springs, 75 miles from Denver, was 6,000 feet and Pueblo, 120 miles from Denver, was 4,670 feet. Pusher engines were required from Castle Rock to Palmer Lake and from Husted to Palmer Lake. All had to be returned to the place whence they came, and that meant each pusher had to run light and as an extra, with "31" orders.

J. J. Burns was superintendent at Pueblo. Handsome, smiling, and genial, he was always a gentleman. He was the superintendent, however, and ran his division as it should be run. Trainmaster J. M. Walker was a fit companion for him—efficient, pleasant and competent. The chief dispatcher was a different sort. He was a hard taskmaster, disliked by most of the boys, he simply did not have it in him to be anything but a dictator. He fired men right and left, and it was one of the banes of his existence that most of them were put back to work by Mr. Burns.

One dull day Mr. Burns was in the dispatcher's room with not much of an excuse for being there. Our discussion was about trainmen.

"There are some conductors who simply will not be laid out," said one dispatcher. "No matter what happens they keep on going."

I thought so, too.

"Oh, I don't know," piped up Burns. "A good dispatcher can lay anyone out if he sets his mind to it—and frequently when he has no intention of doing so. Do you know any conductors that cannot be laid out?"

I came back with:

"You bet I do. There are several of them. Mort Suiter, for instance, or Ed Ellis, right here on this division. They go in spite of hell."

"Well, some time when one of them happens to be out call me and I will show you how to lay 'em out," smiled Mr. Burns.

"All right. Mort Suiter is eastbound on an extra right now. He is just out of Colorado Springs. He has a drag and here and now is a good chance for you to show us how it is done."

Burns sat down at the key and called Pikeview. He sent an order telling Suiter to go in on a blind siding, where there was no means of communicating with headquarters, and wait there for an extra west. It was simple, except there was no extra west for him to wait for. He was tied up for fair. But in those days a conductor had to use or lose his head.

"Now," said Burns, "let's see him get out of that. Leave him in the hole awhile and then call me and I will show you how to get him out." Then he went back to his office.

Two hours later he was sent for. Entering the dispatcher's office, he said: "Getting nervous?"

"Oh, no," was the answer. "Number Twelve came along and Suiter put a flag on her and is following her into Palmer Lake. Now show us just how you would go about it to lay that bird out."

Well, Burns was stumped. He had to admit Mort Suiter was pretty good.

Riding the Freight

By JAMES C. SOUTHCOTT

I AM sitting beside an open window in my lonely hall bedroom, smoking my pipe and thinking. The wail of a locomotive whistle pierces the night. Maybe it comes from a new Hudson type pulling a string of Pullmans out along the iron trail. Or maybe from a freight hog steaming out of the yards with a mile-long freight drag, bound for God knows where. To me that engine whistle is not merely a sound, but the call of adventure. What memories it brings back, throwing them like pictures upon the sensitive screen of my mind! . . .

Lying in the fresh spring grass on the outskirts of some "hostile" town, at the end of the yards, waiting for a manifest hot-shot. The train is made up, down there in the maze of tracks, but the road engine is not yet in sight. Hours seem to pass as you watch and wait. It is a fine, warm night. From the lake nearby is wafted a chorus of baby frogs croaking with the joy of new life. The moon, like a lamp, sheds a soft white radiance over all, throwing some objects into sharp relief and others into inky shadow.

A sudden breeze blows off the lake, rustling through the trees and grass. Down in the yards, lanterns bob about like fireflies. A switch engine snorts up and down, her side-rods clanking, and a series of dull bangs and crashes denotes the making-up of a train. Perhaps they are still at work on the red-ball, your train!

Ah! What's that? You tense, all alert; straining eyes and ears. From far down the track is heard a low humming like that of a giant tea-kettle. That sound can mean but one thing, a road engine. A dazzling white eye appears, throwing a sliver of brilliance down the track—an eye that grows in size and brilliance each moment. Then a muffled crash, and you know she's coupled onto the string.

The freight may be "hitting the ball" by the time she reaches the spot where you are, so you'd better be ready. From the big Jack come four long blasts of the whistle, then two short. "Highball!" The humming changes into a roar and hiss of steam. The squat stack of the road giant emits the bark of her exhaust.

You crouch in the deep shadow of a bush. The bulls may be riding the manifest out, and you take no chances of being seen. You wait until the engine has passed, enveloping you in a warm haze of steam from the cylinders. Then you stand up and measure the train as she slides by.

NOW! You run out onto the cinders beside the track. For a moment you stand, getting set, like a runner before the gun.

Being a red-ball, there will be no empties, so it means riding the decks or else a tank-car, flat, or gondola—if there are any such in the string.

Better grab her now; the hogger is beginning to ball the jack. You run with the train, careful of your footing as well as you're able in the darkness.

You make a grab at a ladder—and miss! Stumbling, you fall on your hands and knees—clear of those death-dealing wheels, thank Heaven!—but rise quickly.

Then another grab for a ladder—the train is really moving, now. This time your hand closes 'round the cold, clammy steel, and holds. Your feet leave the ground and slam into the iron stirrup. You've made it!

After hanging there a moment to get your breath, you climb the side ladder to the deck. At last you reach the top. The wind tears at you as the cars lurch and gather speed in sudden jerks. The big Jack up ahead is settling down to the job of going places.

Well, you're aboard, and lucky to have made it; she was going almost too fast! Now to find a place to sleep. Far too windy up here on the cinder-swept tops. There must be a flat, gondola, or even a tank-car down the train aways. You stand up, your trouser legs and coat flapping in the wind, and you start walking toward the rear of the train, jumping the black chasms between the cars.

One thing to remember: Look out for bridges! If you've been over that section of track before, you know the lay of the land fairly well. But if not, keep your eye peeled for over-passes when you're taking a promenade over the lurching, swaying decks of a fast freight.

At last, about eighty cars back, you find a flat car, a haven from the wind. Descending by the end ladder of the box car from which you sighted your "find," you pick a nice place where you can lie down and sleep.

The lights of a small town flash by; and up ahead, the whistle screams warning to crossings. What music to the vagabond soul! Lulled by the roar of the train, the swaying of the car, and the rhythm of the wheels, you doze off into deep, untroubled slumber . . . The train rolls on . . .

If you are lucky, you see the glorious flush of dawn creeping over the hills. Sunrise on the road thrills you; it fills your soul with exultation.

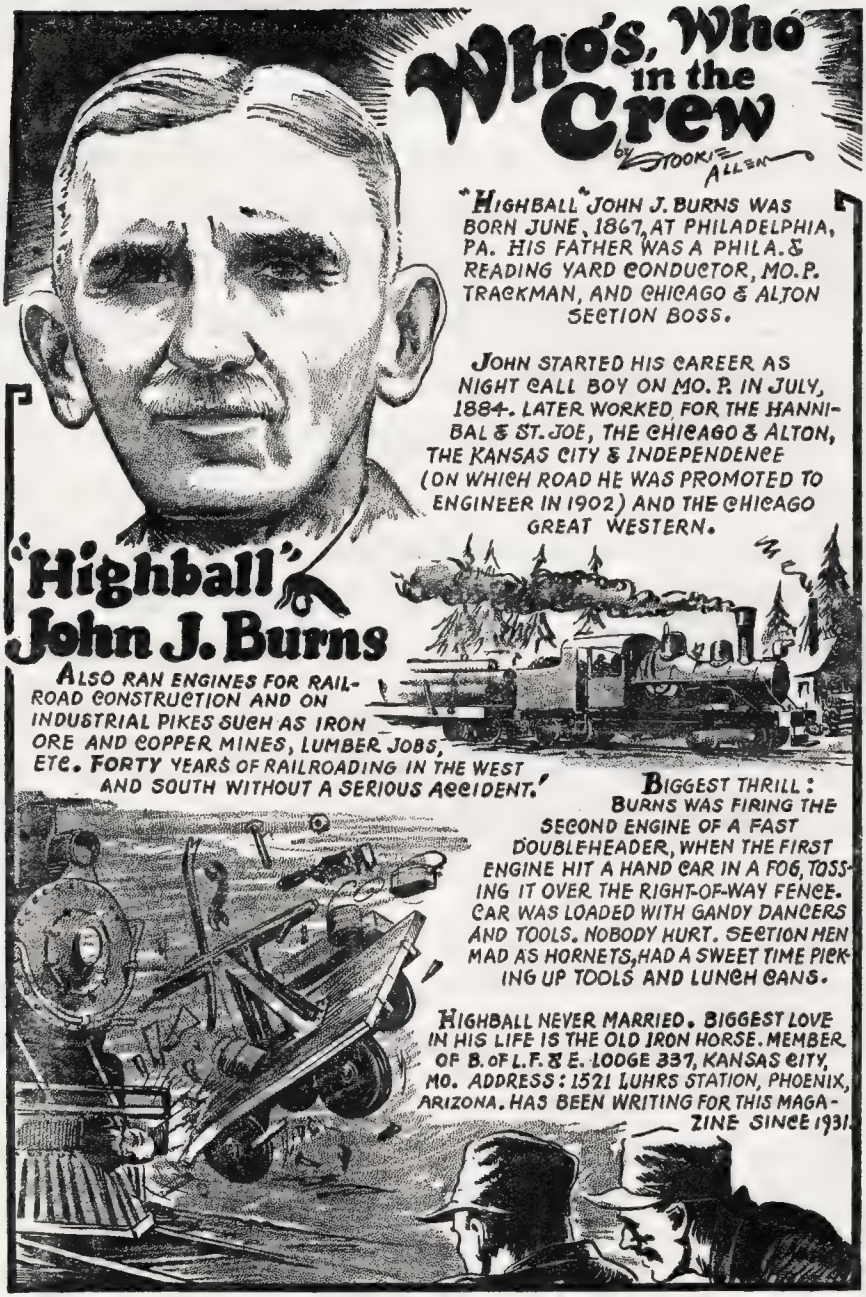
By and by you realize that you are hungry, and you fish around among your scant belongings for the package of sandwiches and can of soup you got at the Greasy Spoon the night before. While you are leisurely eating breakfast, speeding along smoothly on a four-track pike, another train running in the same direction races your freight and gradually overtakes you.

She proves to be a crack limited, with shiny new Pullmans and a dining car. The latter pulls up to your flat, and for a while she keeps pace with you, neck and neck. You stop munching the sandwich to watch the swells eating in the diner right beside you. A fellow and a girl—they look like newlyweds—grin at you with understanding that makes the whole world kin.*

Gee, it's great to be alive on a beautiful spring morning, as the rail joints click under you, the flying cinders beat a merry tattoo, and the landscape rushes past—orchards abloom in flaming pink and white, the dogwood trees with petals like snow, the purple lilacs and wisteria, dairy maids milking the cattle, birds from the Southland wheeling overhead, young colts frisking in the pasture, and farmers beginning the day's plowing, as the train roars on . . .

These pictures from the gallery of memory come to me now in my lonely hall bedroom, after hearing a locomotive whistle pierce the night.

**See cover painting by Emmett Watson.*


Who's Who in the Crew
by Stookie Allen
"Highball" John J. Burns
"HIGHBALL" JOHN J. BURNS WAS BORN JUNE, 1867, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA. HIS FATHER WAS A PHILA. & READING YARD CONDUCTOR, MO. P. TRACKMAN, AND CHICAGO & ALTON SECTION BOSS.
JOHN STARTED HIS CAREER AS NIGHT CALL BOY ON MO. P. IN JULY, 1884. LATER WORKED FOR THE HANNIBAL & ST. JOE, THE CHICAGO & ALTON, THE KANSAS CITY & INDEPENDENCE (ON WHICH ROAD HE WAS PROMOTED TO ENGINEER IN 1902) AND THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN.
ALSO RAN ENGINES FOR RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION AND ON INDUSTRIAL PIKES SUCH AS IRON ORE AND COPPER MINES, LUMBER JOBS, ETC. FORTY YEARS OF RAILROADING IN THE WEST AND SOUTH WITHOUT A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.
BIGGEST THRILL: BURNS WAS FIRING THE SECOND ENGINE OF A FAST DOUBLEHEADER, WHEN THE FIRST ENGINE HIT A HAND CAR IN A FOG, TOSSING IT OVER THE RIGHT-OF-WAY FENCE. CAR WAS LOADED WITH GANDY DANCERS AND TOOLS. NOBODY HURT. SECTION MEN MAD AS HORNETS, HAD A SWEET TIME PICKING UP TOOLS AND LUNCH CANS.
HIGHBALL NEVER MARRIED. BIGGEST LOVE IN HIS LIFE IS THE OLD IRON HORSE. MEMBER OF B. OF L. F. & E. LODGE 337, KANSAS CITY, MO. ADDRESS: 1521 LUHRS STATION, PHOENIX, ARIZONA. HAS BEEN WRITING FOR THIS MAGAZINE SINCE 1931.

Next Month—Another Boomer Hoghead, James Deegan

Broken Links

By "HIGHBALL" JOHN BURNS

ORKING in a Chicago yard long years ago in the old link-and-pin age of railroading was a yardmaster who was shy the thumb on his right hand. Despite his handicap, however, he always used his maimed hand to give trick signals to new yard men. He would come hot-footing out of the yard office, touch the top of his old cap with his right hand, and then hold the top of his old cap with his right hand up in the air and his fingers spread. This might mean to head in on either Track 4 or 5. Generally a new man would go for Track 5, whereupon the bull of the yards would let a bellow out of him, paw up some cinders and repeat his gymnastic performance.

Thereupon the hogger would give his regular spiel: "That bird," he would tell the new man, "is shy the thumb on his right hand and he only uses it to give Track Four signals. He uses his left hand for Track Five."

"What the Sam Hill does he expect a man to do?" was the usual retort. "Chase around through the yard to count the fingers he has left every time he pinches a few off?"

* * *

ONE cold winter's day a young road runner was hitting the ball in the grain yard, batting out fast ones for the yard men to catch and tie down. When both injectors on the old goat refused to work and he saw the water in the glass doing a nose dive, he set up a squawk for more water. The conductor told him to try the blow-off cock and see if he had any water at all in the old kettle, since they only had one more track to switch. But the hogger kept up such a racket about the water that they finally pulled the pin and sent him to the house.

He spotted the engine at the water tank, hopped off and chased into the roundhouse for more help. The fireboy climbed back onto the tank to take water and found the manhole cover frozen on so solidly he had to take a coal pick to knock it loose.

By this time the kid engineer returned to the engine with the roundhouse foreman, two machinists, the boilermaker and couple of helpers. The roundhouse foreman was first man up. He reached for the old Monitor injector, and she commenced to purr for him like a pet cat. You see, the darn tank was frozen up air-tight, and the old Monitor could not suck a drop of water out of it.

At times there are things that a man might like to forget, but it is blamed hard to forget them with a roundhouse foreman, two machinists, a boilermaker and a bunch of helpers to remember them for you!

* * *

PULLING the brewery on a hot day was a job the different yard crews were fond of, for there was always a cold bottle of beer for each of them. We were returning to the yard one afternoon with two cars of beer we'd switched out at the brewery when we heard something pounding around in the engine tank.

"There must be some of them sway-braces or baffle plates loose in the tank," said Old Joe, the engineer.

But we paid no attention to it then. That night Joe made out a work report at the roundhouse desk in which he asked the house to examine the engine tank for loose sway-braces. The next morning the hostler asked Joe if he knew what was wrong in that tank.

"No," Joe replied. "Not unless one of them braces was loose."

"Braces, me eye!" the hostler said. "There was a keg of beer in that tank, and the boilermaker's helper got it out. The whole roundhouse gang was out under the coal chutes pulling off a party when I found them."

"What was the trouble?" Joe wanted to know. "Didn't you get any of it?"

"Hardly any," the hostler sadly replied. "It was only a small keg."

When Joe got back to the engine he asked Shorty if he put the beer keg in the old goat's tank when we pulled the brewery.

"Shure," said Shorty. "Did you find it? I lost it. When I put it in there the blame tank was half full of water, and I had no way to fish the damn keg out."

* * *

CHRISTMAS day that year rolled along with the mercury down in the cellar and a foot of snow on the ground. In those good old days a great many saloons handed their early morning customers a Christmas present—generally a pint or half pint of holiday cheer. Old Frank, the third man on the yard crew, had made a collection of Christmas presents and packed them in the lantern box on the rear end of the engine.

When Joe turned in the engine at the roundhouse he went back to the lantern box and resurrected the life-savers, climbed back into the engine cab, jerked open the firebox door, slammed all that whisky into that firebox, and up against the flue sheet. The old air pump came to life with a wild and joyful whoop, and, boy, you could smell whisky all over the job.

The roundhouse foreman and a main line engineer were looking over an old freight hog. The engineer was trying to convince the foreman that all he needed to do to that old hog was to jack up her whistle and put a new engine under it. But the foreman was a stubborn old cuss and he was trying to convince the hogger that the fact that the old hog had a wheezy exhaust, a hop-skip-and-jump in her valve motion, a few leaky flues, her piston packing blown out and a couple of flat wheels was not sufficient reason for taking her out of service.

About that time they both got a breath of the hot whisky with which Joe's pet goat perfumed the fog.

"Joe," the old man says, "that certainly is a new one on me. Where the heck did she get that whisky?"

It took Joe a long time to live down the Christmas Day he brought in his pet switcher with a whisky breath!

* * *

OUR company storekeeper was an old tightwad. To jolt him loose from any company supplies was some job. Every month he would send out a couple of dozen new links and pins along with the other company supplies and a notice for the yardmaster to be careful with them. The result of this move was that old Mike, the yardmaster, had got together as fine a bunch of link and pin snatchers as ever worked on any man's railroad. Links, pins, switch chains, rerailing frogs or a bunch of empty grain cars in the harvesting season—all came in handy, if they happened to be loose at both ends and could be moved at all.

Switchmen working on the night shifts had to furnish their own lanterns. One morning an old boomer pin-puller struck old Mike for a job in the garden.

"Yes," Mike said, "I can use another man on the night shift. If you can scare up a lantern you're hired."

The old boomer walked across the tracks to a terminal switch shanty, swiped the first lantern he could lay his hands on, and told Mike: "If you need any more lanterns, I'll go back and get 'em for you."

* * *

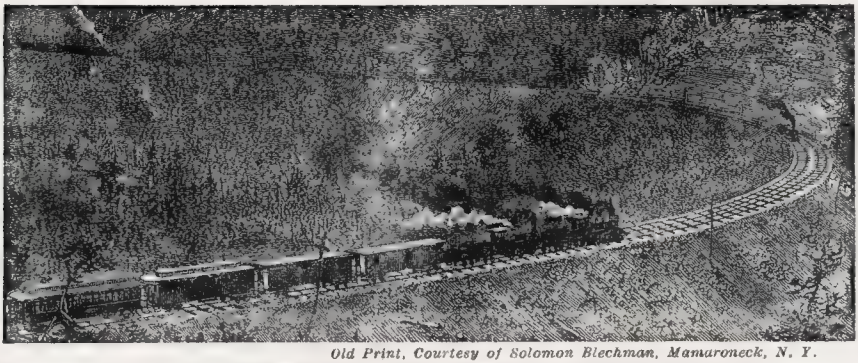
OLD Jerry Monahan was a regular old night hawk. Jerry claimed he had railroaded for thirty years and had never done a day's work in his life, and that he still carried the same old battle-scarred lantern with which he did his first night's switching. I do not remember how many sleepy engineers' lives Jerry claimed to have saved by throwing the lantern through a cab window to wake them up when the engineers were about to run a flag on him, but I remember he also claimed he would never throw his lantern when he could find a link or pin handy.

Monk Taylor, the night hogger, told a green fireboy one night to keep an eye on old Jerry's signals. The lad got his head out the cab window and reported to Monk that Jerry was not giving any signals at all, but that he was having "one hell of a scrap down there with that dom lantern."

* * *

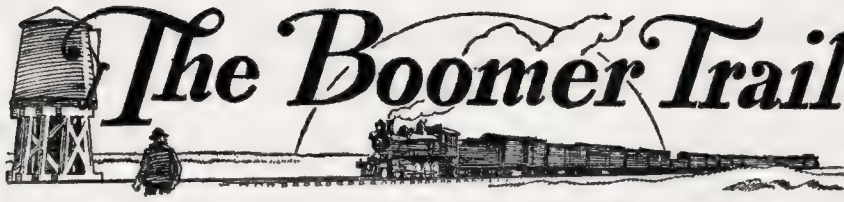
THE company stored about a hundred empty grain cars one summer in an old mill yard, locked the gates and forgot about them. When the wheat harvest got under way the cars were ordered north. Some car tinks and oilers were sent to the mill yard to get the cars ready to move, and when they got to work they found every car robbed of its journal brass. Brass thieves had broken into the mill yard, and had got away with over 800 four- and five-pound journal brasses. They had made a clean sweep.

Speaking of stealing reminds me of the grain thieves. They could get grain out of cars without breaking car seals or opening car doors. They would get under a loaded grain car with a two-inch augur, bore holes in the car floor, fill their grain sacks, and drive plugs in the holes. Invariably the loss of the grain would not be discovered until the car was opened for grain inspection.



Old Print, Courtesy of Solomon Blechman, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

The Famous Horseshoe Curve on the Pennsy as It Looked Sixty Years Ago



DOES my record qualify me as a private in the Boomer army? I fired the engine that pulled the first train from Denison to Houston, Texas. Will Gray, supt. of the Katy, often called me, back in the days when he was a call boy. I fired the first *Golden State Limited* on the T.&P. between Big Springs and El Paso. Engineer "Kid" Hadlock got a new suit of clothes for bringing her in on time. All the fireman got was a backache.

I fired the first trip made by W. E. Butler out of Tucson when he was set up. (He wrote "My Happiest Christmas," Jan., '35.) I ran the first engine in Key West, Fla. She was delivered on a barge while the main line was still 90 miles away. People there 65 to 70 years old had never before seen a locomotive!

One summer I worked on the C.N.J. I fired the engine that had pulled Lincoln's funeral train after she was sold to the Houston & Texas Central. I fired on the G.N. out of Havre, on the Santa Fe out of Raton, and on the A.&P. out of Needles, and ran an engine on the Frisco out of Frances, Okla.

Would like to hear from Charley Berry, conductor, whom I picked up out of the middle of the track after he had been rolled between a car and the station platform while switching, and saved him from being cut to pieces.—WM. G. BRIGGS, Tonopah, Nevada.

* * *

HEARING recently that the U.P. was hiring men, I made my way to Ogden, Utah. There I saw a man, too blind to pass the doctor without glasses, pay a hobo to take the exam for him—and he got the job! I'm still looking for a job. In booming round the world, including England, France, Germany, Italy, India, Australia, China, Japan, Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Central and South America and points between, I have collected more than 6,000 snapshots of trains, engines, vessels and such.—M. W. JOHNSTON, 426 Kentucky St., Vallejo, Calif.

* * *

ABOUT 3 years ago I saw a B.&O. freight wrecked at the 75th St. crossing of the Chicago Belt and the Wabash when she ran through an I.C. train. The engine landed on the lever system at the side of a tower and the cars piled up against the side of the building.

On June 22, 1918, I drove to the circus train wreck at Ivanhoe, Ind., and saw bodies lifted from the ashes with shovels. There were 68 killed, 127 injured. E. J. Baker told the story of this tragedy in an article, "When the Circus Went West" (Feb., '35, issue).

I saw a wreck at 106th St., N. Y. City, in which the engine was burned. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have no record of such a wreck.*) Early in 1915 I saw coaches and sleepers scattered in every direction on the I.C. at Homewood, Ill. At another time I passed a freight wreck west of Hannibal, Mo.

Again, I watched 2 big hooks hoist an engine up a high embankment at Evansville, Ind., down which she had plunged for a swim in Pigeon Creek. The crew jumped and escaped unhurt. At another time I saw a cylinder-head blow off the right side of an I.C. engine in the same city.

In 1903 I made several "side-door Pullman" trips, crossing Illinois several times. One night the train stopped with a bang. Two cars ahead, a car with a wheel off and the truck crosswise of the track had stopped almost on a wooden trestle. Ties were torn up for a long distance. The engineer, having felt the drag, had stopped just in time to prevent the bad-order truck from tearing down the trestle and piling the train in the ditch!

One night a year ago a woman across the street saw a red glare in the yards of the B.&O. and called the fire department. A freight stopping for water had dropped a red one from the caboose. The firemen came, took up the fusee, extinguished it, threw it away and returned to their quarters. And this in Chicago!—HARRY ENTLER, 6632 S. Irving Ave., Chicago.

* * *

HAVE just completed a 12,000 mile hobo trip through the West. Rode the C.&N.W. "400," Milwaukee to Eau Claire. Boy, does she travel! Also rode "The Mountaineer," Chicago to St. Paul in 8 hours. The wheels did not accumulate any rust on the trip.—C. B. CULMER (furloughed brakeman), Tylersburg, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE hoboed over much of the territory described by Turkey Moore in Oct. issue. He spoke of Gen. Jeffries, whose daughter became the wife of a friend. I knew the General in 1910. He was elderly then; so I doubted that he was still living, and checked up on Mr. Moore. I found the General was alive, so I apologize to Turkey for even thinking he was romancing; but I still look with supercilious eye upon those cloth-top button shoes he wears in the picture alleged to have been taken on the plaza in La Paz, of all places!—W. T. GREENE, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

ONE night while I was handing up a 19 order to a Central Vt. fast freight, something swung off and ripped the heavy planking of the platform near my feet. Later, when the train stopped at a terminal, an examination showed that a steel rail had danced off a flat car of rails, hit the platform, and then gone into a car of wheat.

Another time down in Mexico, bandits took over my office and told me to beat it. They took my instruments for their kids to play with.

I overlooked a 31 order for a westbound passenger train on the Buffalo & Susquehanna at Cross Fork Jct., Pa. After the train had been gone 10 minutes I walked down the mountain and caught it where it backed down into the Greco lead. It was a switch-back country. When the dispatcher asked for "sig," I found I'd overlooked it, so I gave him the con's name and caught the train. Trainmen never told anything in those days. They got paid for railroading, not for unraveling red tape.—RALPH A. SNYDER (author of "Closing Days"), 535 B St., Brawley, Calif.

* * *

I AM a furloughed fireman and extra runner, Springfield subdivision, B.&O. I want to hear from boomers who have worked here.—W. N. UPTON, Gen. Del., Flora, Ill.

* * *

IN 1902 I was switching in the S.P. yard at Wadsworth, Nev. The town was overcrowded and lodgings were at a premium. One stormy night I was accosted by a tough-looking fellow who said he had not slept for 3 nights and could not find a room. I told him I had one he could use if he got out by 7.30 A.M. When I entered my room next morning my guest jumped up with a gun pointed straight between my eyes.

He explained, after I had quieted him, that he had killed a man in a feud and the law was after him. He was heading for Utah, where friends would take care of him. The man seemed to have plenty of money. He shared my room for 3 nights, then bought horses and headed across country.

Three months later I received a good sweater by express from Rifle, Colo. About that time a D.&R.G. train had been held up and robbed in that vicinity. I never heard from the fellow after that, but I have often wondered if the sweater was bought with the spoils of that hold-up.—ED. HUFFSMITH, 243 Atlantic, Long Beach, Calif.

H. E. LAMB'S letter in Jan. issue interested me. Lamb sent me the first train order on my first job as operator on the C.St.P. M.&O. more than 38 years ago. He was second trick dispatcher at that time; later was chief. He also was trainmaster on what is now the C.G.W., and for 2 years was dispatcher on the old Wisconsin Central. In 1917 he volunteered in the U. S. Engineer Corps at the age of 61 and saw service overseas, returning to the C.St.P.M.&O. after the world had been "made safe for democracy."—GEO. S. JOHNSON, 402 Newton St., Salisbury, Md.

* * *

DOES anyone know the whereabouts of my grandfather, Dan Davidson, formerly boiler-wash inspector at Albuquerque, N.M.? Last heard from, he was with relatives at Ft. Worth, Tex.—ROBT. WILSON, JR., 420 W. Pear St., Compton, Calif.

* * *

Big Four Route

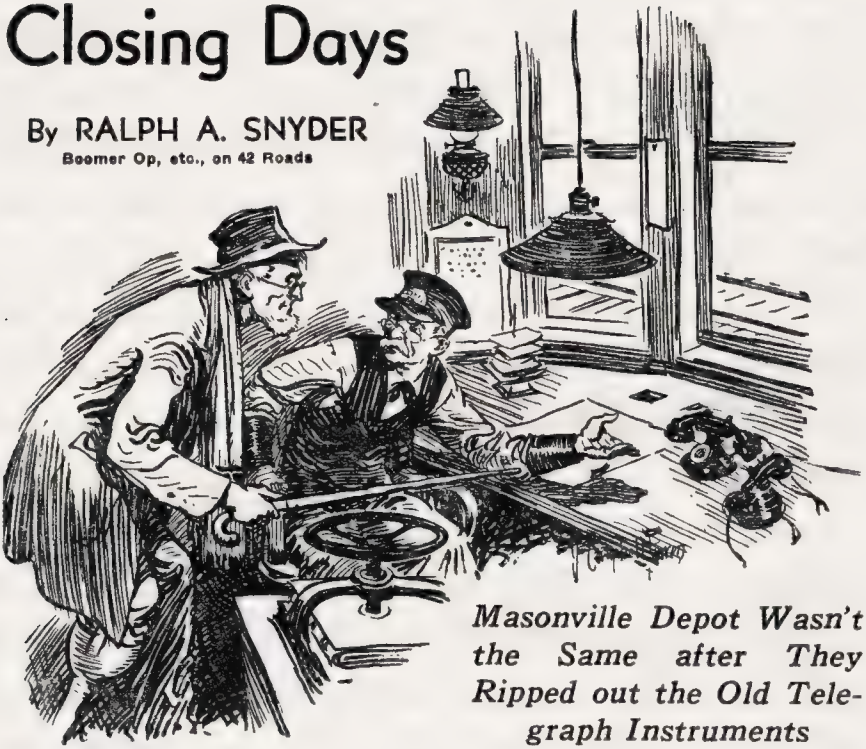
"SHEP" is dead. He was yard office dog for the Big 4 (N. Y. C. Lines) at Lyons, 5 miles south of Danville, Ill., for 9 of his 17 years. Shep worked the second trick as faithfully as Mick Bell, yardmaster, riding running boards with him, supervising switching and riding cabooses of transfer engines. His special duty was meeting passenger trains.

Two years ago 1st 46 roared through Lyons at 70 m.p.h. Shep thought something must be wrong. Finding his warning yelps ignored, he sprang at the pilot, determined to stop the engine. As a result, the faithful dog was partly blinded so that he could not chase autos past the yard office. The last attempt to do so resulted in his death. He was given a fine funeral and buried in front of the yard office.—P. J. KELLY (Vice Gen. Chmn., B. R. R. & S. S. Clerks), R. R. No. 1, Westville, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *There have been many railroad dogs, usually boomers. Will readers tell what they know about other "Sheps"?)*

Closing Days

By RALPH A. SNYDER
Boomer Op, etc., on 42 Roads



Masonville Depot Wasn't the Same after They Ripped out the Old Telegraph Instruments

"NEW age, old man." The busy lineman ripped away the last of the depot telegraph instruments at Masonville, on the Eastern Seaboard. "Fast trains! Fast phones! No time to fool with telegraph!"

"But, Bill—"

The lineman laughed rudely in the veteran agent's face. Old Dave Parsons was ancient. He'd been in Masonville for ages. "I know what you'll say. Good enough for your father, and all that." He snapped his tool bag shut. "But it's not. Come to life! You're living too much in the past."

From down the tracks came a wailing moan. Old Dave turned and pulled down the order board. Just a second to wait, then a flashing silver streak wailed by.

"See!" The lineman pointed to the vanishing cloud of dust. "Streamlines, Rip Van Winkle! New day."

With another laugh he strode out to his speeder and hurried away.

The station agent watched wearily. A youth bawling for an express package recalled him to the present. The old eyes clouded as the youngster threw down the pencil he'd signed with and darted away. Once upon a time the arrival of an express package was something to talk an hour over.

Dave's eyes swept disapprovingly over the shining telephones. He'd gotten used to a dispatching phone, but this sudden removal of his commercial and

message telegraph wires was more than startling. It was overwhelming.

Gone was the battered relay with its rubber-band spring. Gone was the aluminum-barred sounder that, only a short while back, had seemed terribly modern. Two holes gaped in the desk where the sacred key had been. They glared at him as lifeless as the windows of a vacant house.

The new switchboard—Dave's eyes roved over to it—was a devilishly mocking affair. Tinnish looking. With a sigh the old fellow went to the rear of his office and took up his monthly ticket report.

The office door slowly pushed open. First appeared a shaggy head, with spectacled eyes that peered sharply about. Then a cane tapped the floor. In came a wooden leg, and finally the remainder of a very old man. His name was Silas Martin.

"Hain't no officials hidin' in th' freight house?" Si asked with a chuckle.

"No, Si." Dave shoved the report to one side. "Ain't no snooper about today."

"Day hain't done yet." The visitor was slowly filling a reeking pipe. "Officials use automobiles nowadays."

"Been doin' it for two years, Si."

"It's a dang shame!" The hand holding the match quivered. "There wasn't no such sneakin' back in the days when I was conductor on th' local here."

"But, Si, we're modern," said Dave.

"Modern? It's plumb craziness!" The ex-conductor cackled. "What's modern about puttin' a hundred cars on local freight an' runnin' through, just 'cause th' company hain't got no agents left to get business?"

He pointed his cane toward the hateful display of modernity. But Dave explained patiently:

"We got streamlines, an' now we must have telephones 'cause they're faster."

SILAS MARTIN inquired sympathetically: "Hain't got no wires no more?"

Dave shrugged. "We got these to keep up with the fast trains."

"Fast trains!" The retired O. R. C. was sarcastic. "Fast—where? Fast in some terminal a-waitin' fer a hundred cars, whilst folks uses trucks. Shucks!"

The agent raised his eyes from the pot-bellied stove to set his old friend right.

"But we git th' heavy freight, Si."

"Do yuh?" Old Si straightened for battle. "Flour mill's installin' heavier machinery, an' it come by truck. What about that?"

"Mr. Howell wanted it quick."

"Ha! Thought yuh had *fast trains?*" The visitor removed the pipe from his mouth. "Hain't no local switched fer two hours here in the past six years. Now Sam Howell's gettin' his wheat by truck an' shippin' his flour by truck. What's fast about that fer th' railroad?"

The agent's face wrinkled. His reply was unconvincing:

"I'll git Mr. Howell's business again."

"Not from what I hear, yuh won't," the old conductor denied. "Sam'll see this railroad in hell fust!"

"What'd you hear, Si?"

"Plenty!" was the response. "Heard Sam was in here payin' freight on some cars of wheat, an' orderin' two cars fer flour when that—that—what yuh call 'im, Dave?"

"Agency supervisor."

"That's it. New official fer snoopin'. Well, it seems he romped in an'

found someone in yuhr office. Raised hell an' told yuh to do all business through that."

Si swept his cane angrily to point to the sixteen-by-eighteen ticket window, the only opening to the waiting room, beside the door.

The old agent was on the defensive, but he cut back with: "Mr. Barnes didn't say a thing to Mr. Howell."

"Didn't have to," said the O. R. C. "Sam hain't dumb. An' Sam hain't gonna spend his money where he has to stick his head in no hole in a wall. Shucks, Dave, when Sam goes to the city they invite him inter their offices. *They want his money.*"

Dave Parsons flinched, his eyes pleading mutely with his old friend. "I'll get him back, Si. Mr. Howell won't see Masonville agency closed."

"Clo—clo— What?"

The retired conductor was rocking back and forth in terror, his eyes wide with incomprehension and doubt.

"The company's asked the commission to abolish the office," said the agent. "Superintendent figures it's a needed economy."

"Err-arrugh!" The old conductor seemed to be choking. In that moment he was chasing with his memory back through the years, then to the comfortable days since his retirement with his old friend. Close Masonville! Was the world toppling?

"No business," droned the agent. He picked up the ticket report and held it out. "Blank this month, Si."

The form dropped back on his desk. Together they stared into the white heart of the dying fire.

PRESENTLY Si gulped: "They closed old John's job at Hammond's Mill, an' old John died."

A long pause. Then Si added with a shake of his head: "It won't work, Dave."

"What won't work?"

"Railroad that hopes to git business with no agents to talk to th' people," was the response. "Trucks call on folks. Dave," the ex-conductor leaned forward earnestly, "th' railroad's got it wrong. Folks didn't think of them, Dave. *You were their railroad.*"

"Local used to switch two hours at Hammond's Mill," the agent mused. "Don't stop there no more. Last month I got thirty-two shipments. Used to get that many in one day. I—I reckon she'll close, Si."

"But you—you got seniority rights."

Dave forced a grin. "Ain't fitted for city jobs, Si; an' that's all's left. Besides—"

His voice trailed away unnoticed. Again he heard the last examiner's caustic comments on his dimming eyes. The next time. . . . Now reports said the new eye-test book was mowing them down like grain before the reaper.

Elusive phantoms flickered over the silent walls as the two loyal veterans sat pondering their iron pike. Shades of night were dropping when old Si leaned over, tapped the agent's thin knee, and said:

"Folks uster look at th' depot as a community place, Dave. In those days we got news here. We—we telegraphed about the coming of our babies, an' our marriages, an' our dead. Now—" His hand went flat.

"'Course, we did," Dave agreed. "An' that's all changed now. The men that's running things these times hain't gonna do business through a hole in a wall, er leave stuff fer trains without no agent to look after it."

The fiery old O. R. C. stamped toward the door. Dave leaped up, asking: "You'll come back, Si?"

"An' git yuh fired?" Si answered. "'Course not. Look at Pete Shultz, f'r instance. Pete run an engine here fer nigh on forty years. Last ten years he's been dodderin' about boostin' this railroad. Then that inspector fellow catched him comin' out of here an' told him to loaf somewhere else. Pete's mad."

"But, Si, I—"

"Who said yuh could help it?" The former conductor bristled. "It didn't help our railroad none when Pete's son-in-law, what runs th' biggest store here, turned to trucks. Dad-burn it all, Dave; it's a shame! That store's allus shipped here jes' 'cause of old Pete."

"But I—"

"It wasn't that way when I run th' locals," Si went on. "Agents had friends then. Now look!" An angry swish of the cane narrowly missed the agent's face. "Who routs yuh outen bed at night to do somethin' fer them like Sam Howell did to get a city doctor fer his first baby?"

The agent made no reply.

"Shucks, I'm goin' home," said Si.

"You can come to my house an' visit, Si," called the agent appealingly, "like you used to when Lucy was livin'—"

"House!" The old-time conductor rocked about. "There ain't no huffin' an' puffin' of engines up there at your house. You ain't got no drawbars a-clangin' an' clankin' up there on th' hill."

THE agent's head dropped. Slowly he backed into his chair, all the while watching the gray-haired O.R.C. who was standing with one hand on the doorknob. He saw the wrist turn, the door slowly open.

"*Gone!*" Si Martin murmured.

The old clock caught up the agent's whisper and threw it mockingly back. . . . Rules, red-tape, competition, greed. . . . No more would farm folk rush to doors to salute the human thing of steam and steel. . . .

Old Dave forgot it was time to close. It didn't matter. Home was lonely since the wife was dead. He must cleave to the sacred office as long as possible.

Down the tracks the late local whistled for the board, which was still red. Mechanically old Dave pulled the board and held it. With a salute the splendid machine sped past, sending back its curling feather of steam and smoke. Dave replaced the old-fashioned board at stop.

Fancies, woven by the flickering light of the dying fire, carried him away to bygone days. Once he had sold a ticket to San Francisco, and all that night in his dreams he had gone with the romantic passenger away across the continent to the Golden Gate, sparkling in the sunlight. The iron pike was a thing of imagination, then.

Memory brought back the eager, expectant faces of boys pressed against the depot window, admiring the instruments that talked in tongues. How the lads had begged to be allowed one moment of exalted bliss in touching that magic key! In it they saw the mystery that unlocked the secrets of a stretching world.

But now—youth flaunted its nose at the agent who telephoned the messages. Properly so, for what privacy was there in a message the agent bawled into a phone for every gossip to hear? Even the old clock showed its resentment by ticking loudly to cover the heinous offense.

Fancy swept Dave Parsons back to

his youth and his first home with Lucy. Carried him to where the battered desk was piled high with 31's and 19's, when the order board was nearly always red.

In dreams he saw Si Martin as a young brakeman, proud of the club and lantern he possessed. Great days, those! How Lucy would fly to his arms when he finally came home at night!

Now the silver screen of memory darkened. Just a beaten old man facing a lonely evening of life. And because modern greed needed profits, he must go. The friendly, talking steam must give away to the Diesel Streamline—a Frankenstein mounted on stolen rails . . .

No, he couldn't battle against the Streamline. He was tired, very tired, and Lucy was calling from a halo of the past . . .

THROUGH the black night an imperious scream bore down upon Masonville. Villagers paused at their evening meal as it pierced the air. A few of them moved toward their depot. The Streamline was honoring them with a stop.

Time is the essence of the Streamline. Frustrated crew moved into the unlighted depot, above which gleamed the blood red eye of an order board. Someone cursed. An official commanded.

Electric rays of the conductor's lamp bit into the office. By an uncompleted ticket report sat the figure of an old man hunched in his chair.

The noise hushed. With sudden fear the conductor flashed his lamp closer. On that fine old face he saw the serene smile of one who rested at last from the stress of a busy life . . .

Masonville depot had closed.

The Sunny Side of the Track

TRAINMEN'S SCHOOL FRIEND

WHILE my Uncle Pete was braking on the Monon Route between Chicago and Indianapolis about 40 years ago, several 'boes were killed riding blinds. The company issued orders that trainmen were to put tramps off, but only when the train had stopped. One day a bum was riding and the con said to my uncle: "Pete, when we get to the next stop chase that bird off."

As Pete was telling the fellow to pile off, the tramp pulled out a .45 and snarled: "I'll get off when I damn please," meanwhile shoving the gun in my uncle's ribs. Naturally the bum was allowed to stay on.

When my uncle came back in the car, the con asked: "Did you get rid of that bozo?"

"No, John," was the reply, "I hadn't the heart to chase him off. I used to go to school with that fellow."

"Oh, you did?" sneered the con. "Well, I'll get rid of him."

Then the con went back. "Come on, bum," said he. "Unload!" The 'bo again used his gun. When the con came back, my uncle inquired: "Did you chase him off, John?"

"No, Pete," the con smiled, "I used to go to school with him, too."—J. Minwegan, 1405 N. Park Ave., Chicago.

* * *

RAILROADING IN ARKANSAW

COME, listen to my story and I'll tell
you in my chant.
It's the lamentation of an Irish emigrant,
Who lately crossed the ocean and misfortune never saw,
Till he worked upon the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

When I landed in St. Louis I'd ten dollars and no more.
I read the daily papers until both me eyes were sore;
I was looking for advertisements and then at length I saw
Five hundred men were wanted in the State of Arkansaw.

Oh, how me heart it bounded when I read the joyful news,
Straightway then I started for the raging Billie Hughes;
Says he: "Hand me five dollars and a ticket you will draw
That will take you to the railroad in the State of Arkansaw."

I handed him the money but it gave me soul a shock,
And soon was safely landed in the City of Little Rock.
There was not a man in all that land that would extend to me his paw
And say: "You're heartily welcome to the State of Arkansaw."

I wandered 'round the depot, I rambled up and down,
I fell in with a man-catcher and he said his name was Brown;
He says: "You are a stranger and you're looking rather raw;
On yonder hill is me big hotel, it's the best in Arkansaw."

Then I followed my conductor up to the very place,
Where poverty was depicted in his dirty, brockey face;
His bread was corn dodger and his mate I couldn't chaw,
And fifty cents he charged for it in the State of Arkansaw.

Then I shouldered up my turkey, hungry as the sharks,
Traveling along the road that leads to the Ozarks;
Such sights of dirty bummers I'm sure you never saw
As worked upon the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

I am sick and tired of railroading and I think I'll give it o'er.
I'll lay the pick and shovel down and I'll railroad no more;
I'll go out in the Indian nation and I'll marry me there a squaw,
And I'll bid adieu to railroading and the State of Arkansaw. —Anonymous.

A CLEVER RAILROAD OWNER

TWO 40-year-old locomotives still are in use at Fitchburg, Mass. They operate over what is known as the John Cushing Railroad, which bears the name of its builder. It is a single-tracked system which the late Mr. Cushing used in connection with his grain business.

An astute business man, legend has it that when he built the little road, Cushing mailed free passes to all the railway presidents throughout the country. Not realizing that no passengers were ever to ride over the Cushing road, some of these presidents, as a matter of courtesy, sent Cushing free passes for their roads. Cushing used the passes to travel over the country in connection with his grain business.—Dana Mavity, Moline, Ill.

* * *

ORIGIN OF A TOWN'S NAME

TOBAR, in Elko County, Nevada, is pronounced "Towbar." The name appears to have a Spanish origin, but M. B. Badt gives the real explanation:

"When the Western Pacific Railroad was building in 1906 or 1907, the construction camp was maintained at the present site of the town of Tobar. There was a sign pointing to the Rag Saloon, a temporary structure built of canvas, which read 'To Bar.' The camp, and later the town, were known by this name."

* * *

A CHECK FOR A NICKEL

J. G. PRATT, recently retired from active service in the Canadian National shops at Stratford, Ont., has a memento of early days, which he treasures highly. It is a cheque paid to him by the Grand Trunk for his work in Oct., 1895, an old, yet well-preserved document.

The cheque is for the exact amount of five cents. It was originally for 70 cents, but 65 cents was taken off for insurance. It must have been a month when Mr. Pratt was sick most of the time or else away on vacation.—Canadian National Ry. Magazine.

* * *

ADDED ENGINE VALUE

"HOW much would you say your horse was worth?" asked a New Haven claim adjuster, investigating a farmer's compensation claim.

"At least $1,000," declared the farmer.

"Pedigreed stock, no doubt?"

"Well, not exactly; but you can't judge a horse like that by its parents."

"No," the adjuster agreed shrewdly, "I've often noticed how crossing a horse with an engine will improve its breed."

International Engine Picture Club

J. Willard Farnham

STARTING a series about engine-picture celebrities, we introduce *J. Willard Farnham,* 3917 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, a Canadian-American member of the Ry. & Loco. Historical Society. Mr. Farnham's collection numbers some 100,000 railroad pictures, including actual photos, old prints, magazine clippings, etc. Facts about him were supplied by I. G. Davidson, 4735 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, and his son, John D. Davidson, Memphis, Tenn.

Farnham was born in Milltown, New Brunswick, March 25, 1895. While in school he used to draw engine pictures on his slate and was bawled out by unappreciative teachers. Later he got a mill job in Maine and often hung around the shops of the old Washington County R. R., Ellsworth to Calais, 108 miles. He ran errands for an engineer's wife. The engineer gave him 250 copies of the Engineers' and Firemen's magazines. From their pages the boy clipped the nucleus of his present great collection.

Farnham is today a motorman with 24 years' service on the Minneapolis Street Ry., but his enthusiasm for steam roads is keen. He has engine pictures from all over the world, neatly packed in boxes, albums and glass library cases, which completely fill a whole room. This room is appropriately called "the roundhouse." The collection is partly indexed. In addition, many framed engine pictures and lithographs adorn the walls of his home.

He has many actual photos of engines, wrecks, etc., obtained from correspondence with I.E.P.C. members and other sources.

In 1929 he received a letter from Henry Ford asking about a certain locomotive operating after 75 years of continuous service. Such an inquiry might have floored most of the engine-picture fans—but not Farnham! He promptly selected from his collection an old Rogers, built in 1854 and still wheeling 'em on the Pisco-Ica R. R. in Peru, South America.

On one occasion, H. A. Robertson, of St. Paul, mentioned that his grandfather was run over and badly injured by a locomotive named the *Albion* about 75 years ago while attempting to drive a hay wagon across the tracks of Nova Scotia's first railway, and he had long wanted a photo of that engine. Farnham found among his duplicates a picture of the *Albion* and gave it to him. Incidentally, a photo of this engine appeared in our March, 1931, issue.

While Farnham was driving a street car on the Old Colony R. R. in Boston, years ago, he struck up an acquaintance with one of his passengers — a young community nurse named Myrtle Olmsted—fell in love with her, and in 1911 he married her.

"We had plenty of thrills in street-railway work," he says. "For seven years I drove the money wagon, as that car was called. Displaying a 'Not in Service' sign, and with all blinds drawn, and carrying an armed crew, she operated from 8 p. m. till midnight, collecting the day's receipts from the various barns. One night a gang held up the car, murdered the cashier, Fred Devlin, and got away with the money."

Next month we will present *Thomas T. Taber,* chairman of the Ry. & Loco. Historical Society, New York chapter. For future issues the fans are asked to recommend other leaders of the engine-picture hobby in U. S. and Canada. Tell us whom you'd like to read about—and why. We can't guarantee to print personality sketches of every collector you suggest, but will use as many as we can.

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

J. R. ARNDT, 7431 Harvard Ave., Chicago, Ill., has PRR, Belt Line, C&EI, Santa Fe, L&M, NKP switching order cards to trade for LV train orders.

R. B. AZBELL, 639 E. 55th St., Los Angeles, Calif., wants photos of aband. M&ET.

* * *

E. R. BATSON, Jr., 203 Washington St., Winchester, Mass., will swap B&M and B&A 116 or 616 size prints for PRR, western and southern roads, or will buy.

E. L. BENTLEY, Gen. Del., Ontario, Calif., wants Railroad Man's Oct. '06—Sept. '07; write prices first.

J. BENTON, 463 W. 21st St., N. Y. City, has 116 size prints of 20 roads, 4c. ea., or trade 4 photos for 1 neg.; send stamp for list.

C. C. BLAND, 15 Grandview Ave., Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa., has 116 prints P&LE, PRR, Erie, WM, Montour, PC&Y, etc., 5 for 25c., or trade same size; stamp for sample and list.

W. A. BOERS, 12710 Ferris Ave., Cleveland, O., has many transfers, prints to trade, incl. trackless trolleys of Cleve. Ry.

R. BORDEN, 732 E. Newall, Flint, Mich., trades prints and drawings.

L. BORGER, R.R. 2, Miamisburg, O., has 1 set 1935 Railroad Stories for sale; send 50c. to cover mailing costs.

J. G. BOUFFARD, 170 Bank St., Burlington, Vt., starting; needs help.

J. BRINSLEY, 2724 Morgan Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, has N. Y. City transportation scenes—negs. 10c. ea., 12 for $1; prints 4c. ea., 28 for $1.

R. BROOKS, Jr., 120 West Blvd., Lewiston, Mont., has old n.g. prints to trade for unusual loco views.

(Miss) L. J. BROWN, 216 S. Idaho St., Butte, Mont., will draw loco and train pictures.

J. BRYANT, 6158 Henderson St., Chicago, Ill., will trade back issues mech. and science mags. for '34 or '35 Railroad Stories or RR books.

H. and L. W. BURCH, 63 Summit Ave., Bronxville, N. Y., have many foreign and U.S. prints to trade.

* * *

P. CARUSO, 145 Van Horne St., Jersey City, N. J., beginner.

J. H. CHANDLER, Jr., Middlefield, Mass., collects diff. engine prints.

R. F. COLLINS, 26 Brickell Ave., Westwood, N. J., has various eastern roads for sale or trade; send 3c. stamp for list, or 10c. for sample and list. Wants Erie and short and aband. New England, N. Y. and N. J. lines.

M. E. CONDON, 454 Cypress St., Elmira, N. Y., wants history, prints, passes, tts., etc., of Tioga, State Line, Chemung, SC, Fallbrook, Elmira & Williamsport RRs.; also copy "Locos. & Loco. Bldg." (1876).

A. H. COVERDALE, 1633-16 A St. E., Calgary, Alta., Canada, has few 120 size CPR snaps to trade for others.

J. COWLEY, 74 Norfolk St., Dorchester, Mass., has 5x13 photostatic copies of D&RGW 3608 articulated type, side view, pencil drawn, 35c. ea.

A. de CHAMPLAIN, 82A Queen St., W., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, has June '34 CPR pub. tts. CPR fans, send lists.

* * *

L. DALY, 511 Holbrook Ave., Plymouth, Mich., wants Railroad Stories before '33; write first; also swaps and buys prints.

C. F. DURGIN, Peterborough, N. H., wants certain WR&M engine prints; engines with "Sortwell," the "W. A. Stowell," or with names of that period; also Upper Coos RR.

L. J. DIXON, Jr., 5132 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants 116 size negs. of B&LE, CGW (932, Ll, T, Lla, G4, etc.) and any size neg. of scrapped WM locos; has Rdg., PRR and B&O to trade; buys 130 size engs. any road.

T. DONEGAN, 2030 Benedict Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, will pay 5c. ea. for SP, C&O, NYC, CNJ photos or trade; also buys or trades for last 3 rosters.

* * *

C. EHRLICH, 714 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 118 size N. Y. City subway and "els."

W. EWALD, 116 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont., Canada, wants lists and prices of pass. timetables.

* * *

E. H. FERRIS, Jr., 8 Orchard St., Cold Springs, N. Y., wants old and new No. American engines.

G. M. FISKE, 305 Ottilia St., S. E., Bayshore City, Calif., wants Railway Age, Baldwin Loco. Mags. any date, Railroad Man's prior to '18, and '30 edition "Master Car Builders Cyclopedia."

E. L. FLYNN, 103 Neerim Rd., Glen Huntly S. E. 9, Victoria, Australia, starting.

K. FOOTE, 1766 Fulton Ave., W. Vancouver, B. C., has PGE, CPR and CNR photos to trade.

S. G. FOOTE, St. George's School, Newport, R. I., will buy 16 mm. film of any steam loco. exc. NYC or New Haven.

* * *

J. GARDNER, Hotel Vance, Eureka, Calif., has Apr., Sept. '33; Jan., Oct.-Dec. '34; and all '35, exc. June, Railroad Stories, 25c. a copy; write first.

J. GEMLASKY, Jr., 61 Old Broadway, N. Y. City, starting; wants help.

H. L. GOLDSMITH, 115-38 203 St., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y., wants U. S. and foreign Atlantic types; buys or trades.

L. W. GOODWIN, Box 3, Northfield, Conn., wants prints of trains or scenes on old Conn. RRs (now New Haven); sells or trades pub. tts.; Waterbury fans write.

W. R. GORDON, 608 Cedarwood Ter., Rochester, N. Y., has engine stamps, postmarks, photos various roads to trade for pass. tts., engine prints or Can. stamps.

* * *

H. HARVEY, 7302 Perry Ave., Chicago, will buy original builders' photos; has a few to trade.

W. G. HASSMAN, 216 W. 100 St., N. Y. City, wants print of Big 4 Pacific type 6400 series taken before '20; Big 4 fans write.

W. HEIL, 412 Cross St., Westbury, N. Y., wishes to buy small collection to start; state quantity, size, roads and price.

R. HEIRMANN, 725 Wyoming St., San Antonio, Tex., will trade train orders, clearances and tts. for 116 size engine prints.

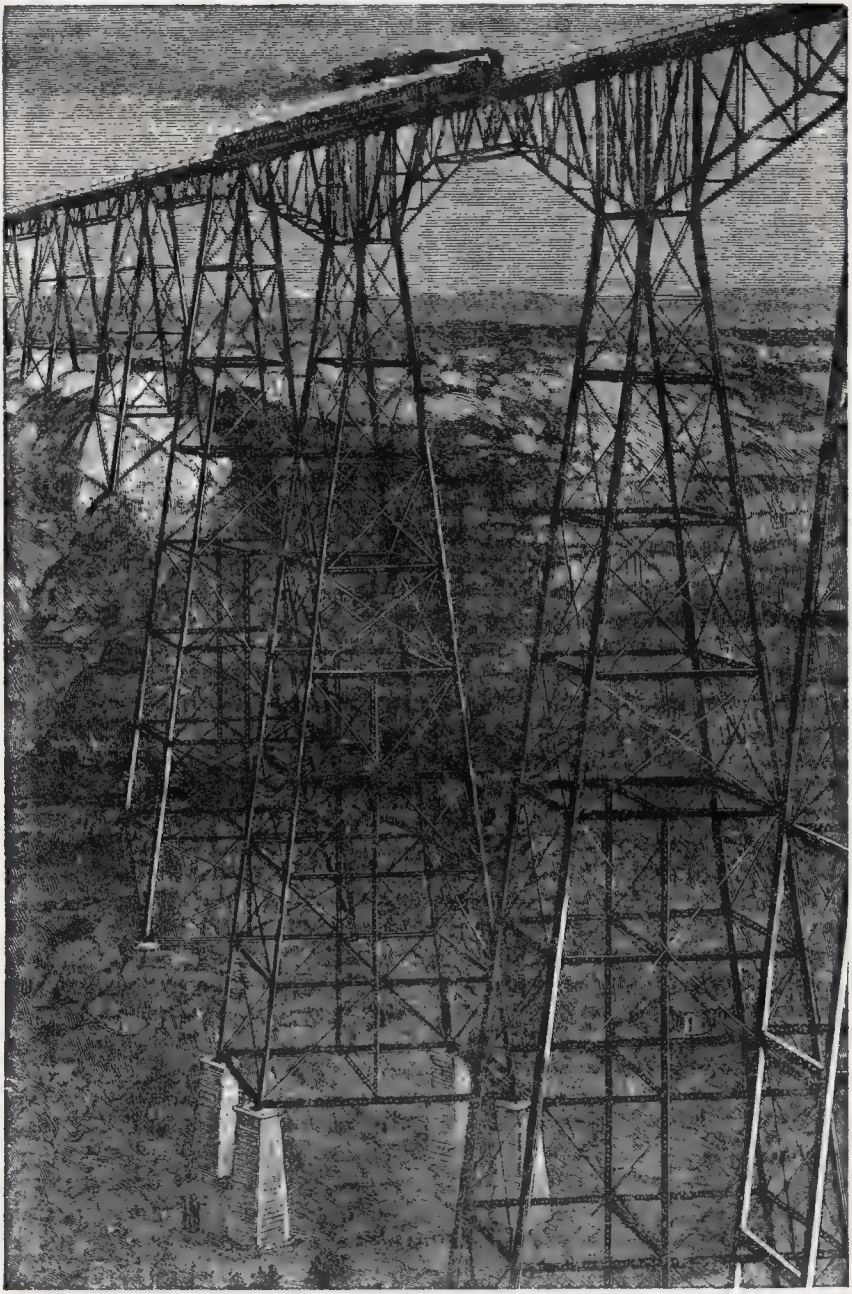
E. HERALD, 213 Emerson St. E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa., trades Vgn., N&W, etc., train orders; also 116 size negs. and prints.

C. A. HESS, Clyde, O., is selling all his emp. timecards or will trade for NKP, SP, WP 116 size negs. NKP fans, write.

E. G. HAUGHEY, 242 East F St., Colton, Calif., will sell 100 dif. loco rosters; send 3c. stamp for list.

W. HESS, 4629 Gallup Ave., Cleveland, O., starting; interested in Erie.

F. A. HIPPEY, Rm. 320 V.M.I., Lexington, Va., has 15 builders' photos, 10x7¾, with specifications of many N&W classes; also CMStP&P



Southern Pacific Viaduct Over the Pecos in Texas; 330 Ft. Above River Bed, 2,180 Ft. Long, 16 Ft. Wide; Said to Be North America's Highest Railway Bridge. Its Completion Feb. 20, 1892, Shortened the S. P. Route by 11.2 Miles

and Detroit Term. to trade for 116 and p.c. size engine snaps, no elec.; send lists and offers.

P. HOGAN, Madison Co. Tuberculosis San., Edwardsville, Ill., will be grateful for any back copies Railroad Stories.

L. L. HOGE, Jr., 415 E. 56 St., N. Y. City, has snaps of dif. local roads to trade for western pikes.

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W. D. JONES, Morrisville, Vt., has p.c. size of dia. stacks, covered RR bridges, H&W Shay-geared locos, rolling stock; send list for stamp. English and German photo amateurs write.

E. JUDD, 661 Platt St., Toledo, O., has Railroad Stories, Dec. '29 to date for sale.

R. W. JUHLING, 215 Emerson St. E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa., wants photos, negs., rosters and train orders all U.S. roads, and Railroad Stories before '33; has PRR, P&WV, B&O, NYC photos and negs. trade or sale.

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J. J. KEEP, 84-19 168 St., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., will trade or buy old or new L.I. engines.

M. KOCH, 2730 Tenbroeck Ave., Bronx., N. Y. C., has few old p.c. auto photos to trade for short line engines.

N. E. KOHL, Locust Ave., Glen Head, L. I., N. Y., will sell collection of 400 engine and train photos; sizes 2½x3¼; 2½x4¼; p.c., 5x7. Also 2½x4¼ neg (300) NYC, D&H, LI. Write your best offer.

W. KOLBE, 9840 S. Morgan St., Chicago, has July, Oct., Nov. '32; May, July, Nov., Dec. '33 and most '34 and '35 Railroad Stories, 15c. a copy or trade for what have you?

L. S. KROACK, 412 Union St., Grove City, Pa., wants Colo. Mid. tts., tickets, passes, etc.; also late copy Official Guide.

• • •

A. W. LEKSTROM (author, "Copper Wire Death"), 127 Mackinac Ave., Manistique, Mich., wants history and photo of Soo Line or WC engine 2119 (Mogul); will swap recent snap.

W. LOTT, 10 Friend St., Taunton, Mass., will buy or trade for other RR items, old pub. tts. of merged or aband steam pikes.

C. J. LUPINEK, 2429 S. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants side view of C&NW 66, 4-6-2 type.

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W. MAIER, Jr., 142 Wentworth St., Manchester, N. H., wants to hear from timetable collectors having at least 50.

R. W. McAFEE, 54 Ashland St., Manchester, N. H., has folder of B&M-MeC streamliner, $1; will sell tts; write first, enclosing stamp.

P. D. McCOURY, 6303 S. E. 92nd Ave., Portland, Ore., has 120 and 116 size prints of Port. Traction, Ore. Elec., Twin Cities Trans. and 3rd Ave. (trolleys), 4c. ea., or trade 5 prints for 1 trolley or interurban neg.

E. T. MEAD, North St., Greenwich, Conn., wants photos of Mt. Gretna N. G., western logging and Col. and Calif. 3-ft. gage roads.

E. L. MEYER, 2441 Oak St., Blue Island, Ill., starting 116 size engine collection; other fans, write.

J. MIDDLEKAUFF, 3032 Park Pl., N. W., Washington, D. C., has 116 size Sou., N&W, C&O, WMd to trade for same size B&M, C&NW, Wab., Frisco.

I. N. MORRILL, 2509 Pierce St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn., offers 5x7 prints of freak Soo engine shown on page 89 at 25c. each postpaid.

B. MOORE, 262 Glennview Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, has views of "20th Century"; PRR train "New Day"; picture, "James J. Hill's Vision Realized (GN)."

W. H. MURRAY, 515 Emerson St., Palo Alto, Calif., wants following SP engines: 2212, 2214, 2242, 1450, 1451, 1628, 1735, 1153, 1237, 1238, 1239.

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C. NELSON, 837 23 St., Ogden, Utah, trades engine pictures and tts. for prints; wants lists and samples.

C. NILES, 1928 Farnum St., Davenport, Iowa, has Ill. and Iowa trolley transfers, tokens; also CRI&P, CM&StP, CB&Q, CD&M tts.; send stamped envelope for transfers and 6c for tts.

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L. D. ORSBERN, 2403 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia., has p.c. pictures of midwest roads, 5c. ea., 5x7 at 10c. ea., 3 for 25c.; will trade oldtimers.

E. J. OTT, 2708 Auchentoroly Ter., Baltimore, Md., has 120 size photos of M&Pa, Canton, P&BR, WMd, NP, W&LE, C&O, RF&P, Soo, LI, Rdg, PRR, etc., 4c. ea. Send stamped envelope for list.

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H. PHILLIPS, Box 543, Medfield, Mass., wants June '14, Nov. '18, Jan. 4 and 18, 1919, issues of Railroad Man's.

G. S. POLLEY, 10718 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O., has many NYC, SP, B&M, NKP, MoP, M-K-T, GH&Co, FP&E, Erie, Cleve. Union Term. Elecs. and several wreck photos; wants good negs. Write for lists and prices.

S. PRESCOTT, 70 Pleasant St., Rockland, Me., sells 116 size B&M, MeC, Lime Rock and other prints, 10c. ea. or trade for New Eng. engines; send 3c stamp for list.

R. E. PRINCE, Jr., 1141 Larchmont Cres., Norfolk, Va., has 2½x4¼ engine prints of lines around Norfolk for sale or trade; write for list and sample. Wants Sept. '32 Railroad Stories. RR passes and rosters.

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G. RANDS, Jr., 424 N. Bellinger St., Herkimer, N. Y., trades NYC time cards, train orders and forms for other roads; also RR stationery with road emblems.

C. J. REGENSBURGER, 2145 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa., has many 116 and 3x5 negs. of PRR, B&O, Rdg. camelbacks to trade; also sells prints of 35 roads.

N. W. REHFUSS, 1739 N. 43rd St., Camden, N. J., has Official Guides for sale or trade for engine pictures.

K. C. REINHARDT, 404 S. Government St., Lincolnton, N. C., has many emp. tts. for sale or trade; wants back copies Railroad Stories. Send lists.

A. W. RERICHA, 3545 W. 56th St., Cleveland, O., will pay 5c. each, 6 for 25c. or trade for southern and New Eng. roads, esp. GM&N, NC&StL, B&Ar, BR&P; send lists.

D. S. RICHTER, 1412 6th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., wants to hear from El Paso, Phoenix and Tucson fans; also wants Santa Fe and SP negs.

J. O. RILEY, 520 7th St., Peoria, Ill., is disposing of collection of engine prints, tts. and Railroad Stories of the late L. F. Craig, 114 Greenleaf St., Peoria, who was killed last Dec. 14th.

W. ROANE, 280 E. 3rd St., N. Y. City, starting.

J. E. RODEN, 52-10 72nd St., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y., wants p.c. size locos.

R. RUSSOW, 1215 Melrose St., Chicago, Ill., wants perfect cover for Jan. '32 Railroad Stories; write first.

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C. SALOMONSEN, Underwood, Minn., has 116 size NPac engine prints, 5c. ea.; send 10c. for sample and list.

L. SCHERER, Box 7, Hartford, S. D., wants old issues Railroad Man's before 1915 and Railroad Stories before 1934; write first.

H. F. SCHNAUFER, 71 Columbia Ave., Westmount, Que., Canada, will buy pass. engines B&O, LV, Erie, Rutland, B&M; send lists.

A. L. SHERMAN, Drawer N-14016, Trenton, N. J., wants SP Mallets or engines running between New Orleans and Houston on Sunset Ltd.

C. SIMON, R. 2, Box 43, Farley, Iowa, has prints of last train on Bellevue & Cascade RR (see abandonments); also wants to hear from Carlsbad, N.M., photo fans.

F. SMITH, Box 1, Croton Falls, N. Y., has wreck prints and back numbers Railroad Stories; wants aband. roads and engines in N. Y. and New England.

S. SRULOWITZ, 627 E. Tremont Ave., New York, N. Y., starting; would appreciate pointers.

G. J. STRECKERT, Chilton, Wis., will pay 10c. for 116 size negs. of AN, D&IR, MT&W, WC, SD&A, NWP, MRL&M, GB&W, DM&N, M-K-T, CG&N and others; send lists.

J. SWAREK, White River, Ont., Canada, will pay 25c. ea. for Mar., Sept. '30; Sept., Oct. '31; Jan. '34 Railroad Stories; write first.

R. W. SWEITZER, 1770 N. Taylor Rd., E. Cleveland, O., collects pub. and emp. tts. and

Official Guides; will trade these for engine prints.

F. SZYMANSKI, 6034 Catalpa Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has PRR '34 and '35 calendars, 85c. ea.; '36 for $1. "Loco. Fireman Boiler Instruction," 65c. and "Engineers' and Firemen's Handbook" by Kirkman, 50c.

* * *

G. THATCHER, Leeds, Ia., wants print IC 2931.

A. C. THOMPSON, 874 Washington Ave., Portland, Me., has many back copies Railroad Stories to sell.

B. THOMPSON, 408 W. Brooklyn, Dallas, Tex., has Texas engines and interurbans at $1 per dozen.

C. S. THURLOW, Jr., Buckfield, Me., beginner: send lists.

* * *

W. A. UNDERWOOD, 3916 214th Place, Bayside, L. I., N. Y., wants to hear from other L. I. fans.

B. H. UZELAK, 6443 N. E. 23rd Ave., Portland, Ore., will trade 15 SP train orders for each photo sent him as long as supply lasts; also sells '33, '34 and '35 Railroad Stories, 15c. ea. postpaid.

* * *

E. VAN NOSTRAND, 546 Chauncey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has Brooklyn els, subways, trolleys; Portland and York Utilities Co. (Me.); sample and list, 10c. Also buys; send your lists and sample.

N. A. VARD, 125 Dryburgh St., N. Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wants postcards of U. S. small steam railways and geared logging engines.

* * *

J. P. WALSH, 323 W. 124 St., N. Y. City, has many mags. and pub. tts. to trade for foreign tts. and back copies Railroad Stories.

M. WATTECAMP, 60 Daw Ave., Mineola, L. I., N. Y., has PRR and LI motive power and trains.

J. WEAVER, 5789 Ridge Ave., Chicago, starting tt. collection; also wants to hear from loco engineers and firemen.

J. WEBB, Riverton, Ky., has EK 41 to trade for other EK engines.

J. WEIGHTMAN, 1533 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif., has set of International Correspondence School RR course books for $19; write for further information.

F. W. WEINGETZ, Jr., 8761 118th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y., has 116 and p.c. size CNJ, B&O, Rdg., NYO&W, EJRR&TCo., M&U, Rahway Vy., FJ&G, NP, PRR, LI and many others; also tts. of 50 roads; lists and sample print, 10c.

H. E. WEISS, 1144 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill., trades Milwaukee Road loco prints, any size up to 8x10; also will buy old-time negs. any road.

P. WESTON, Wilton, Conn., wants photos of 1300 series pass. locos used on New Haven main line.

S. T. WHEELER, Stewartville, Minn., will pay $1 for set '34 Railroad Stories; also wants CGW train orders.

Pvt. C. WHITLOCK, U.S.S. Saratoga, Div 7, San Pedro, Calif., wants MoP equipt. Will send in return Panama RR engines.

R. C. WILSON, 8610 117th St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y., starting engine picture collection.

C. W. WITBECK, Apt. 707, 1803 Biltmore St. N. W., Washington, D. C., has 616 size IC, B&HS, MSC, M&B, L&A, LA&T, KCS, L&NW prints to trade. Wants to hear from fans who have taken engine picture trips.

C. WRIGHT, Camp 1 Mendota, Mendota, Minn., wants photo SP 4390, 4-8-2 type.

M. C. YODER, 13110 Stoepel Ave., Detroit, Mich., will sell complete set Railroad Stories, Dec. '29 to date; several PRR and other RR calendars; also brotherhood mags.

* * *

Proposed Abandonments

Bellevue & Cascade, formerly narrow-gage Cascade branch of the Milwaukee Road, entire line between Bellevue and Cascade, Ia., 36 miles (permission granted). Rock Island, Kingfisher to Cashion, Okla., 16 miles; and Iowa City to Iowa Jct., Ia., 11 miles. Midland Valley, Jenks to Kiefer, Okla., 9 miles. St. Louis Southwestern, Hancock Jct. to Mandalay, Ark., 4 miles. Weatherford, Mineral Wells & Northwestern, Salesville to Graford, Tex., 12 miles.

Hints on Collecting Railroad Stamps

UNLIKE stepping out with a camera and taking shots of locomotives, etc., the railroad postage-stamp hobby requires much patience. Usually you wait and hope—wait until a friend happens to send you one of the coveted specimens, and then hope he will find more. That is, unless you can afford to buy them direct from dealers.

Some collectors trade photos for stamps. You find such notices occasionally in the columns of our International Engine Picture Club. It is advisable to get a standard catalog giving the value of stamps in all countries, in order to make fair exchanges. For instance, the 2c. U. S. stamp of 1901 showing the Empire State Express printed upside down is worth $2,700. The 3c. U. S. stamp of 1869 showing a 4-4-0 type locomotive is valued at 8c. If you give anyone the former stamp in exchange for the latter you lose exactly $2,699.92.

I have nothing for sale, but if any I.E.P.C. member wants to know the value of a certain railroad postage-stamp, and does not have access to a catalog, he may send me a detailed description of it, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I'll state its value, without charge.

You do not need an album for this hobby. A 10c. loose-leaf notebook serves me perfectly. Never paste down your stamps; use the common transparent hinges. If possible, save money by getting your philatelic supplies through a stamp club in your own town. Some members offer railroad stamps in trade or at low cost. They will tell you about various specimens. For instance, the Canadian National Railways use regular postage-stamps punched with the letters CNR, to minimize losses by theft. Some roads, here and abroad, issue publicity "stickers." These are not postage-stamps, of course. They have no value, but such a collection is picturesque and interesting.—Robert White, Pontiac, Mich.

Rolling Down to Reno

Me and Goldenrod Almost Find a Vein of Gold under the Virginia & Truckee Roadbed

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

AS the old saying goes, one man's meet is another man's poison—especially if it is a cornfield meet and ain't on the timecard. But such things will happen on any single-track pike when an ambitious dispatcher tries to run 2 trains down the line at the same time, and forgets they are going in different directions.

This phenomenon does not come under the head of classy railroading.

Of course, me and Goldenrod was never bothered with cornfield meets when we was wheeling them high, wide and handsome for her father, Hardshell Higgins, on his 3½-mile road in Saskatchewan, Canada. That was mostly on account of the Happy Valley Line don't own but one locomotive, an ancient Baldwin 8-wheeler that I must say looked very pretty the way Goldenrod had fixed it up with chintz curtains on the cab windows, and potted geraniums and everything.

It is different on the Virginia & Truckee running into Reno, Nevada, where me and Goldenrod are now working. They have got more than one locomotive on that pike. Some of them have passed the retirement age a long time ago—like No. 11, for instants, an old brass-bound fast-stepper which has been in service for 63 years and is still running.

Me, being an engine picture fien' of purest ray serene like about ten thousand (10,000) other members of the International Engine Picture Club, I will naturally travel a lot of miles to get fresh shots of old and new motive power of every description.

So I am very glad when this fellow James H. Richardson invites me and Goldenrod out to Reno. We get his invitation while we are out in Hollywood making a railroad movie, like I tell about in the Feb. RAILROAD STORIES.

Of course, I cannot give Reno any divorce business—as I am still only engaged to Hardshell Higgins's good-looking, all-burn haired daughter. We are not even married yet.

"Hmm!" snorts Goldenrod, when I mention that maybe we will go to Reno. "Rushing things, aren't you, Kid?"

"Oh, no!" I says. "I only want to look the ground over."

Goldenrod lifts her eyebrows, and I explain that I am naturally referring to railroad ground.

"All right," she says, "but don't let me catch you looking over any of those snappy blond divorcees staying in Reno."

"You won't," I says. "Anyhow, I am chiefly interested in the new Southern Pacific mountain power."

"In that case, let's go," says Goldenrod, who is a very good sport and enjoys traveling around the country as much as I do.

We take one of the S.P.'s crack trains east from the Coast, and I play quite a joke on the hard-boiled railroad bull who yanks me out from behind the tender where I am riding blind baggage. Goldenrod is back in the varnished wagons.

"Hey, you bum!" this dick yells, grabbing for one of my legs. "You can't ride this train."

"That's what makes horse racing," I yell back.

"Heh?" snorts the bull.

"Difference of opinion," I says.

Well, he tries to dislodge me. But I cannot help laughing when he smacks me on the chin for getting fresh and I can show him a perfectly good ticket to Reno which I had all the time. Only from force of habit, riding freights and everything back and forth across the country, I had forgot that I was a paying guest of the Southern Pacific and had climbed onto my hidden perch when the Limited started.

JIM RICHARDSON meets us in Reno which is not very hard for him to do as he is baggageman at the S.P. depot on the 4.00 P.M. to 12.00 shift. He is also serving his second term as president of the local Brotherhood of Railroad Clerks.

He spots me right away on account of me wearing my I.E.P.C. button. Besides, I am carrying a couple of cameras, and am looking around for a couple more locomotives to snap in addition to the jack that hauled us into town.

"Hi there, Kid!" he shouts, waving me down.

With him are his two youngsters, Albert and Robert. Albert is 6 years old, and Robert only 4. Both are already engine picture enthusiasts.

"Where's Goldenrod?" pipes up Albert, breaking into a very interesting conversation which me and his father are having about how we was both call boys when we started railroading. Jim, as he insists I call him, began when he was 15 on the Western Pacific up at Winnemucca, his home town.

"Gosh!" I says, "I had almost forgot about Goldenrod, because the last thing she told me when we left the coast was that I was not to have any good-looking women on my mind when we got to Reno."

"I hope she didn't forget to get off the train," puts in Robert. He turns to his father. "Daddy, can't I see Goldenrod?"

"I'm anxious to meet her myself," laughs Jim, and just then she comes over toward the baggage truck against which we are leaning.

"Gee, Goldenrod," I says, after the introductions are over, "me and Mr. Richardson are going over to Sparks, where the Southern Pacific shifts from mountain power running west, to lighter power traveling east. He says we also can get some shots of lighter and older hogs running north and south on the branch lines. I'm sure glad I come to Reno."

"Kid," says Goldenrod with a quiet smile, "I've heard of golf widows. But

I can see that engine picture widows are going to be the next variation."

"Yeh," adds Jim. "That's what Mrs. Richardson always says."

I'm figuring that maybe I will work around the S.P. depot in Reno smashing baggage with Richardson, but he says the S.P. is very funny that way; when any trunks are busted they like to have the old hands dō it.

Me and Goldenrod then wind up on the Virginia & Truckee, which reminds me of Mr. Higgins's Happy Valley Line, only all the employees ain't relatives of the president like they are on the H.V. Besides, the V. & T. is quite a bit longer. It also has some very fine mountain grades.

I am firing the brass-decorated No. 11, the snappy old-timer, with a 4-4-0 wheel arrangement and fancy mudguards over her drivers. Amos Sipes, her hogger, has been handling Eleven's throttle so long he practically feels the hog belongs to him and is not company property.

Mr. Sipes is an eagle-eye who looks like a dignified doctor in overalls on account of a neatly-trimmed, silver-gray beard he wears. This personal whiskbroom is not long enough to tuck under the red bandana he has tied about his neck, but it wags up and down like a haywire semaphore when he starts jawing with Roscoe Bates, conductor on his train.

I notice that Bates has sideburns. In fact, the whole train crew looks like they was dragged off the Board of Directors and put to work.

GOLDENROD ain't in train service on the V. & T. They don't have room for her, even on the extra board which is composed of assorted veterans of the rail. Instead, she lands a cushy job as secretary to Superintendent McGinnis and has to work down in Carson City where the general offices are.

"Know anything about the clerical end of railroading?" Mr. McGinnis asks Goldenrod. "I heard you are pretty good at wheelin' 'em over the high iron."

"I've had executive experience, too," she says, coloring under the super's praise. "I was acting president of the Happy Valley Line during the big grain rush last season when Dad had to wheel freight."

"That's right," says McGinnis, "so you were."

I guess the super reads his RAILROAD STORIES every month the same as me and Jim Richardson do, and about a million other guys all over the world.

What with moving around and taking engine pictures and getting Goldenrod settled in Carson City, I am very tired when I start my first run on the V. & T.

There is a good head of steam in the boiler, and I am corked off on the right-hand seatbox, dreaming of having a jack of my own to roll some day and maybe snoring slightly . . . when Amos Sipes, the engineer, comes barging into the cab.

"Of all the blinkety-blank, lazy tallowpots!" he yells in my ear. For a moment I think I am back on the Happy Valley and it is Goldenrod's father talking to me.

"You can't sleep in this cab!" storms the hogger, which is a very foolish statement and not in line with the facts.

"On the contrary, Mr. Sipes," I says. "If you would pipe down, I could sleep here very comfortably."

"Well, you ain't goin' to," he goes on, his chin whiskers dancing around. "Get some steam in this pile of junk!"

Just then the safety pops off, which is the answer to that one.

"She's got all she'll hold right now, Mr. Sipes," I says.

Amos gives me a dirty look, slaps himself down on the leather seat cushion and makes a vicious grab for the throttle.

When he gets his highball from Conductor Bates, back on the end of the short string of ancient wooden passenger coaches, he pulls out of Minden like he was trying to make No. 11 jump fences. I guess there is more on his mind than his cap while we are swinging down the right-of-way, and I am not mistaken.

Out of a clear sky he turns to me.

"This road's gettin' so it ain't fit for a man to work on," he explodes. Digging in his jumper pocket, he pulls out a sheet of green flimsy.

"Read it," he orders. "More confounded red tape, and I bet it is some of that new female secretary of McGinnis's work."

I must say the general order don't sound so harsh to me. It merely states that in future the train crews will not halt their trains on regular runs to prospect for gold alongside the right-of-way.

"Me and Roscoe Bates has got a good claim down the line a ways," Amos mumbles into his beard. "Staked it last week."

He takes the flimsy back, rolls it into a little wad, and flips it out the cab window.

"What I want to know is," he barks at the steam gage in front of him, "who's runnin' this train, me or McGinnis?"

"Well, Mr. Sipes," I says, "after all, you can't run a train on schedule and prospect at the same time."

"Who says I can't?" flares up the old man. "I been doin' it for years and there ain't nothin' happened yet."

"Not yet," I says. "But it is funny about railroading. What ain't happened in the last 30 years, may happen in the next thirty seconds."

JUST then we hear a locomotive whistle in the distants. We swing around a bend and there, standing up the track a piece, is No. 8, a southbound passenger local.

"The sonovagun!" snaps the engineer, closing his throttle and reaching for his air. "That's Pete O'Brien. He was supposed to wait for us back at Stewart."

We buck and slide some until Amos gets his train under control. Then he glides down easily and comes to a halt with Eleven's pilot a few yards away from the nose of No. 8. Grabbing a spanner wrench, the old man swings out of the cab and strides forward. I'm right behind him.

"I bet Pete snuck down to do some assessment work on his claim," he says. "Pete's located right next to me and Bates."

Eight's hogger ain't around his engine, but Sipes locates him digging a trench back on the desert, and heads for him.

"What's the trouble?" shouts my engineer. "Why ain't you back where you belong?"

"Yeh?" snaps Pete O'Brien, "I had enough time on you to get into the siding up at Piñon Gulch. How come you ain't there? The boys reported a new gold strike in the gulch yesterday. Figured you and Roscoe would be looking around a bit. What's the hurry? Going to a wedding, or something?"

"Didn't you get a copy of that new general order?" asks Amos, still bristling.

"Sure," says the other hogger. "But I slung it out the window. Figured at

your age, you wouldn't pay no attention to them things."

"Well," says Amos, drawing himself up very dignified, "I run by the book . . . sometimes. You gotta' back up to Stewart and let me through."

"The heck I have," snaps Pete O'Brien, dropping his shovel and coming close. "You back up to the Gulch and I'll pass you there. Anyhow, look at this gravel. It's bonanza dirt!"

He shows Mr. Sipes some sandy dirt with little yellow specks of virgin gold in it.

"Gosh all thunder!" exclaims Amos. "That's sure rich. I ain't goin' back. You go back to the town, and I'll wait here till you have time to get in the clear."

O'Brien laughs at the old man. It is very plain that each hogger wants to stay where he is and do a little prospecting on his own while the other backs his train into the clear.

It is about 3 miles into Stewart, and the same distance back to the passing track at Piñon Gulch. Both men are very stubborn, just like Mr. Hardshell Higgins. While they are arguing the situation I decide to get my camera from the left-hand seatbox and take a few shots of this cornfield meet on the V. & T.

The passengers in both trains are leaning out the windows trying to discover what the trouble is. Outside of that, it seems they are used to unscheduled stops and delays on the railroad.

On account of the sun is wrong, I have to go over to the other side of the engines to take my picture. I am surprised to see a couple of men digging not far out there in the desert.

When they see me with a camera they drop their shovels and run toward the train. I guess they was maybe passengers doing some prospecting themselves.

Anyhow, on account of a picture always looks better with people in it, instead of just plain machinery like a couple of locomotives, I shift my camera so that these 2 bozos are included in one of the shots. I also decide that maybe if I can locate them later in the train, I will arrange to sell them a few copies of the picture for a souvenir.

WELL, I get all the views I want, and still the 2 engines are standing face to face, smoke curling out of their stacks. There ain't no sign of Amos Sipes, or Pete O'Brien either.

I am leaning against a milepost sign right even with the cab of Eleven when Conductor Bates comes along.

"Ain't them nitwit hoggers settled this cornfield meet yet?" he asks.

"It don't look like it, Mr. Bates," I says. "I guess they are still over on the other side of the tracks arguing."

"Hmmph!" says Roscoe Bates, rubbing a little desert dust off the brass buttons on his coat, and shining them with the back of his sleeve. "We sure can't stay here all day. There ain't no diner on the train."

Telling me to come with him, he crosses over between the pilots of the engines. Amos and Pete are still arguing hot and heavy.

"Boys," says the conductor sternly. "This ain't going to get us anywhere. Let me settle the point in a dignified, railroad fashion."

"I'm goin' to settle it with this spanner in a couple of seconds," thunders Amos, waving his wrench under O'Brien's nose.

"Sssh!" says Bates. "You're too old for such violence, Amos. I'm going to be fair and square. I've got a coin here which I shall toss into the air. Heads,

O'Brien backs his train up. Tails, you back up to Piñon Gulch."

"That ain't railroadin'!" snaps Amos. "It's gamblin'."

Roscoe don't pay any attention to the old fellow. He heaves the silver dollar he is holding high into the air. Then it takes him 5 minutes to find where it landed in the gravel.

"Heads!" he announces gravely.

O'Brien takes a squint at the coin, and nods his head. Bates picks up the dollar as Pete shuffles toward his train and swings up into the engine cab. He releases his air, and pretty soon No. 8 is backing slowly down the track in the direction she came.

"I don't approve of settlin' things that way, Roscoe," says Amos, pulling at his beard, as the 3 of us walk over toward our brass-bound hog. "I ain't a gamblin' man."

"Me neither," says Bates. "Gambling's against my principles."

He gives me a sly wink as he pulls the so-called dollar from his vest pocket and slowly turns it over in the palm of his hand. *Both sides are heads!*

"Had it made for me in Reno," he grins, heading for the rear end of his train.

I MUST say that railroading on the V. & T. is conducted along very informal lines, which is what I explain to Goldenrod a few nights later when we have rolled into Reno.

We have picked up Jim Richardson and his family and we are taking in one of the city's hot-spots for a little quiet dancing and celebration.

Some people will claim that a man with a past is more interesting to the female sects, but personally I believe the guy with a present gets along better, especially if the present is a good one like the one I give Goldenrod on this occasion—prints of all the engines I have taken since we came to Nevada. There is quite a pile of them, too.

Goldenrod, having looked the pictures over and the next dance being a waltz, we move out onto the floor to the strains of a swell orchestra. A very peculiar tingle creeps up and down my spine as I hold Goldenrod tight in my arms as we glide to the tempo of the music. I guess it is love, or else a touch of rheumatism I may have got from working the mountain run with old Amos.

For quite a spell neither me nor Goldenrod says a word. Just dancing together is sufficient. In fact, it's divine.

Finally Goldenrod breaks the silence. "Kid," she says. "Supt. McGinnis is worried."

"Most railroad supers are these days," I says.

"His case," she says solemnly, "is different."

"What's he worried about?" I says. "The men prospecting along the road?"

"Partly," says Goldenrod.

Then she tells me that the railroad owns a lot of the land adjoining its right-of-way. Lately there has been a cattle man wanting to buy a large tract for grazing land.

"Why don't Mr. McGinnis sell it?" I says above the music.

"Because," goes on Goldenrod, "he has a hunch that the grazing gag is only a blind and that the cattle man is only a dummy owner. He's afraid a mining syndicate is behind the deal, and is trying to beat down the price on the story that the land is wanted only for ranching purposes."

"In that case," I says, "why don't he refer the whole problem to the Light of the Lantern dept. of RAILROAD STORIES?"

"Oh, he did," Goldenrod tells me. "And the editor says to put the matter up to the president of the road. But the president happens to be in New York. He wired back that Bill was in the field and for him to use his own judgment."

"Yeh," I says, "it's a peculiar situation."

Goldenrod gives me a pitying look and she goes on: "There's been copper mining down around there for a long time, but in 1931 placer gold was discovered in the Singatse Mountains, and nobody knows where the gold will be found next. Everybody's been prospecting lately."

"Including Amos Sipes," I says.

Goldenrod's story makes sense to me. You see, Roscoe Bates was telling on the run down, how it ain't so long ago since folks discovered that part of the V. & T. roadbed lay over a 2-million dollar vein of ore.

In fact, a section of the road was moved across a canyon so the Sutro Tunnel Coalition Co., Inc., which owned the vein could sink a shaft and recover all that new wealth. About 16 hundred feet of new track had to be laid, so the V. & T. could detour around the lode.

JUST then the music stops.

Me and Goldenrod start back through the couples on the dance floor toward our table. Goldenrod spots Jim and his missus also making for our table where the rest of their family are making pretzel houses.

The four of us are almost there when I see 2 guys standing off to one side. They are fellows I am very anxious to meet, being the 2 lads who was in the picture I took of Amos Sipes' recent cornfield meet with Pete O'Brien.

"Wait a minute, Goldenrod," I says, letting go of her arm. "There's a couple of fellows I want to talk to."

One of them looks up as I push through the throng. The 2 whisper together, and then make for the door.

"Hey!" I says. "You with the Stetson!"

Before I can catch up with them, however, they are practically out the front door.

"Naw," barks one of the men when I explain why I have pursued them, "we don't want no pictures."

But his companion jabs him in the ribs.

"Sure," he says. "We'll take 2 dozen copies the next time you see us. Toodle-oo, Funny-face."

With that they hurry out of the door, laughing. I am smiling myself, when I start back for my table, at the good news I will have to tell Goldenrod of selling 2 dozen engine pictures to one bird.

"Fine!" says Goldenrod, shaking her head slowly. "But who is the fellow? Did you get his name and address, Kid?"

"Gosh!" I says. "I forgot to remember to ask him."

Both Goldenrod and Jim Richardson give me a very thorough ribbing over this. But I do not say anything, as I am one who believes that he laughs best who laughs afterwards. Besides, I have a hunch that I will know where to find these 2 birds again some day.

Before we go home for the night, Jim says he thinks he will make the trip all the way down to Minden on the V. & T. and get himself some good shots of the old power used on the road.

"Make it next Saturday," suggests Goldenrod. "I'm going to ride out with the Kid then myself."

"Oke," says Jim, looking at his wife.

"And I guess I'll bring Mrs. Richardson and the youngsters along, too."

The children clap their hands in glee.

IT appears that Supt. Bill McGinnis has a weakness for engine photos like a lot of other railroad executives, so I give him a bunch of pictures I have taken on the V. & T.

Of course, I do not include the one with Pete O'Brien and Amos Sipes walking past the pilots of No. 11 and No. 8 because I don't want to have to explain how come the two hoggers were prospecting along the right-of-way, after the general order had been issued forbidding such practices.

Saturday comes around. We pick up Goldenrod at Carson City. I must say she looks very pretty and efficient, in a brown tweed sports suit, as she comes forward to the cab where I am doing my daily dozen with the coal scoop. Jim and his family are already aboard.

I introduce Goldenrod to Amos Sipes. The old guy beams all over, which is very complimentary from this hogger because he is a rail who is usually as cranky as Goldenrod's father, Hardshell Higgins, when he is at the throttle.

"Boys," she says, "better watch your step this run. Superintendent McGinnis is going with us."

Amos is leaning out the window watching for Roscoe Bates's highball, but mostly his eyes are on Goldenrod.

Then she explains to me that the super is going to make his decision on the land deal over the week-end. He wants to be up in the solitude of the mountains to do his master-minding.

Amos don't catch his highball till Bates gives it a second time. Then he eases open his throttle, and stands ready to horse the Johnson bar back a few notches as the drivers grip the rails, and the train moves forward. Goldenrod stands back, and swings aboard the first passenger coach as it rolls by.

It ain't long before Amos has cracked his throttle wide open, and we are spinning across the country to the swift throb of the old hog's shrill exhaust.

"I'm goin' to give McGinnis the ride of his life," says Amos, watching the ribbon of glistening steel slide under the leading truck wheels. "He's been moanin' for a long time about this engine. Figures she oughtta' been retired long ago."

He gives a little sigh. "But when she goes," he continues, "I go too."

I can understand the old man's feelings, because Goldenrod used to feel the same way about her own little Baldwin up on the Happy Valley Line.

We must be doing 60 an hour, and the cab is rocking so bad, it is hard to hit the grate with black diamonds. Amos don't say a word when a load of coal misses the firebox door and sprays itself all over the floorplates. He don't shut down on his speed, either.

"Anyhow," I says, bracing myself against the motion of the engine, "I hope we don't meet Pete O'Brien prospecting out in the middle of the desert."

"Me, too," says Amos, with a broad grin. "It would be too bad for Pete this time."

Then he adds more seriously: "I'll watch the road. You get over in that left-hand window and look ahead for smoke."

WE go by Stewart all right. The grades hold us back some, but Amos is driving Eleven like he was late with the U. S. mail.

I am at my post, looking ahead from the tallowpot's side. Suddenly I tense at what I see.

"Wipe the clock!" I shout to Amos.

At the sound of my words, the engineer stiffens. One hand instantly closes the throttle and his other reaches for the air valve.

"Hey, Where Do You Want Them Engine Pictures Sent? I Got 'Em Ready for You"

"What the blinkety-blank?" snorts Amos, his eyes still straining ahead.

The wooden cars rattle behind us as we buck and jump along the rails. I hit the dirt running before the train has even come to a stop. I land right beside the milepost that marks the spot where Amos and Pete had their cornfield meet.

Behind I can hear the sound of men shouting, and the tramp of running feet. One glance back and I can see Amos taking after me, and Conductor Bates and Jim Richardson and Goldenrod. Behind them a whole crowd of passengers are streaming from the cars.

But I pay no attention to any of them. Up ahead, tearing across the desert, is the guy in the Stetson and his companion who ordered them 2 dozen engine photos from me. With me business is always business. Besides, Amos was running so far ahead of time he'd have at least an hour to wait at Piñon Gulch for Pete O'Brien.

The guy with the Stetson and his companion are getting away from me, until the former trips over a stone in the desert and goes sprawling on his face. Turning to see what has happened, the other guy crashes into a clump of prickly pear.

He is still picking cactus needles out of his caboose when I catch up with them.

"Hey," I says, "where do you fellows want them engine pictures sent? I got 'em all ready for you."

"Nuts," says the guy with the hat.

Amos and Roscoe Bates join us.

"Gone plumb loco," says Amos to the panting conductor. "Didn't think he was a drinkin' man neither, but he shouts to me to wipe the clock and there ain't even a horny toad on the track."

Bates lights into me, too. I do not get a chance to squeeze a word of explanation in sideways.

"Ordinarily, I wouldn't mind," snaps the conductor. "But with Supt. McGinnis ridin' the train, it—it looks terrible. Sloppy railroading."

Even Goldenrod looks at me very reprovingly, and I am indeed embarrassed to be getting such a bawling out in front of the girl to whom I am engaged.

"Aw, shucks!" says Richardson. "He meant well."

Right then I figure I am fired, because Supt. McGinnis pushes Amos aside and stands in front of me. There's a grin on his face a mile wide.

"Kid," he says, extending his hand. "Put her there. You've saved the V. & T. a lot of money."

"Mr. McGinnis," I explain, "I always try to burn as little coal as possible, no matter what road I am working on."

"I'm not talking about coal," says the super. "You've showed me who's behind the land deal that Nevada Joe's been trying to engineer." He laughs at the guy with the Stetson. "Wanted it for grazing, did you, Joe?"

Then he turns to the other fellow. "All right, Forbes," he says, "Monday, we'll sign the papers in Reno—on an honest basis."

The fellow shrugs his shoulders. "Reckon the jig's up," he whispers to the guy with the Stetson. "Suppose we'll have to pay the road what the land's worth—as mining property—after all."

On our way back to the train, I turn to the super.

I have something on my mind.

"By the way, Mr. McGinnis," I says, "if you've got that fellow Forbes' full name and address, I'd like to have it. He promised to buy 2 dozen engine photos from me."

Juggling a Nitro Train

RAILROAD construction was full of perils, and not the least of them were those which went with handling and transportation of high explosives. Chemistry during the period of intense railroad development was not exactly the science it became in later years; faulty mixtures were all too plentiful and they had a way of going off at unexpected times and places. Many construction men, muckers and engineers were shorn of arms, legs, eyes and other parts of their anatomy due to premature explosions. However, at times the handling of dangerous materials had its humorous as well as tragic side, and one of these was the episode of the nitro train during the construction of the C.P.R. between Winnipeg and Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, Ontario.

Steel had been completed in 1879 from Port Arthur to Martin, 90 miles west, but the roadbed was anything except smooth and straight. As the Port Arthur "Daily Sentinel" said: "The road resembled the outline of a snake killed in the midst of its convolutions; a train passing over it imitated the motions of a ship at sea and the chances of the engine leaving the rails were as numerous as the twists and turns themselves."

Port Arthur, head of the lakes, was naturally the supply base for all construction material. Steamers from Canada and the United States poured cargoes of railroad supplies into the port from where it was later shipped to the end of steel, via the roadbed described above.

One cargo of nitro-glycerine was domiciled for a time at Port Arthur. As its tricky nature was known, the city fathers insisted that so long as it remained in town it be distributed in different places. The road officials complied and removed a portion of it to what is now Fort William. Stored in a shack on the present site of the C.P.R. roundhouse, it let go one day for no apparent reason. Fortunately no one was injured, but everyone was scared stiff.

"Get your damned stuff out—and quick," was the ultimatum of the Port Arthur officials to the road. "We're making a city of this place and have no desire to be blown clear across Lake Superior." In Canada, when governmental bodies clash with private enterprise, private enterprise usually comes off second best; the railroad took steps to remove the remaining five freight cars of nitro. Inasmuch as it was being used at the end of steel, that was the logical place to store it, and Riley's Siding, near Martin, was chosen as its next resting place. But the road ran into a snag. No train crew would haul the stuff. Jobs in those days were not hard to get, and every C.P.R. man in the train service at the lake head simply excused himself.

John King, a young French-Canadian from Montreal, knocking about the country to see what he could see, heard of the railroad's dilemma. He had been employed previously at a nearby gravel pit and knew something of explosives. For a substantial consideration, he volunteered to take the nitro to Riley's Siding. He was given full charge and authority to recruit the necessary help.

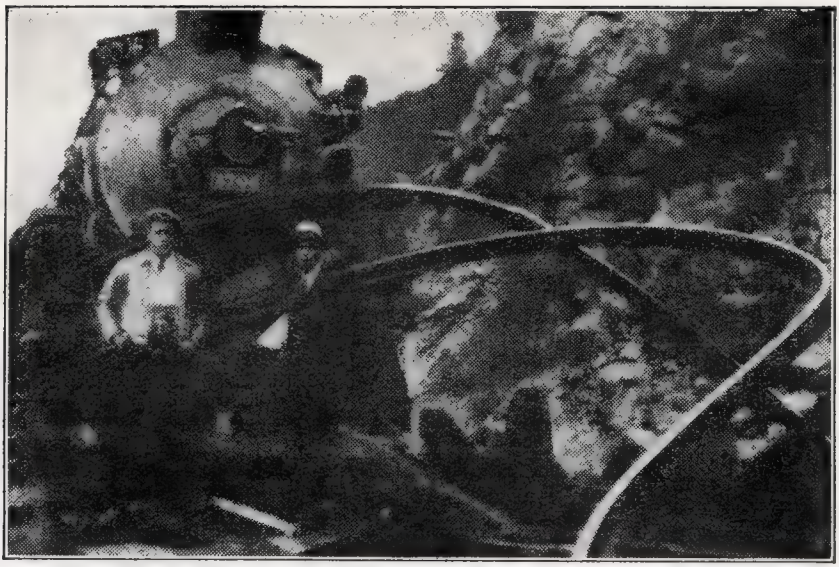
First, he cajoled an engineer and a fireman by proposing that they put the five cars of nitro on the tail end of a thirty car train of empties. Fine. Thirty cars would provide quite a buffer in case anything went wrong. King didn't know that exactly, but he made the engineer and fireman believe it. So far, so good, but how are you going to get a conductor, flagman and brakeman to ride in a caboose hooked onto five cars of nitro?

John King scratched his head. Apparently the thought of putting the caboose next to the engine never entered his mind. He talked the matter over with Bob Craig, a conductor, and they decided that Craig and one brakeman could ride a velocipede behind the train, just in case they were needed. The simple matter of brakes was almost overlooked. There was no air in those days and setting brakes meant getting out on the train with a brake stick.

Fortunately, the grades were few and moderate. On a bright morning, with a cleared track to Riley's Siding, a locomotive with thirty-five cars—thirty empties between the engine and the nitro—pulled out of Port Arthur. King himself rode the caboose, coupled onto the last nitro car. Five miles behind, maintaining that distance throughout the entire journey, came Bob Craig and a brakeman on a velocipede. Only when the train halted to permit its crew to eat, did the velocipede catch up.

King was worried. He knew engineers. The big thing on his mind during the 90-mile trip was would the hogger forget the nature of his freight? Would he unconsciously or sub-consciously give the cars a playful bang now and then? Would the slack in the links run in or out? Eventually, after enough worry to drive away the thoughts of the money he would get, the train and its one man crew in the caboose reached Riley's Siding. So did Bob Craig and his brakeman, almost a day later, still on the velocipede.

John King, a prominent citizen of Port Arthur, is alive and hale today, or at least he was in June, 1934.—R. A. Emberg.



A Rain-Soaked Mountain Cliff Slid Down Across the D. & R. G. W. Right-of-Way near Salida, Colo., Derailing a Passenger Train and Injuring 4 Persons. Note the Twisted Rails

On *the* Spot

SO much interest was expressed in our 1935 series of "Old-Time Railroading" covers that Emmett Watson has painted another for next month. It shows a balloon-stack engine pulling a passenger train into the depot.

Next month's fiction will include a historical novelette by Ed Samples, dealing with the big flood at San Marcial, N. M., on the old Santa Fe. Also another of those Kokomo Kid yarns by Dave Martin, which you haven't seen for a long while: "Chinook Charlie Comes Home," a dramatic blend of humor and pathos. And an engine-service story, "The Female Op," written and illustrated by Harry Temple, the brass-pounder who used to paint our front covers a few years ago.

Heading the True Tales section will be "Boomers in the Tropics," by Turkey Moore, whose life story (Oct. '35) drew a great many letters of comment.

Among the illustrated features for May will be "The Engineers' Brotherhood," by Charles F. Carter; "The Woodstock Bridge Disaster of 1887," by N. A. Critchett; and "Quicksands of Railroad Finance," by Jim Holden, being the history of the much-disputed M.&St.L., which can't seem to make up its mind whether to continue operation intact, or be distributed piecemeal among other roads, or join the long and ghostly list of abandoned pikes.

Before you forget, please fill out the Reader's Choice Coupon (page 143) and mail it; or make your own coupon on a postcard or letter. Votes and comments on the Feb. issue so far received show the following line-up in order of popularity:

1—Mileage Hog, Dellinger
2—True Tales of the Rails
3—Souvenirs for the Super, Earp
4—Road to Yesterday, Tyler
5—Great Strike of 1877, Edwards
6—On the Spot
7—Light of the Lantern
8—Engine Picture Kid in Hollywood
9—The Eight-Wheeler, Curran
10—International Engine Picture Club
11—'Boes Are 'Boes, Pugsley
12—Locomotives of the P. & L. E.

A Tiny Scrap of Paper

"A TINY SCRAP OF PAPER," by N. A. Critchett (Jan. issue) had a special appeal to me because, as a boy in Chicago, I worked as an express messenger on the Rock Island. Old-timers often spoke of the cruel murder of Kellogg Nichols. I covered the same run many times. The head car in which the messenger rode was known as the Peoria car. He rode in this car and handled local express between Chi. and Bureau Jct., where he turned the car over to the Peoria branch messenger. Then he went into the rear, or Kansas City, car and worked with the baggageman the rest of the way to K.C.

Newt Watt had 2 brothers, Tom and Bob, also baggagemen on the R.I. Both were fine men, who were later retired on pension and have since died. I worked with them, and at one time lived next door to Bob in Chicago. I understand Newt also was O. K. until he came under Schwartz's influence.

I worked with Conductor Fred Wagner on the Chicago-West Liberty run for a couple of years and knew him well. I also worked with Conductor Danforth.

The boys said Nichols was somewhat careless in his duties and the cause of much concern to "Uncle Joe" Sheppard, manager of the Western Dept., U. S. Express Co. Once the bridge over Green River near Colona, Ill., was washed out. Passengers, baggage and express were ferried across on a raft. While Nichols was transferring his safe it fell into the river. They had a hard time recovering it. Uncle Joe said he wouldn't have cared so much about losing the safe if only Nichols had been tied to it. But later he felt very sad about the murder.

Following the crime, a man named Frank Wing came on the runs as brakeman and baggageman. He was a mixer, well liked by the boys. Later it transpired he was a Pinkerton detective. He did good work on this case.—H. W. CHAMBERS, 1534 W. 26th St., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

THAT old locomotive pictured on page 89 of Feb. issue was "Economy No. 1," of the Darlington Cannel Coal R.R., New Galilee to Cannelton, Pa., 7 miles. The road was built in the '60's by the Economites; hence the engine's name. (See "Double Gage," by N. A. Critchett, Jan., '36, issue.) The man looking out of the cab window was R. Lowry, who now lives in Cleveland, O. The road was later extended to Lisbon, O., as the Pittsburg, Marion & Chicago R.R., now the Pittsburg, Lisbon & Western.—FRANK E. STEELE, R.D. 2, Beaver Falls, Pa.

I Took over Casey Jones's Run

"CASEY JONE'S FIREMAN" (March issue) recalled the tragic day 36 years ago when I was sent to Grenada, Miss., to complete Casey's run and bring his train back to Memphis. Casey and I had been friends for years. His death in the wreck was a blow to me. His widow and children are living today. So is his fireman, Sim Webb, about whom the article in RAILROAD STORIES was printed. I know Sim well. He happened to pass my home the other day, and stopped to tell me how much he enjoyed the article.

Long before Casey took the ill-fated Memphis-Canton run, he and I were on the same freight runs between Water Valley, Miss., and Jackson, Tenn. Casey had 3 hobbies: devotion to his engine, desire to maintain schedules, and the sounding of a locomotive whistle. One day we both pulled into Jackson yards about the same time. While waiting for clearance, Casey said to me: "Harry, if you're ever assigned the 638 while I'm off duty, take good care of her."

As for maintaining schedules: He taught me a lesson when I first came to the I.C.'s Mississippi Div. I was pulling a drag out of Jackson and had a wait order to meet Casey at Lamar, Tenn. He was running a banana train on special schedule, due at this point 3.23 P.M. I managed to get my drag into the siding as he roared by, right on the dot. Later my conductor said the clearance between our caboose steps and the pilot of Casey's engine did not exceed 6 inches! After that I made certain my train was waiting for Casey and not pulling into a siding.

Every cotton-field Negro between Cairo and Canton could tell when Casey Jones was at the throttle. His ability to handle a whistle cord was marvelous. His beautiful chime notes, starting at a high crescendo, trailed off into a whisper. The day Casey was killed at Vaughan, Miss., he had just completed a 15-barrel whistle and mounted it on the 382. Sim, who fired for me for years after the wreck, told me that just before Casey blew for Vaughan he called over the boiler-head: "Oh, Sim, we'll sure wake 'em up at Canton this mornin' with the new whistle."

I don't know what became of that whistle. I was assigned the 382 when she returned from the shops after the wreck, but her whistle was missing. In its stead was a regular I.C. standard chime of the type which was then being used to replace the engineers' home-made whistles.

On the night of April 29, 1900, Casey had some trouble coupling into a southbound mail car. He bunted it several times with the 382 when he arrived at the Poplar St. station, Memphis, for No. 1, but couldn't make the coupling. The car rolled downhill, but was caught and brought back to the station before One arrived. If they had failed to stop this car, Casey probably would not have been killed, as the delay to One would have made him late enough to miss the fatal meet with the freight.

I was assigned to No. 1 after the wreck, and later was given the 382. Six months afterward the 382 dropped a front pilot wheel when coming to a stop at Canton. No. 1 was late upon arrival in Memphis that night, and I had hammered her all over the back all the way to Canton. Heaven only knows why the wheel waited until the end of the run to drop off.

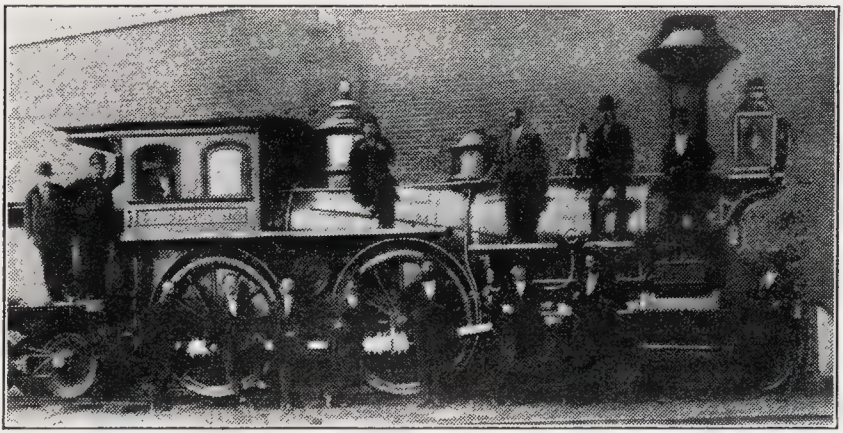
In 1903 train wreckers threw a switch south of Memphis and wired the switch light to show clear. I hit that switch, with the 382 making 65 m.p.h. Net result, one dead fireman, a transient killed, and I was broken up and badly burned. The 382 turned over three times.

After the engine had been shopped for a couple of months I got her again. Once more she started acting up. A switchman who'd been fired for insubordination threw a switch in Memphis yards, and the old gal fell over on her side for the third time. As luck would have it, No. 4 was on schedule and I was running through the yards rather slowly. No one was hurt, but the crew found grim humor in the fact that the engine upset beside Memphis Coffin Works.

Later the 382 left the track in Memphis yards. We rerailed her. She was off again, and again—3 times before we could get No. 4 into the station. Track was in good shape; there was no apparent reason for her contrariness. The impression got around that she was a hoodoo. Then the old gal left Memphis to go to Burnside shops, and was derailed the fourth time, killing another fireman. Fortunately for Sim Webb, he was not that fireman. The 382 did not return from Memphis, and no one around here bemoaned her loss.

I have been retired from the I.C. about 5 years, having spent 45 years in rail service, 31 of them on Nos. 1 and 4. I experienced thrills, wrecks and train robberies. In one case a locomotive was taken from me by bandits. An engineer's life is far from dull.—H. A. NORTON, 310 McLemore Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

In the Maple Leaf Dominion



C.N.R. Photo Courtesy of Mendel Greenblatt, 307 Lutz St., Moncton, N. B., Canada

Engine No. 66 on the Old Intercolonial, Canada's First Government-Owned Railway

AT present I'm in one of those camps mentioned by Ed Pugsley in "Free Rides for 2,000 Passengers" (Dec., '35), where we supposedly get "free bed and board with little if anything to do. . . ." If Mr. Pugsley could live in one of these "slave camps" for a while he would soon discover why the boys went on strike. There's always trouble here. For example, in the camp next to us the boys donated 25c each for a decent Christmas dinner, but the cook made a mulligan out of the turkey. He was run out of camp the next day.

Pugsley's "Lace for Lena" (Jan. '36) was swell. I presume he was telling about the Kettle Valley from Vancouver to Medicine Hat. He even mentioned train No. 11, the *Kootenay Express*. I rode the cushions on her from Coquitlam to Kettle Valley. I also enjoyed his other story "Hog's Back" (Oct., '34). It's not fiction altogether. The other day I met an old C.P.R. bridge builder, Mike Anderson, who helped clean up the mess at Roger's Pass where the story evidently took place.

Last Sept. a friend and I took our first shot at jumping freights. We rode C.N.R. train No. 403 from Nord Bay, Ont., to Kamloops, B. C., without changing trains. How is that for holding down a drag?—W. H. M., Canada.

* * *

TELL the Engine Picture Kid that I have named my model pike the "Happy Valley Line." The Kid and E. S. Dellinger are my favorites. I enjoy the Model Railroad dept. also and want to see more car and coach building plans.—WM. TURNBULL, Box 133, Kinsella, Alta., Canada.

Railroading in Old New England

THREE brothers, Frank E., Jesse, and Bert Lyman, section foremen on 25 miles of Boston & Maine track between Ossipee and Intervale, N. H., have put in a total of 151 years of service on the road without a black mark, without ever having been disciplined or ever having an accident due to negligence on their sections.

The 3 brothers have adjoining sections. Frank and Bert live in adjoining houses at Madison, N. H. Jesse began work at 16, Frank at 17 and Bert at 18. For 20 years Jesse has operated a snowplow. Once it scooted off icy rails into the woods, but Jesse stuck to his post until he had the plow back where it belonged.

* * *

WARE RIVER branch of B&A. was alleged to have been torn up. (Page 134, Feb. issue.) This branch is still in operation, but service on the Athol branch has been discontinued on account of a dam being built on Swift River.

Annin's letter on the same page and Curran's article in Dec. issue appear contradictory, though both are correct. Mr. Curran did not say the Central New England used Rogers locomotives exclusively, but he inferred that they did not buy them to the exclusion of others as many Connecticut roads did. As Annin said, the Connecticut Western and its successor bought only Rogers engines. The 4 Cookes came to the H.&C.W. at the time it took over the Rhinebeck & Conn. When the Central N.E. & Western leased the H.&C.W. the Rogers locomotives and the 4 Cookes were added to the 6 C.N.E.&W. Baldwins purchased by the Hudson Connecting R.R.

Between 1899 and 1904 the road, known after the summer of 1899 as the Central N.E., purchased 21 locomotives of various types all from Baldwin. From 1904 to 1907, 25 locomotives in 3 lots were purchased; 2 lots from Schenectady, one lot from Rogers. The American Locomotive Co. was then operating both plants.—Geo. Becker, 95 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

I WAS gratified to see my comments on Curran's "Humpbacked Hogs," printed in Feb. issue, despite a little error The C.N.E. was organized in 1899, not 1907, and the last bunch of Rogers engines was bought by that company.—T. B. Annin, secretary, N. Y. Chapter, Ry. & Loco. Historical Society, 13 May Terrace, Maplewood, N. J.

* * *

BACK in 1906, when I was 10, I used to steal my uncle's copies of Railroad Man's Magazine to read. I still enjoy the mag., despite its change in name.—J. G. Bouffard, 170 Bank St., Burlington, Vt.

* * *

AMERICA'S first passenger subway was built in Boston between March 28, 1895, and Sept. 1, 1897. Boston's elevated railroads were built between 1890 and 1901. Most of that city's rapid transit system was built during this period.—Wm. D. Swan, Jr., 16 Evans Rd., Needham, Mass.

THE B.&M. has discontinued much of its Worcester, Nashua and Portland Division. Rails have been taken up between Hudson and Fremont.

On a recent motor trip in Vermont I noted that the West River R.R. was a real "streak of rust." At S. Londonderry the *H. H. Paine*, of the former Woodstock R.R., decorated with rust and hitched to an antiquated coach, was headed south —but she wasn't going anywhere. She was dead. —Tom Kellogg, 12 Vine St., Manchester, N. H.

* * *

ALBERT HASSETT, Jr. (Feb. issue), inquired about an old single-track railroad near Marlboro, N. H. He probably refers to an abandoned industrial railroad to a stone quarry.—L. Green, 157 Chambers St., N. Y. City.

* * *

MY dad was a brakeman. I hung around a roundhouse when a boy, hoping to become an engineer some day; but have wound up as a pianist. Traveled several hundred miles in a bus in 1934. Finished in the condition of "The Man Who Crossed the Continent in a Bus" (Feb. issue). Never again for me!—Frank Hamblen, Hotel Lewis, Revere, Mass.

* * *

VERMONT wants to keep its railroads. A special session of the Legislature last year cut railroad taxes 40 per cent. This saved 2 Vermont lines from bankruptcy, thus showing other states the way to national recovery.

As state director of The Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc., I boost activities favorable to the iron pike. Our local Rotary Club shows real interest in the problem, holding "Railroad Nights" addressed by rail executives. One result is that 4 of our largest concerns now ship exclusively by rail and require all materials to be sent to them the same way. The state's attitude, as evidenced by such things, has saved the jobs of 2,500 railroad employees in Vermont.—Warren Fanshaw, Morrisville, Vt.

* * *

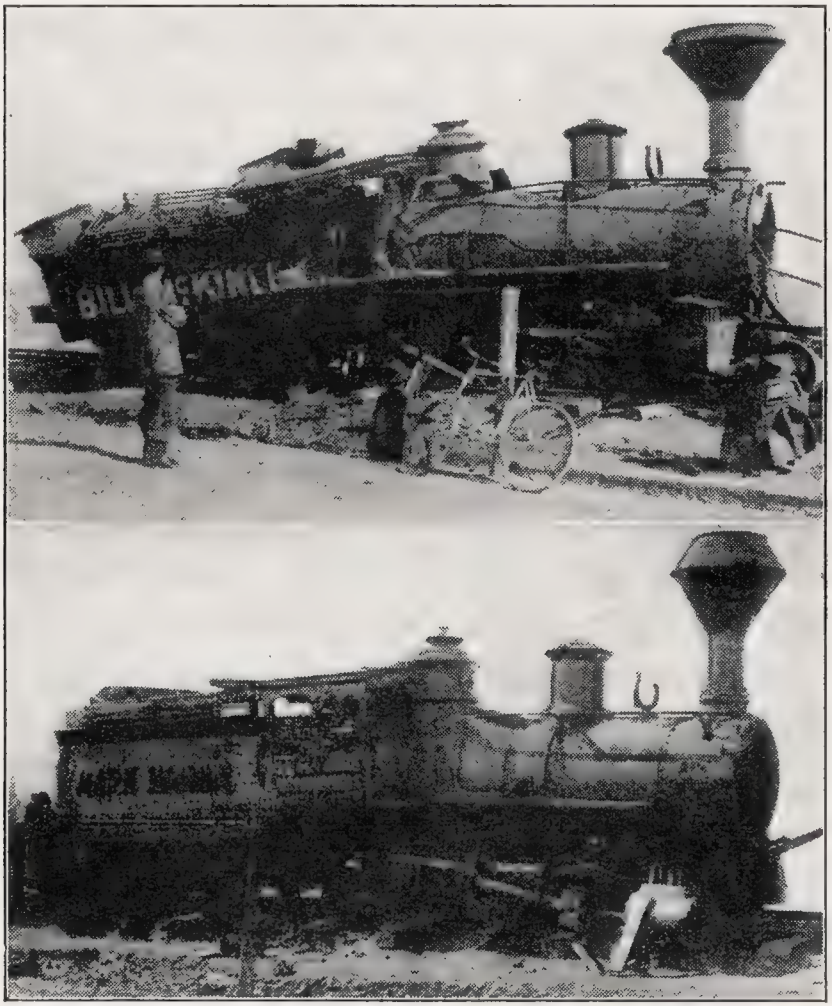
LYING in bed 300 feet from Central Vt. track at North Williston, Vt., Oscar Stapel heard an unusually loud click after a train passed. He got up and went to the track and found 7 feet of rail missing. Grabbing a flashlight and a white cloth, he ran down the track nearly a mile and flagged *The Montrealer*, crack train he knew was due.

The train was able to pass the break on a siding. But for his act it would have been wrecked. A correspondent of the *Boston Post* was mortified to learn that the engineer did not stop to get the hero's name. It should be explained to the worried one that a hogger's place is in his cab.—Fred Maxfield, 813 Beech St., Manchester, N. H.

* * *

I WANT to hear from readers of my age (14) and from anyone who knows about a train so designed that another one could go right over it. —Robt. Baker, Brunswick, Me.

Jobs for the Wrecking Master



Photos by R. A. Heath, Pontiac, Ill.

These Two Old Engines Were "Butchered to Make a Roman Holiday" (See Next Page)

DAD and I arrived at the scene of the wreck at Granite, Colo., on Labor Day, 1926 (mentioned in Dec. Spot dept.), almost immediately after it happened. We helped pull the killed and injured out of the wreckage. The dead numbered 32. The cause was said to have been a traveling engineer's attempt to make up 45 minutes' lost time on a sharp grade.—JACK HAEFLINGER, 4365 Quitman St., Denver, Colo.

LAST Dec. I saw a freight train scattered over the landscape at Neches, Texas. Who will give details of wreck?—O. K. LITTLEFIELD, Trinity, Texas.

* * *

BACKING under a warehouse awning at Crockett, Texas, an Mo.P. locomotive broke off her whistle, allowing steam to escape until the engine died. Another engine towed her to Pales-

tine. This was an unusual accident.—W. D. SHERMAN, Co. D, 9th Infantry, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

* * *

WHO can give details on wreck of a southbound passenger train on the D.&R.G.W. narrow-gage line between Antonito, Colo., and Santa Fé, N. M., in July, 1929? The wreck occurred on a steep grade between Barranca and Embudo, N. M. I believe 3 persons were killed.—JESSE FINEBARGER, Stong, N. M.

* * *

I SEEK information on 2 wrecks at Sussex, Canada, in 1916 or 1917. In one a fireman named Bannister was pinned underneath an engine for a long time.—JOHN LANDRY, 61 Erin St., St. John, New Brunswick.

* * *

WHO can tell about the N.Y.C. wreck between Elyria and Amherst, O., May 27 or 29, 1916? I lived within a mile of the place and heard the crash but could not go to the scene, being sick abed. Five or six unknown dead from that wreck are buried in Crown Hill Cemetery at Amherst. —W. S. GARVIN, Route 2, Box 26, Grayson, La.

* * *

AT 5.38 P.M., July 3, 1904, a Wabash passenger train running 60 m.p.h. ran through an open switch at Litchfield, Ill., striking a string of box cars loaded with ties. As conductor of a Burlington freight picking up cars, I was standing by and saw the wreck. The train was loaded with visitors to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Among the 27 killed were Engr. Sanford, a friend, his fireman, and a dispatcher riding the engine. There were 60 injured. My crew pulled the rear 2 coaches back; the rest of the train burned. The Wabash settled all claims out of court for $500,000.

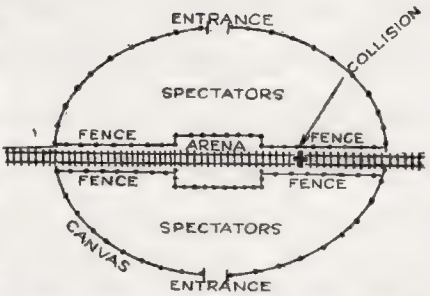
At a recent O.R.C. banquet I concluded a brief speech by saying that I rarely contacted old rail friends these days but, instead, revived memories by reading RAILROAD STORIES.—E. S. LOWTHER (attorney), 102½ W. Oklahoma Ave., Guthrie, Okla.

* * *

IN Sept., 1896, while Wm. Jennings Bryan was campaigning against Wm. McKinley, the Republican presidential nominee, the Democrats staged a locomotive collision to raise funds for their "free silver" cause.

Their first step was to get 2 old Brooks engines —I think they came from the Denver & Rio Grande—and paint on their tanks the names Bill McKinley and Mark Hanna (his campaign manager). Perhaps some reader can give the history of those engines.

A half-mile of track was laid in Denver so that the center was lower than either end, thus giving a down-grade for both antagonists. Then a high canvas screen was erected around the grounds, except at the track openings. In the middle of the enclosure an arena was built parallel to the tracks. Price of admission was $1, as I remember.



Many test runs had been made by each engine, timed to the second, so as to meet in the center of the arena. At length all was set for the big thrill. A starter, stationed in the middle, waved a white flag. Both engineers whistled back their "ready" signals. Then the starter slowly raised a red flag. A breathless hush fell over thousands of spectators crowding the arena. The flag dropped; the big run was on! Because of the downgrade and no brakes, one engine had been kept in reverse. Her reverse lever stuck for a few seconds—long enough to spoil the schedule.

At the last minute, dummy engineers and firemen had been placed in the cabs. With throttle wide open, bells clanging and whistles screaming, one locomotive tore into the enclosure. Instantly the spectators realized that the collision would take place outside the arena. There was a mad scramble by those lining the track fences, but they could scarcely move because they were held in by the crowd in back of them. When the crash came, the air was filled with pieces of flying metal and glass. Almost miraculously, no one was injured. What might have been a tragedy turned out to be a bad scare.

The engines struck with such force that they almost stood on ends and then settled back in a rebound that left them standing about 15 feet apart. From one boiler front a stream of hot water and steam shot into the air like a geyser. Flues and fireboxes of both engines must have been wrecked, as pressure was gone almost instantly.

Souvenir hunters at once got busy and carried away parts that were not too heavy or too hot. I tried to take photos, but it was too dark by the time the crowd dispersed, so I went back the next morning and got several good shots.—R. A. HEATH, Studio of Photography, Pontiac, Ill.

* * *

M. CROWELL, cadet pilot from Selfridge Field, Mich., was killed Dec. 13, 1935, when he drove his plane into a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Western at Flint, Mich.—CHAS. HILL, 4835 Lake Park Ave., Chicago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *A similar encounter was pictured in "Along the Iron Pike," Sept. issue. In this case a plane made a wholly unprovoked attack on a Santa Fe stock car. Not expecting trouble, the stock car was unarmed. There was no time to invoke sanctions. Still, the plane got what was coming to it.)*

The Reader's Viewpoint

IN saying the *Bristolian* was the world's fastest scheduled train between 2 central points, F. H. of Liverpool erred. On the Madison Div. of the C.&N.W. the *400* covers the 4.48 miles between Buffalo and Oxford in 3 minutes, an average of 89.6 m.p.h.; 10 miles between Brooks and Buffalo in 7 minutes, 85.7 m.p.h.; 8.84 miles between Highland Park and Wilmette, eastbound, in 6 minutes, 88.4 m.p.h.; 15.66 miles Waukegan and Kenosha both east and west, 11 minutes, 85.36 m.p.h.; 15.9 miles Lake Bluff and Wilmette, 11 minutes, 86.7 m.p.h.

The C.&N.W. train is faster than the English train and for longer distances.—MARTIN DIGNAN, 544 Holmes St., Youngstown, O.

* * *

ANSWERING Mr. Dignan: That 4.48 miles at 89.6 m.p.h. between control points makes the *Bristolian's* 85.5 m.p.h. look tame, doesn't it? However, England raised a new stepper when the London & Northeastern adjusted its *Silver Jubilee* schedule, giving 19 minutes to run the 26.96 miles between Hitchin and Huntingdon, northbound, which works out at 85.2 m.p.h.

This doesn't look so dusty, seeing the *400* can't show 85 m.p.h. for that distance. Maybe the *Detroit Arrow* could; I'd like to know. Will somebody check up on an employees' timecard and tell us?—F. H., Liverpool, England.

* * *

MY father is a bill clerk on the "Mop" at Carthage, Mo. I am a junior in high school, age 16. I have been reading about fast runs in the "Spot" dept.; now I'll tell one. Recently a "Mop" stock train, 45 cars, pulled by 2 passenger engines, Nos. 6413 and 6610, left Pleasant Hill, Mo., and arrived in Carthage, 115 miles distant, in 135 minutes.—WALTER ADAMS, 308 N. Orner St., Carthage, Mo.

* * *

ONE reader mentioned a Milwaukee train of 28 coaches pulled by 2 freight engines. At Effingham, Ill., I saw a Pennsy train of 25 coaches hauled by *one* engine.—ARCHIE MEADOR, R.R.3, Decatur, Ill.

* * *

RAILROAD STORIES would be 100 p.c. better if you'd cut out trashy fiction and run only a novelette by one of your better writers like Dellinger. Devote the rest of the space to illustrated features of real interest.—STANLEY WIGGINS, Crestmont Farms, Torresdale, Pa.

* * *

LET'S have some stories located on the Gulf Coast where you can see for miles and firemen do not have to bail coal into hard-steaming tea kettles the whole trip. I like Dellinger and Earp, though it seems they write about nothing but wrecks. I like the Engine Picture Kid, too. He gets along without too many cornfield meets. If he will come to Houston, we'll get him a job hauling citrus fruit out of the lower Rio Grande Valley.—JOE BRADSHAW, 1909 San Jacinto St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

"LAREDO has everything San Antonio has except the Alamo; but Laredo has Bozo Texino, who has autographed more box cars than Babe Ruth has baseballs." This is what Johnny Thompson, creator of the Engine Picture Kid, told a *Laredo Times* reporter. My trademark appears on both sides of about 150,000 box cars moving in U. S., Canada and Mexico. As the chalk I use is waterproof, it will last until the cars are repainted.—J. H. MCKINLEY ("Bozo Texino"), Box 564, Laredo, Texas.

* * *

LAST August I was working on an extra gang at Coteau Landing 37 miles west of Montreal. In one week I counted no less than 17 box cars with the monicker "Bozo Texino" on the sides. Those box cars sure see the country, San Antonio to Montreal! I'd like to hear from rails anywhere, especially those in Joplin or Neosho, Mo. —W. H. MALLINSON, Copper Creek, Princeton, B. C., Canada.

* * *

HOW is this for a 3-railroad trip? En route to Scranton, Pa., we had a Reading 2-6-0 type to Bethlehem, where we were grabbed by a C.N.J. 4-6-0 and dragged over what I believe was the L.V. track.—WARREN STOWMAN, 7444 Forest Ave., E. Germantown, Phila., Pa.

* * *

GILBERT LATHROP, former D.&R.G.W. fireman of Gunnison, Colo., whose narrow-gage stories are familiar to our readers, is the author of a new fiction book for boys, "Whispering Rails," 252 pages, Goldsmith Pub. Co., Chicago, selling at the chain stores at 20c a copy. Congratulations, Gil! We hope a lot of rails buy this book for sons and grandsons.

Lathrop says: "Best story you ever printed was Earp's 'Souvenirs for the Super' (Feb., '35). Even the birds around here who never rode a railroad train got a kick out of that one."

* * *

RALPH A. SNYDER, boomer and fiction writer now living at Brawley, Calif., slips us the news of the recent death of Ed S. Harrison, 84, last surviving witness of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point, Utah. Ed was an S.P. rail, retired 12 years ago. He shook hands with President Lincoln and was a peanut butcher with Thomas Edison. Incidentally, that famous scene at Promontory Point was featured in a Russian ballet entitled "Union Pacific" which invaded America some time ago.

Photo by Thomas O. Acree, 218 W. 12th St., Cincinnati, O.

The "Florida Sunbeam." This Identical Photo, Made by a Member of the I.E.P.C. but Slightly Retouched, Adorns the Latest Southern Ry. Timetable. The "Sunbeam" Made Her Maiden Trip Jan. 2, 1936. Her Engine Is Dark Green; Sides of Cylinders and Sides of Cab Display Metal Paintings of Palm Trees. Mr. Acree Used to Be a Southern Ry. Train Dispatcher

Information Booth

FRANK JARRELL, editor of the Santa Fe's agricultural publication, *The Earth*, has been commissioned by President Bledsoe to write a history of his road. I hope he will include a history of Santa Fe engines.—WM. GIBSON, 512 Taylor St., Topeka, Kan.

* * *

"AUNT NORY"—as the mixed train on the Atlantic Northern Ry. was known—pulled out of Atlantic for Kimballton, Ia., on her final run Jan. 6. This last farmer-owned railroad in the Midwest, built at a cost of $300,000, starved to death for lack of business, closing with no debts but with equipment worth $20,000.—H. H. FULTON, Lewis, Ia.

* * *

WHEN a railroad is abandoned that isn't news, but when a new line is started it *is* news. The Atlantic & North Carolina R.R., between Beaufort and Goldsboro, N. C., was in receivership for some years. The state leased the road but later canceled the lease and released the road to a group of citizens along the line, which now has offices and shops at New Bern, N. C. Leased locomotives include four 0-6-0 type, one 4-4-0 and three 4-6-0.—RICHARD PRINCE, JR., 1141 Larchmont Cresc., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

WE want to hear from other chapters of the American Ry. Employed Boys Club. The Altoona club is made up of apprentices and sons of Pennsy employees between 18 and 25 years of age. Clinton Forge, Pa., also has an A.R.E.B. group.—CHAS. YOUNG (secretary, A.R.E.B. Club), Y.M.C.A., Altoona, Pa.

* * *

RAIL fans, please write.—DANIEL DEVLIN (age 18), 5892 Jeanne Mance St., Montreal, Canada.

ANSWERING a query: Among the railroads which still use coal stoves to heat trains is the M.&St.L., for coaches on trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 out of Des Moines, pulled by gas-electrics. Same applies to coaches on many Rock Is. mixed trains. —P. ANDERSON, 1418 24th St., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

FEB. Spot dept. mentions 2 brothers on the C.&O. who worked on the same engine. My wife has 2 brothers, Wm. and Henry Hauss, who have been on the same engine together a great deal.—LESTER FRUIT, R.D. 4, Box 42, Menomonie, Wis.

* * *

"ALONG THE IRON PIKE," Dec. issue, carried a picture of the unique weather vane on the Santa Fe station at Arkansas City, Ark.—my native town. I've seen that vane hundreds of times.—CALVIN LEWIS, 104 E. Third St., Park Rapids, Minn.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Maybe someone will recognize the unique weather vane in April's "Along the Iron Pike."*)

* * *

WHO has copy of poem, "The Galesburg Hump"?—J. WASSIL, 434 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

* * *

THOS. H. GRAY, who died in Burlingame, Calif., in Jan., 1935, aged 89, was credited with originating the "Stop, Look and Listen" signs at railroad crossings. He made the drawings for the first such sign in this state while employed in the S.P. shops at San Francisco in 1884.—JAMES FRASER, Redwood City, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Col. Michael Shoemaker, member Michigan State Senate, 1847-1852, introduced a bill, twice passed by the Senate, twice defeated in the House and subsequently adopted by Michigan railroads, requiring similar signs at all crossings.*)

K. P. BAYNE (Feb. issue) speaks of S.P. engine 1079 being dressed up for a movie. This picture was "Whispering Smith Speaks," starring George O'Brien, with good shots of S.P. trains. I recommend it to railroad fans. The picture includes a station named Sleepy Cat Creek, W. Va. Is there such a station?—W. DAVID SWANEY, 37 15th St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Sleepy Cat" is not recognized by the Official Guide, but Sleepy Creek is a flag station on the main line of the B.&O. 4 miles west of Cherry Run, another flag station, and 11 miles east of Sir John's Run, also a flag station on the same road.)*

* * *

SOME spots in "Whispering Smith Speaks" make railroaders squirm, but on the whole it is one of the best railroad pictures I've seen. Location is San Joaquin Div. of S.P. Scenery is fine, but plot isn't so hot.—CHAS. UNRUH, 1313 Perkins St., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

IN Feb. issue it was said S.P. engine 1079 had "Brooks R.R." on her tank. This should have been "Blake's R.R."—in "Whispering Smith Speaks."—ELWIN HEATH, Box 15, Barre, Vt.

* * *

A STORY in the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE told about a car that disappeared but was eventually found in a coal pocket, the track to which had been removed bodily, then replaced after the car was in the pocket. I want to know the title and author.—CARL BISHOP, 1316 Poplar St., Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

WHY do your writers confine most of their stories to train and engine crews? There are thrills in other branches of service, even in office work.

On page 91 of Jan. issue Pocahontas County, W. Va., average altitude 3,000 feet, is alleged to be the highest county in U. S. I am unable to find any point in Colorado that is not higher than 3,000 feet; many counties are much higher. —L. J. BERRY, Swink, Colo.

* * *

CURRAN'S article, "The Eight-Wheeler" (Feb. issue) omits the fact that the first successful 4-4-0's were built by Eastwick & Harrison, Phila. It was the Harrison equalizing beam, patented by Jos. Harrison on April 24, 1838, which gave the 4-4-0 the necessary flexibility to operate on rough and crooked track.

A picture of No. 1628 was shown with credit as the first Pennsy engine with Belpaire boiler. The road first used Belpaire boilers on Class H3, a 2-8-0 type first built at Altoona in 1885. Records show that the first Class H3 was No. 400, and that the first 4-4-0 with Belpaire boiler was No. 1321, Class D12a, built at Altoona in Aug., '89. Engine No. 1628 was a Class D13a, completed at Altoona on March 6, 1893.—PAUL T. WARNER (former editor, *Baldwin Locomotives*), 6832 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

* * *

I WANT information on the old Tilton type 4-4-0 locomotives used on C.&N.W. in the '80's. I have a partly finished model of this type. I began it when these engines were in service but it has lain untouched more than 40 years.—ROBT. WHEELER, 1432 Wisconsin St., Racine, Wis.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Do you mean Taunton type?)*

* * *

HERE are some titles for that list of railroad fiction suggested by Frank Donovan, Jr.: "Scientific Sprague," "Taming of the Red Butte Western," and "The Wreckers," by Francis Lynde; "The Nerve of Foley" and "Held for Orders," by Frank Spearman; "Running Special" and "The Night Operator," by Frank Packard; and "The Rainy Day Railroad War" and "Snow on the Headlight," by Cy Warman.—GEO. BEATER, 6456 Germantown Ave., Phila., Pa.

A Corner for Juice Fans

THE recent controversy between Burlington Road executives and enginemen has been settled in favor of the employees; 2 men must be in the cab of each Diesel engine, but firemen are paid by the hour, not on mileage basis.

When Swiss Federal Railroads were electrified, engine crews were cut to one man. Then came the crash in Lucerne tunnel in which several lives were lost, including the engineer. Investigation indicated that the engineer was either dead or unconscious. He was thrown down at a curve, but when his hands left the throttle and brake, safety devices stopped the train. Had the other train been a few minutes late, a head-on collision would have happened. Thereafter passengers made sure that 2 men were in the cab before they would board trains.—ERNEST STALDER, 2216 Byron St., Chicago.

YOU devote too much space to foreign roads and too little to modern juice railroading. There is romance in building a network of wires in the sky as on the Pennsy electrification. Having worked on a wire train, I venture to say that it is thrilling. —HAROLD SHELDON (railroad electrician), Fisherman's Road, Baldwin Harbor, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

CAN anyone tell me about the electric interurban line between Harvard, Ill., and Walworth, Wis., abandoned about 1929, or furnish pictures thereof?—W. HOWARD, 1551 Pratt Blvd., Chicago.

* * *

IN Dec. "Almanac," the Wabash was credited with hauling in 1906 the first train of street cars on their own wheels. While I was night operator at Stonington, Ill., in 1903 I saw the Wabash move a train of 25 street cars on their own wheels. —J. F. GLASS, 719 E. Southern Ave., Indianapolis.

Photo by C. v. McMonagle, "Morning Oregonian," Portland, Ore.

When a Wooden Trestle Collapsed on the Tillamook Branch of the S.P. near Cochran, Ore., Aug. 6, 1935, Freight Locomotive No. 2833 and Two Cars Fell 110 Feet, Killing the Engine Crew, Two Brakemen and a Bridge Carpenter

Model Railroading

Conducted by Charles G. Cunningham

Another Step in Building Our 4-6-0 Model

THIS is the third of a series of articles on the construction of a 4-6-0 scale locomotive. Last month we told you how to machine the driving wheels and axles. This month we're taking up the construction of a simple surface gage and the quartering of the wheels on our model locomotive.

A surface gage is very useful for scribing lines around or along boilers, cabs and tenders, and also for lining up the centers of driving wheels. This is how to make it:

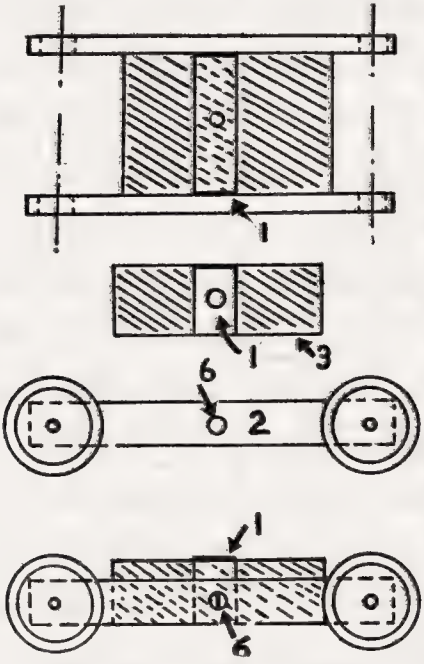


Diagram for the Leading or Pilot Truck

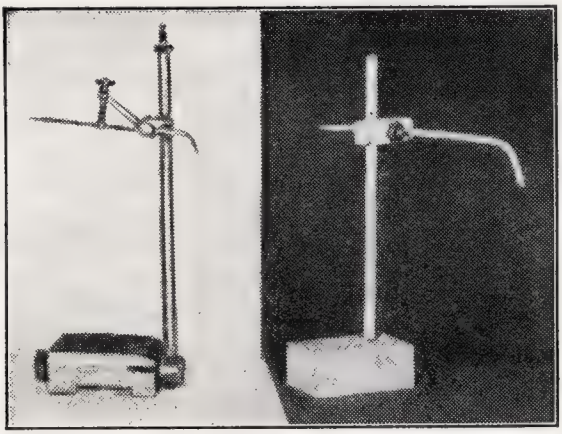
Take a rectangular piece of steel about 1½" long, 1" wide and ¾" to 1" thick. Put this piece in the chuck of your lathe and face accurately across on one side, reverse and face the other side. Your block (figure No. 9 in the accompanying drawing) should be the same thickness at all points when you have finished machining.

Now drill ⅜" to 3/16" hole about halfway through the block. This hole is for the tool post and should be approximately ½" away from one end of the block. The tool post (figure No. 3) may be a piece of drill rod 6" to 7" long and should fit very tightly in the hole you drilled in the block.

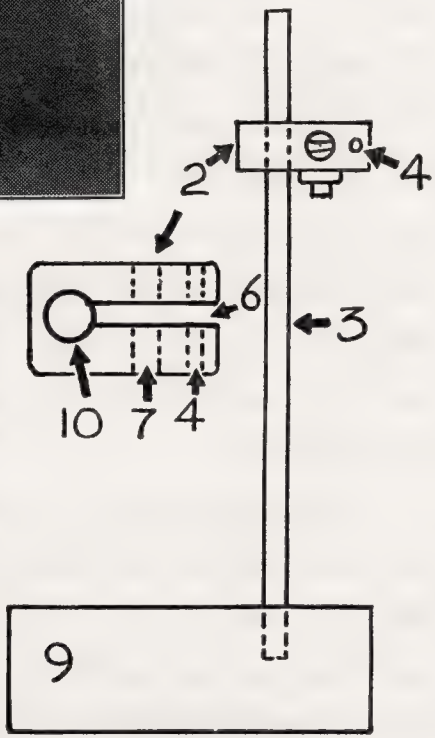
Steel block No. 2, which holds your scratching tool, is next. This piece should be made from machine steel, which is another name for cold-rolled steel. Piece No. 2 should be ⅜" thick, 1" long and ½" wide. Drill hole No. 10 so that it is a sliding fit for your tool post. Drill hole No. 7 with a No. 36 drill and thread with a No. 6-32 tap, which you can buy in any ten-cent store.

No. 4 hole is for your scratching tool, which you can make from a piece of 3/32" drill rod or an old icepick. Bend it to the shape shown on the one in the photo, harden and sharpen both ends. Now make your saw cut (No. 6) in block No. 2 and assemble your tool.

Do not paint this tool; the one in the photo was painted for photographic reasons only. Later on we'll tell you how to



On the Left Are Two Photographs of a Simple Surface Gage, Showing the Commercial Product (White Background) and the Finished Gage Described in This Article (Black Background). Below Is the Diagram for the Gage



use it; but now we'll go to the job of quartering locomotive driving wheels.

Press home *one* driver on each axle, using your vise as a press and pieces of hard wood or brass between the jaws and the metal. Slip an axle through one of the holes in the frame. Next place on the phonograph gear mentioned two months ago. Lightly press on the opposite driver so that its center line is pointing toward the front of the frame. The other driver should have its center line pointing downward; and thus the angles formed by the center lines of one pair of drivers should make an angle of 90 degrees.

When all drivers are in place, put the chassis on a piece of windshield glass. Take your surface gage and check all the drivers on one side to see that their center lines are *vertical;* and then without touching the chassis, move the surface gage around to the other side and check the center lines on that side. They should all form a *horizontal* line. If they all check, press the drivers home.

The function of a pilot truck on a model locomotive is merely to carry the weight of its parts and to line up switches and to help keep the locomotive from leaving the track on curves, but not to carry the weight of the front end as is the case in a real locomotive pilot truck.

Making one is simple. You need two pairs of wheels, one piece of strip brass, a small amount of lead and some 6-32 screws. The side frames (No. 2 in the pilot truck drawing) are made first. Cut them to the size shown in the chart. Drill the axle holes about two drill sizes bigger than the axles to allow for a small amount of play. We suggest you buy your wheels rather than make them. When you receive your wheels take one off each axle, slip on a washer about 1/32" thick, put the axle through the holes, place another washer on the axle and drive home the other wheel.

In the exact center of the side frames drill two holes (No. 6) with a No. 50 drill and tap the holes with a No. 2-56 tap. A U-shaped stretcher is made which will just fit snugly without binding the side frames. This is figure No. 1 in the drawing.

Drill two No. 47 holes in the sides of this stretcher and one hole on the top, and tap them the same size as No. 6 in the side frames. The diagonal lines in the drawing show where the lead is placed. Assemble the truck with No. 2-56 screws. Make sure the lead does not bind the side frames.

Next month we'll continue the series with instructions for making the cylinders, side rods and crank pins of this model 4-6-0.

Chart for 4-6-0 Locomotive

Name of part	O-gage	OO-gage	HO-gage
PILOT TRUCK Side frame No. 2	⅜"x1¾" x1/16"	3/32"x 30x1/16"	¼"x⅞" x1/16"
Center to Center of axles	1½"	24	¾"
Thickness of axles	3/32"	1/16" or 3/32"	1/16"
Diameter of wheels	11/16"	11	11/32"

All holes in truck tapped for No. 2-56 screws

Working Model of a Baker Valve Gear No Larger Than an Ordinary Postage Stamp; The Above Photo Shows It more than Four times its Real Size. It Was Built by R. Eichorn, 93-21 244th St., Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

Model Engineers and Clubs

LOCAL headquarters of the International Society of Model Engineers has a ½" scale trolley line with real overhead wires and all the extras. Switches line up automatically according to the route selected. It even has a Mack gas-electric car built from plans published in the Dec., '35, issue of Railroad Stories. All models are made with wood sides and tops, and the ends from sheet tin. The track is equipped with derailers which work. Write to W. Hale, 206 Rockview Terr., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

DURING 1935 Quaker City R.R. Society took trips to New York, Washington, Easton, Bethlehem, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. This year they plan to go to Richmond, Cumberland, Harrisburg, York, Reading and Middletown.—L. Dixon, Jr., 5132 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

SOUTH N. J. Model R.R. Club has a double-tracked system 24 by 10 ft. Every member builds one piece of rolling stock to be loaned to the club, which in turn furnishes couplers and trucks. Meetings every Monday at 100 Ardmore Ave., Westmont, N. J. Write E. Pardee, 626 Park Ave., Collingswood, N. J., or phone Collingswood 538-J.

* * *

BALTIMORE Society of Model Engineers plans a trip over the narrow-gage East Broad Top Ry. and Coal Co. Drop in any Friday night. —H. Brooks, 1613 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

FROM March 23rd to the 28th Missouri Railroads, a group of model systems of various gages, will give an exhibit which will be the main part of the third annual open house of the Missouri Society of Technical Science, to be held in St. Louis, Mo. They plan to show scale street cars, Chicago "El" trains and a St. Louis city car and trailer. Admission price is 10c.—F. Kiesel, 3251 Hawthorne, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

COULD you give us the name of a foundry man in or around New York City who will make castings from our patterns?—H. Walton, 167 Boiling Springs Ave., E. Rutherford, N. J. **(Editor's note: One of the best foundry men in the East has a place at 11 Mary St., Newark, N. J. He is very exacting about the patterns and will not cast work if they are the least bit off color in workmanship. His prices are average for his high quality of craftsmanship.)**

* * *

MY layout consists of 120 feet of track including sidings and yards. For motive power I have a 2-8-4 Erie and a Pennsy 4-4-0 built to scale over a Lionel motor.—V. Neal, 28½ W. Fassett St., Wellsville, N. Y.

* * *

HAVE started a model railroad; finished a Pennsy 40-ton box car, C. & N. W. flat car and a Mich. Central gondola, all to scale. Plan to start on a four-wheel caboose.—A. Wohlgemuth, 3311 W. 61st Place, Chicago.

* * *

F. S. SPON, who ran **The Modelmaker** for many years, has resigned and started his own business. He announces a list of books and magazines for modelmakers for 10 cents. Address him at Bay Shore, N. Y.

* * *

BROOKLYN R.R. Club held its ninth party last New Year's Eve. As usual, the place was decorated with railroad photos and paintings, and all rules were suspended. N. Y. C. publicity dept. loaned them the two-reel film **Flight of the Century**, which proved such a success a repeat performance was given the Tuesday following. Visitors are welcome any Tuesday after 8 p.m. or by special appointment.—H. Saler, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

ERIE Model Rys. Club has just been formed; new members wanted. Write to G. Abt, 801 E. 26th St., Erie, Pa.

Model Trading Post

WANTED: Bicycle motor in good condition; offer Lionel O-gage No. 262 steam type loco., No. 607 pass. cars, trans., and track.—W. Alexander Jr., 1124 E. Price St., Germantown, Penna.

I HAVE a Speedibike bicycle motor, good condition, to trade for tinplate or model equipt. Make offers.—C. Cole, Box 370, Somers, Mont.

TRADE my Lionel electric trains set for what have you?—A. Manthorne, 21 Waldo St., N. Randolph, Mass.

WANTED: Scale models and pictures of any trains.—P. Adams, Box 74, Federalsburg, Md.

OFFER my books, air rifle, deep-sea fishing rod and reel for ¼" scale equipt.—A. Neusser, 31-30 94th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

WILL trade back issues of "Railroad Stories" for plans of ¼" rolling stock.—C. Lerner, c/o Fleetwood Model R.R. Club, 1362 College Ave., N. Y. City.

EXCHANGE O-gage equipt. for locos.—W. Chisolm, 411 E. 84th St., N. Y. City.

OFFER my Lionel O-gage 239-E bridge, switches, warning signal, B trans., power station and rheostat for cash or what have you?—G. Newman, 762 Melrose Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City.

WANT Lionel O-gage set; offer my Lindstrom movie projector, six reels of 16 mm. film, 100 assorted magazines, typewriter, etc.—M. Wilenchik, 60 Carroll St., Paterson, N. J.

WHAT offers for my Lionel equipt. No. 152 loco., 800 box car, 802, oil car 804, caboose 801, etc.—J. Gilbert, 344 W. 121st St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BEST offer in steel or brass scale rail gets my O-gage tinplate equipt., consisting of 24 pieces of track, one pr. switches, No. 012 right automatic switch. Offer expires April 1st, 1936.—R. Benson, 1135 10th St., Sheldon, Ia.

WHAT offers for my Lionel pass. coaches Nos. 607, 608, B trans.?—L. Mains, 263 S. 11th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

WANTED: O-gage switches and track, will pay cash.—Severeno, 411 S. 11th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

TRADE my boy's books, magazines, scale electric derrick, projector, etc., for ¼" scale track in any condition.—J. Chaffe Jr., 21 Brown Ave., Rye, N. Y.

OFFER many magazines including Railroad Stories for model equipt. or what have you?—D. Kourtz, 3058 W. 1st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED: Pr. ¼" scale steam cylinders for 4-8-2 type loco.—H. Mead, North St., Greenwich, Conn.

BEST offer in strd.-gage equipt. gets my 1000 foreign stamps.—R. Adams, 496 Sanford Ave., Newark, N. J.

WHO has ¼" live steam loco. to trade for my No. 400-E Lionel loco., 7 cars, 40 pieces of track, K trans., console radio, etc.?—R. Hammond, Oakdale, Penna.

WANTED: No. 9-E or 381-E strd.-gage Lionel loco.—H. Kumpa, 196 Chestnut St., Nutley, N. J.

SWAP my ¼" scale Pennsy box car sides, for Lionel O-gage equipt.—A. Lederer, 28-08 35th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

WANTED: O or strd.-gage street cars, any make.—J. Hunter, 317 Eckman, South Bend, Ind.

WHAT offers for my postcard projector, ping pong set? Want Lionel strd.-gage equipt.—F. Murphy, 535 E. Cimarron St., Colorado Springs, Col.

EXCHANGE my plate camera and tripod for best offer in engine pictures or O-gage equipt.—E. Rionx, 80 Farrington St., N. Quincy, Mass.

OFFER my experimental electric signal control equipt, contains tubes, coils, radio parts, switches, etc.—D. Shull, 500 Yuba St., Muskegon, Mich.

OFFER my No. 078 train control, crossing, 25 pieces of O-gage track, 2 yrs. back issues of "Railroad Stories" for Lionel O-gage steam loco.—W. Russell, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del.

WANT tinplate equipt.; also Lionel, Ives and A.F. catalogues issued before 1930.—D. Henninger, 246 Jefferson St., Tiffin, O.

OFFER my Lionel strd.-gage loco. No. 385-E, box car No. 514, 511, oil car No. 515, switches No. 223, two trans., and much track for what have you?—R. Weikum Jr., 152 Goodell St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED: ¼" scale model loco.; offer two ½" scale electric type locos.—G. Rougcan, Box 71, Bridgeboro, N. J.

WHO has ¼" scale equipt to trade for my Buddy L loco, 7 cars, wrecking crane.—A. McArthur, Forrer Blvd., Dayton, O.

HAVE many framed builder's photos to exchange for model equipt. or ship models.—H. Sheldon, Fisherman's Rd., Baldwin Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

WANTED: Lionel loco. No. 258, 260-E or

RAILROAD STORIES Reader's Choice
280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in the April issue are:

1._____

2._____

3._____

4._____

5._____

6._____

7._____

*Name*_____

*Occupation*_____

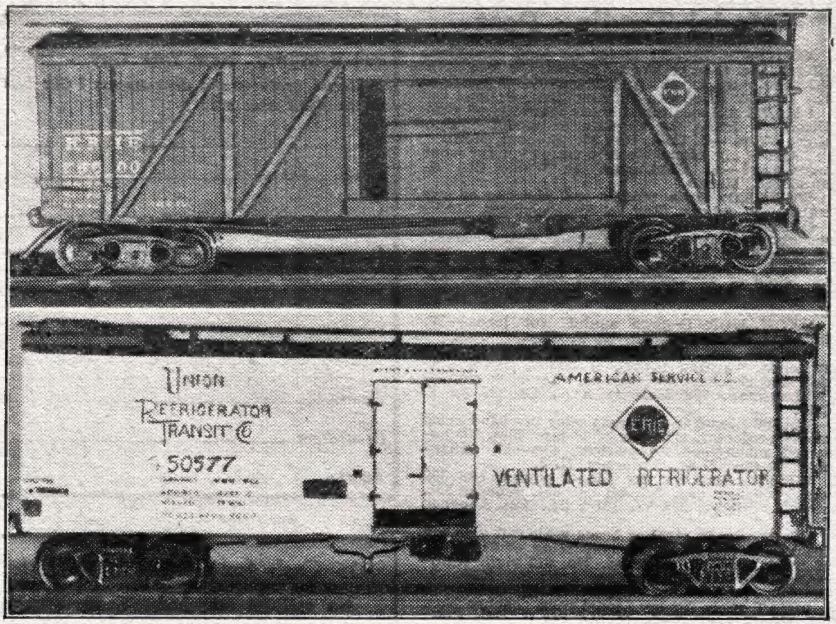
*Address*_____

$25 Cash for Front-Cover Title

No strings attached. Send a title for the front cover of this issue to RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City.

All titles must be received at this office before 5 p.m., April 15, 1936. Everybody eligible except Frank A. Munsey Co. employees and their families. Each contestant limited to one title. The person sending in the best title will be given $25 in cash. In event of tie, $25 will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

The winning title will be selected by the judges on the basis of cleverness and originality. Judges will be Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of RAILROAD STORIES; G. H. Burck, Associate Editor, and C. Howard Tate, Art Director, Munsey Publications.



These Two Freight Cars (¼-Inch Scale) Were Built for Less Than $5 Each by Ray Lissner, 6234 DeLongpre Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Sides, Tops, Ends and Bottoms Are of Thin Wood, While Brake Beams Are Twisted Wire Clips. Ladders, Trucks and Brake Wheels Were Purchased

261-E.—J. Young, 35-27 28th St., Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

TRADE my O-gage outfit for 2A, 116 folding camera.—G. Schwark, 7112 Lawn Ave., Cleveland, O.

WANTED: A.F. Loco. No. 3316, 1200 series cars, Lionel train set No. 296-E. Offer Railroad Stories and cash.—G. Stetz, 2917 E. 117 St., Cleveland, O.

WHAT offers for my twin-motored Lionel loco. No. 408-E?—H. Brabec, 2105 S. 56th St., Cicero, Ill.

WANTED: Steam type strd.-gage Lionel loco No. 7 or 9; cars Nos. 18, 19, 190; all must be in good order.—D. Swartz, Michigan State Sanatorium, Howell, Mich.

WANTED: Lionel cars Nos. 603, 607 and 610, also used locos.—A. Gilcher, 34 Wildwood Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

OFFER 10 books for boys. Want O-gage track.—E. Hayes Jr., Chester, N. J.

HAVE stamps, fiction magazines, B.S.A. outfit, football equipt. to trade for Lionel or A.F. equipt.—E. Taylor, 1455 E. 14th St., Jacksonville, Fla.

TRADE my 23 copies of science magazines, old Western gun, and radio for strd.-gage equipt.—R. Downey, 1044 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

CANADA

WANT A.F. Zephyr No. 832, Ives Observation car No. 1695; offer Railroad Stories and other magazines in exchange. W. Turnbull, Box 133, Kinsella, Alta., Canada.

HAVE 16mm. movie machine complete with Mickey Mouse films to trade for O-gage steam driven loco, any make. W. Talbot, R. 4, Wiarton, Ont., Canada.

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and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date —4 row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed.
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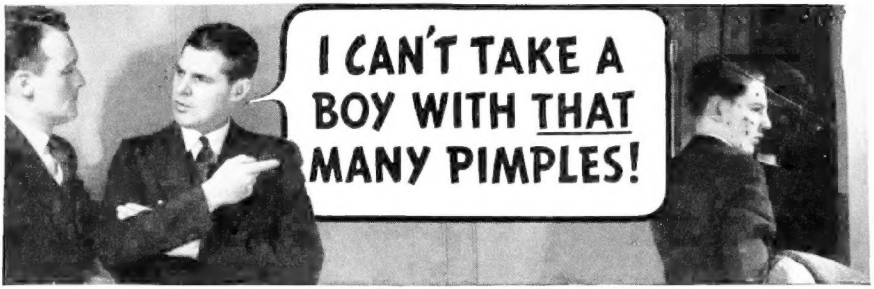
Living proof that truth is stranger than fiction is in man's latest scientific conquests. Read about them in Popular Mechanics. Written so you can understand it. Every month this 200-page magazine is crammed full of fascinating accounts and colored pictures of daring adventures, astounding discoveries, new achievements in aviation, electricity, engineering, chemistry, physics, radio. Special departments for home craftsmen and practical shop men—easy to follow plans. Don't miss this month's issue—a thrilling and entertaining record of the world's newest wonders—25c at all newsstands.
POPULAR MECHANICS



..But Jack gets a tip— AND a JOB!

SAY, KNIGHT, DID YOUNG JACK SMITH SEE YOU ABOUT A JOB?
YES. NICE KID. BUT I COULDN'T WISH SUCH A PIMPLY FACE AS ALL THAT ON THE OFFICE!

NEXT DAY
BUT CONNIE, I CAN'T BUY IT UNLESS I GET A JOB ~ AND I CAN'T GET A JOB UNLESS ~~
~UNLESS YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES, I BET!! WHY DON'T YOU EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, LIKE MY BROTHER DID?
$25.00
Bargain

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU lose out

PIMPLES are often a real drawback during the years following the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

In these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed for the correction of these adolescent pimples. It clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is clear and smooth once more. Start today.

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"Camels NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!"

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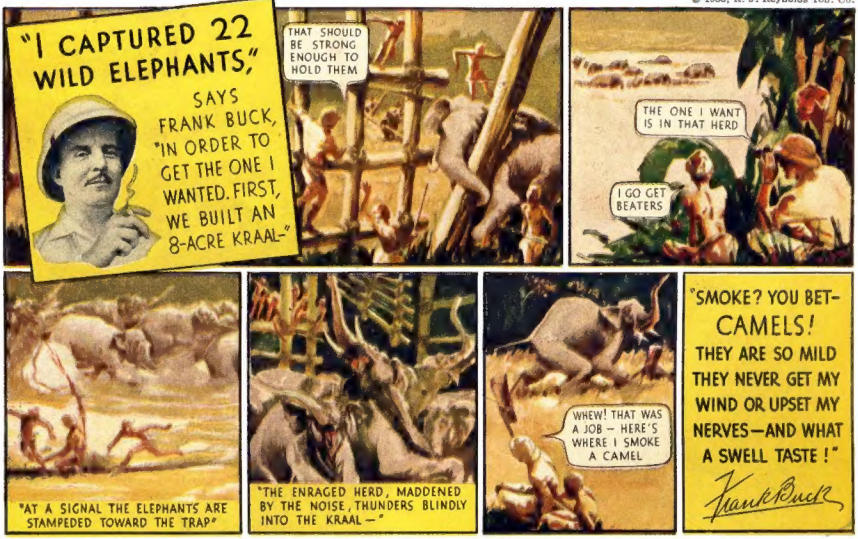
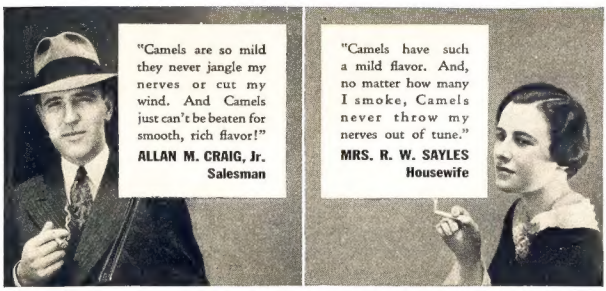

"I CAPTURED 22 WILD ELEPHANTS," SAYS FRANK BUCK, "IN ORDER TO GET THE ONE I WANTED, FIRST, WE BUILT AN 8-ACRE KRAAL—"
THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM
THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD
I GO GET BEATERS
"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"
"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL—"
WHEW! THAT WAS A JOB — HERE'S WHERE I SMOKE A CAMEL
"SMOKE? YOU BET— CAMELS! THEY ARE SO MILD THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES—AND WHAT A SWELL TASTE!"
Frank Buck

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!


"Camels are so mild they never jangle my nerves or cut my wind. And Camels just can't be beaten for smooth, rich flavor!"
ALLAN M. CRAIG, Jr.
Salesman
"Camels have such a mild flavor. And, no matter how many I smoke, Camels never throw my nerves out of tune."
MRS. R. W. SAYLES
Housewife

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE • DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING • GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p. m. M. S. T., and 8:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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